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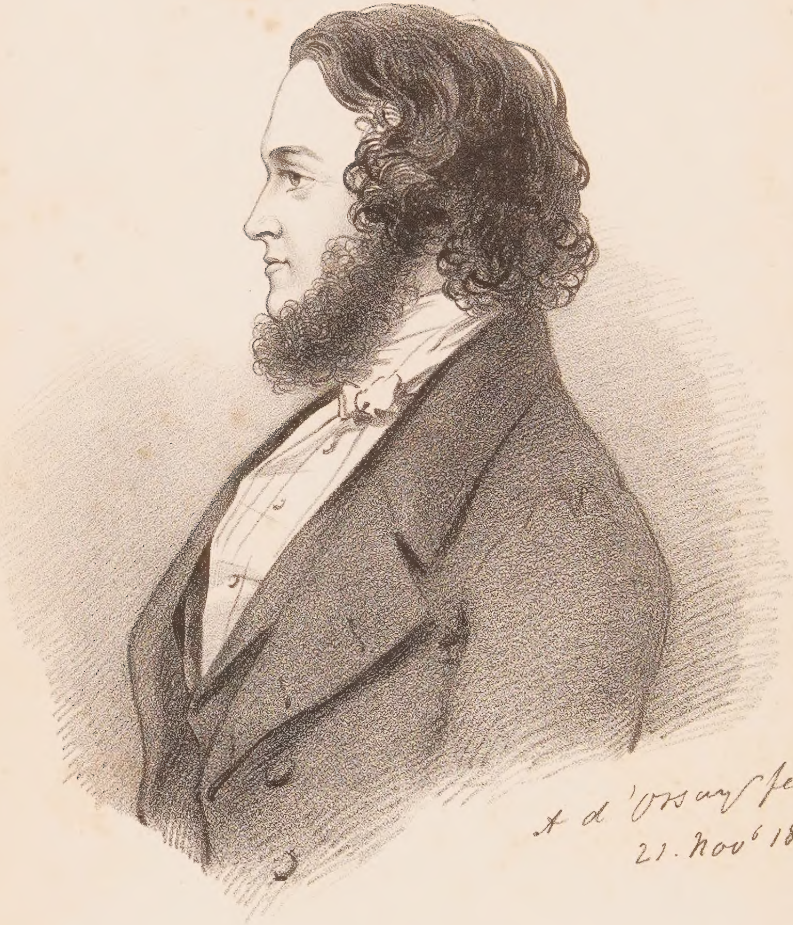

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AINSWORTH'S

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A MISCELLANY OF ROMANCE,

General Literature, & Art.

EDITED BY

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ILLUSTRATED BY

HABLOT K. BROWNE.

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Seizure of Ebba.

AINSWORTH'S MAGAZINE.

REVELATIONS OF LONDON.

BY THE EDITOR.

BOOK THE FIRST.

VI.

REGENT STREET.

AMONG the many improvements effected within the metropolis during the last thirty years, none has contributed more to its benefit and adornment than the building of Regent-street; and though the durability of its architecture may be questioned, these defects are more than compensated by its width and airiness, and the numerous and magnificent shops by which it is embellished. On a fine spring day, the appearance of Regent-street is singularly striking, and cannot be paralleled by any street in any other city in the world. The crowds of well-dressed people—the number and variety of the equipages beheld at such a time, must affect a stranger with admiration and astonishment. All is gaiety and bustle, and yet the moving throng is so orderly, that there is not the slightest confusion. Here may be seen the bearded Frenchman, wrapped in his palelot, and noticeable for his bad hat, his varnished boot, and nicely-adjusted trowser; the olive-complexioned Italian—his sallow visage set in a collar of coal-black hair,—with a dame of rich southern beauty, and large black eyes—most likely a singer at the Opera House—under his arm; the short and bilious-looking Spaniard, gesticulating angrily as he walks; the cordial German, with his fair-haired wife; the lanky Yankee, a hybrid between the Frenchman and the Englishman; the turbaned Turk; the poor Hindoo street-sweeper;—all these are to be seen intermingling with our own lions, dandies, and beautiful women. Then the carriages—what will the stranger say to them? So numerous are they, that though the street is wide, owing to some momentary interruption, there is a general stoppage —a jam. How perfect are these equipages!—how admirably appointed!—how superb are the horses!—and what unmistakeable evidence do their numbers afford of the wealth of our capital! But if the carriages attract his attention, what will he think of their lovely occupants? Without doubt, he will admit that the beauty of our countrywomen has not been overrated, and that nothing can compare with it. It has been remarked, and with justice, that since the general adoption of the Brougham, never were so many pretty women seen. And the cause of this is obvious. It is not that the present race of women are handsomer than their mothers, but that the conveyance they have the good fortune to use, places them in exactly the right point of view, and sets off their charms to the best advantage. A vote of thanks should be offered to Lord Brougham by the ladies, for the boon he has conferred upon them.

But, hark! military music and the trampling of horse proclaim the approach of the guards—their helmets, accoutrements, and the black glossy coats of their steeds, glistening in the sunshine! They arrive. What fine martial-looking fellows!—and how admirably mounted! Can you shew any other regiment to match them? No. They are gone. Other carriages pass by—phaetons, britskas, chariots, Clarences, pilentums, barouches, cabriolets—new beauties rivet the attention—the crowd on the footways increases—it is high-tide—and the stranger is bewildered with astonishment, and confesses he has seen nothing like it.

At night, Regent Street is even more brilliant than in the day time—the shops are in a blaze with lights; and there are still the same crowds, though the people who compose them are different. The thoroughfare is still full of carriages, but they pass more quickly by—they are speeding to the opera, or to the theatres, and you may see them at midnight, extending in two lines from Charles Street as high as the Circus. Thus, at all hours, Regent Street has something striking and novel to exhibit to the stranger. The street is worthy of London, and London worthy of the street.

It was about two o'clock, on a charming spring day, when Regent Street presented much such features as have been described above, that a stout middle-aged man, accompanied by a young person of extraordinary beauty, took up his station in front of Langham Church. Just as the clock struck the hour, a young man issued at a quick pace from a cross street, and came upon the couple before he was aware of it. He was evidently greatly embarrassed, and would have beaten a retreat, but that was impossible. His embarrassment was in some degree shared by the young lady; she blushed deeply, but could not conceal her satisfaction at the encounter. The elderly individual, who did not appear to notice the confusion of either party, immediately extended his hand to the young man, and exclaimed—

"What! Mr. Darcy, is it you? Why, we thought we had lost you, sir! What took you off so suddenly? We have been expecting you these four days, and were now walking about to try and find you. My daughter has been terribly uneasy. Haven't you, Ebba?"

The young lady made no answer to this appeal, but cast down her eyes.

"It was my intention to call, and give you an explanation of my strange conduct, to-day," replied Auriol. "I hope you received my letter, stating that my sudden departure was unavoidable?"

"To be sure, and I also received the valuable snuff-box you were so good as to send me," replied Mr. Thornicroft. "But you neglected to tell me how to acknowledge the gift."

"I could not give an address, at the moment," said Auriol.

"Well, I am glad to find you have got the use of your arm again," observed the iron-merchant; "but I can't say you look so well as when you left us. You seem paler—eh, what do you think, Ebba?"

"Mr. Darcy looks as if he were suffering from mental anxiety, rather than from bodily ailment," she replied, timidly.

"I am so," replied Auriol, regarding her fixedly. "A very disastrous circumstance has happened to me. But answer me one question: has the mysterious person in the black cloak troubled you again?"

"What mysterious person?" demanded Mr. Thornicroft, opening his eyes.

"Never mind, father," replied Ebba. "I saw him last night," she added, to Auriol. "I was sitting in the back room alone, wondering what had become of you, when I heard a tap against the window, which was partly open, and, looking up, I beheld the tall stranger. It was nearly dark, but the light of the fire revealed his malignant countenance. I don't exaggerate, when I say his eyes gleamed like those of a tiger. I was terribly frightened, but something prevented me from crying out. After gazing at me for a few moments, with a look that seemed to fascinate while it frightened me, he said—'You desire to see Auriol Darcy. I have just quitted him. Go to Langham Place, to-morrow, and as the clock strikes two, you will behold him.' Without waiting for any reply on my part, he disappeared."

"Ah, you never told me this, you little rogue!" cried Mr. Thornicroft. "You persuaded me to come out with you, in the hope of meeting Mr. Darcy; but you did not say you were sure to find him. So you sent this mysterious gentleman to her, eh?" he added, to Auriol.

"No, I did not," replied the other, gloomily.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the iron-merchant, with a puzzled look. "Oh, then I suppose he thought it might relieve her anxiety. However, since we have met, I hope you'll walk home and dine with us?"

Auriol was about to decline the invitation, but Ebba glanced at him entreatingly.

"I have an engagement, but I will forego it," he said, offering his arm to her.

And they walked along towards Oxford Street, while Mr. Thornicroft followed, a few paces behind them.

"This is very kind of you, Mr. Darcy," said Ebba. "Oh, I have been so wretched!"

"I grieve to hear it," he rejoined. "I hoped you had forgotten me."

"I am sure you did not think so," she cried.

As she spoke, she felt a shudder pass through Auriol's frame.

"What ails you?" she anxiously inquired.

"I would have shunned you, if I could, Ebba," he replied; "but a fate, against which it is vain to contend, has brought us together again."

"I am glad of it," she replied; "because, ever since our last interview, I have been reflecting on what you then said to me, and am persuaded you are labouring under some strange delusion, occasioned by your recent accident."

"Be not deceived, Ebba," cried Auriol. "I am under a terrible influence. I need not remind you of the mysterious individual who tapped at your window last night."

"What of him?" demanded Ebba, with a thrill of apprehension.

"He it is who controls my destiny," replied Auriol.

"But what has he to do with me?" asked Ebba.

"Much—much," he replied, with a perceptible shudder.

"You terrify me, Auriol," she rejoined. "Tell me what you mean—in pity, tell me?"

Before Auriol could reply, Mr. Thornicroft stepped forward, and turned the conversation into another channel.

Soon after this, they reached the Quadrant, and were passing beneath the eastern colonnade, when Ebba's attention was attracted towards a man who was leading a couple of dogs by a string, while he had others under his arm, others again in his pocket, and another in his breast. It was Mr. Ginger.

"What a pretty little dog!" cried Ebba, remarking the Charles the Second spaniel.

"Allow me to present you with it?" said Auriol.

"You know I should value it, as coming from you," she replied, blushing deeply; "but I cannot accept it; so I will not look at it again, for fear I should be tempted."

The dog-fancier, however, noticing Ebba's admiration, held forward the spaniel, and said, "Do, jist look at the pretty little creeter, Miss. It han't its equil for beauty. Don't be afeer'd on it, Miss. It's as gentle as a lamb."

"Oh! you little darling!" Ebba said, patting its sleek head and long silken ears, while it fixed its large black eyes upon her, as if entreating her to become its purchaser.

"Fairy seems to have taken quite a fancy to you, Miss," observed Ginger; "and she ain't i' the habit o' fallin' i' love at first sight. I don't wonder at it though, for my part. I should do jist the same, if I wos in her place. Vell, now, Miss, as she seems to like you, and you seem to like her, I wont copy the manners o' them 'ere fathers as has stony 'arts, and part two true lovyers. You shall have her a bargin."

"What do you call a bargain, my good man?" inquired Ebba, smiling.

"I wish I could afford to give her to you, Miss," replied Ginger; "you should have her, and welcome. But I must airn a livelihood, and Fairy is the most wallerable part o' my stock. I'll tell you wot I give for her myself, and you shall have her at a trifle beyond it. I'd scorn to take adwantage o' the likes o' you."

"I hope you didn't give too much, then, friend," replied Ebba.

"I didn't give hayf her wally—not hayf," said Ginger; "and if so be you don't like her in a month's time, I'll buy her back again from you. You'll alvays find me here—alvays. Everybody knows Mr. Ginger—that's my name, miss. I'm the only honest man in the dog-fancyin' line. Ask Mr. Bishop, the great gun-maker, o' Bond Street, about me—him as the nobs calls the Bishop o' Bond-street,—an' he'll tell you."

"But you haven't answered the lady's question," said Auriol, "What do you ask for the dog?"

"Do you want it for yourself, sir, or for her?" inquired Ginger.

"What does it matter?" cried Auriol, angrily.

"A great deal, sir," replied Ginger; "it'll make a mater'al difference in the price. To you, she'll be five-an'-twenty guineas. To the young lady, twenty."

"But suppose I buy her for the young lady?" said Auriol.

"Oh, then, in coorse, you'll get her at the lower figure!" replied Ginger.

"I hope you don't mean to buy the dog?" interposed Mr. Thornicroft. "The price is monstrous—preposterous."

"It may appear so to you, sir," said Ginger, "because you're ignorant o' the wally of sich a hanimal; but I can tell you, it's cheap—dirt cheap. Vy, his excellency the Prooshan ambassador bought a Charley from me, t'other veek, to present to a certain duchess of his acquaintance, and wot d'ye think he give for it?"

"I don't know, and I don't want to know," replied Mr. Thornicroft, gruffly.

"Eighty guineas," said Ginger. "Eighty guineas, as I'm a livin' man, and made no bones about it neither. The dog I sold him warnt to be compared wi' Fairy."

"Stuff—stuff!" cried Mr. Thornicroft, "I aint to be gammoned in that way."

"It's no gammon," said Ginger. "Look at them ears, Miss,

—vy, they're as long as your own ringlets—and them pads—an' I'm sure you vont say she's dear at twenty pound."

"She's a lovely little creature, indeed," returned Ebba, again patting the animal's head.

While this was passing, two men of very suspicious mien, ensconced behind a pillar adjoining the group, were reconnoitring Auriol.

"It's him!" whispered the taller and darker of the two to his companion—"it's the young man ve've been lookin' for—Auriol Darcy."

"It seems like him," said the other, edging round the pillar as far as he could without exposure. "I vish he'd turn his face a leetle more this vay."

"It's him, I tell you, Sandman," said the Tinker. "Ve must give the signal to our comrade."

"Vell, I'll tell you wot it is, Miss," said Ginger, coaxingly, "your sveet'art—I'm sure he's your sveet'art—I can tell these things in a minnit—your sveet'art, I say, shall give me fifteen pound, and the dog's yourn. I shall lose five pound by the transaction; but I don't mind it for sich a customer as you. Fairy desarves a kind missus."

Auriol, who had fallen into a fit of abstraction, here remarked—

"What's that you are saying, fellow?"

"I vos a-sayin', sir, the young lady shall have the dog for fifteen pound, and a precious bargin it is," replied Ginger.

"Well, then, I close with you. Here's the money," said Auriol, taking out his purse.

"On no account, Auriol," cried Ebba, quickly. "It's too much."

"A great deal too much, Mr. Darcy," said Thornicroft.

"Auriol and Darcy!" muttered Ginger. "Can this be the gemman ve're a-lookin' for. Vere's my two pals, I vonder? Oh, it's all right!" he added, receiving a signal from behind the pillar. "They're on the look out, I see."

"Give the lady the dog, and take the money, man," said Auriol, sharply.

"Beg pardon, sir," said Ginger, "but hadn't I better carry the dog home for the young lady? It might meet vith some accident in the vay."

"Accident! stuff and nonsense!" cried Mr. Thornicroft. "The rascal only wants to follow you home, that he may know where you live, and steal the dog back again. Take my advice, Mr. Darcy, and don't buy it."

"The bargain's concluded," said Ginger, delivering the dog to Ebba, and taking the money from Auriol, which, having counted, he thrust into his capacious breeches pocket.

"How shall I thank you for this treasure, Auriol?" exclaimed Ebba, in an ecstasy of delight.

"By transferring to it all regard you may entertain for me," he replied, in a low tone.

"That is impossible," she answered.

"Well, I vote we drive away at once," said Mr. Thornicroft. "Halloa! jarvey!" he cried, hailing a coach that was passing; adding, as the vehicle stopped, "Now get in, Ebba. By this means, we shall avoid being followed by the rascal."

So saying, he got into the coach. As Auriol was about to follow him, he felt a slight touch on his arm, and, turning, beheld a tall and very forbidding man by his side.

"Beg pardin, sir," said the fellow, touching his hat; "but aint your name Mr. Auriol Darcy?"

"It is," replied Auriol, regarding him fixedly. "Why do you ask?"

"I vants a vord or two vith you in private—that's all, sir?" replied the Tinker.

"Say what you have to say at once," rejoined Auriol. "I know nothing of you."

"You'll know me better by and by, sir," said the Tinker, in a significant tone. "I *must* speak to you, and alone."

"If you don't go about your business, fellow, instantly, I'll give you in charge of the police," cried Auriol.

"No you vont sir—no you vont," replied the Tinker, shaking his head. And then, lowering his voice, he added—"You'll be glad to purchase my silence ven you larns wot secrets o' yourn has comed to my knowledge."

"Won't you get in, Mr. Darcy?" cried Thornicroft, whose back was towards the Tinker.

"I must speak to this man," replied Auriol. "I'll come to you in the evening. Till then, farewell, Ebba." And as the coach drove away, he added, to the Tinker, "Now rascal, what have you to say?"

"Step this vay sir," replied the Tinker. "There's two friends o' mine as vishes to be present at our conference. Ve'd better valk into a back street."

VII.

THE HAND, AGAIN!

Followed by Auriol, who, in his turn, was followed by Ginger and the Sandman, the Tinker directed his steps to Great Windmill Street, where he entered a public-house, called the Black Lion. Leaving his four-footed attendants with the landlord, with whom he was acquainted, Ginger caused the party to be shewn into a private room, and on entering it, Auriol flung himself into a chair, while the dog-fancier stationed himself near the door.

"Now, what do you want with me?" demanded Auriol.

"You shall learn presently," replied the Tinker; "but first, it may be as vell to state, that a certain pocket-book has been found."

"Ah!" exclaimed Auriol. "You are the villains who beset me in the ruined house in the Vauxhall Road."

"Your pocket-book has been found, I tell you," replied the Tinker, "and from it ve have made the most awful diskiveries. Our werry 'air stood on end ven ve first read the shockin' particulars. Wot a bloodthirsty ruffian you must be! Vy, ve finds you've been i' the habit o' makin' avay with a young ooman vonce every ten years. Your last wictim wos in 1820—the last but one, in 1810—and the one before her, in 1800."

"Hangin's too good for you!" cried the Sandman; "but if ve peaches you're sartin to sving."

"I hope that pretty creature I jist see aint to be the next wictim?" said Ginger.

"Peace!" thundered Auriol. "What do you require?"

"A hundred pound each 'll buy our silence," replied the Tinker.

"Ve ought to have double that," said the Sandman, "for screenin' sich atterocious crimes as he has parpetrated. Ve're not werry partic'lar ourselves, but ve don't commit murder wholesale."

"Ve don't commit murder at all," said Ginger.

"You may fancy," pursued the Tinker, "that ve aint perfectly acvainted with your history, but to prove that ve are, I'll just rub up your memory. Did you ever hear tell of a gemman as murdered Doctor Lamb, the famous halchemist o' Queen Bess's time, and havin' drank the 'lixir vich the doctor had made for hisself, has lived ever since? Did you ever hear tell of such a person, I say?"

Auriol gazed at him in astonishment.

"What idle tale are you inventing?" he said, at length.

"It is no idle tale," replied the Tinker, boldly. "Ve can bring a vitness as'll prove the fact—a livin' vitness."

"What witness?" cried Auriol.

"Don't you rekerlect the dwarf, as used to serve Doctor Lamb?" rejoined the Tinker. "He's alive still; and ve calls him Old Parr, on account of his great age."

"Where is he?—what has become of him?" demanded Auriol.

"Oh, ve'll perduce him in doo time," replied the Tinker, cunningly.

"But tell me where the poor fellow is?" cried Auriol. "Have you seen him since last night? I sent him to a public-house at Kensington, but he has disappeared from it, and I can discover no traces of him."

"He'll turn up somewhere—never fear," rejoined the Tinker. "But now, sir, that ve fairly understands each other, are you agreeable to our terms? You shall give us an order for the money, and ve'll undertake, on our parts, not to mislest you more."

"The pocket-book must be delivered up to me if I assent," said Auriol, "and the poor dwarf must be found."

"Vy, as to that, I can scarcely promise," replied the Tinker; "there's a difficulty in the case, you see. But the pocket-book 'll never be brought aginst you—you may rest assured o' that."

"I must have it, or you get nothing from me," cried Auriol.

"Here's a bit o' paper as come from the pocket-book," said Ginger. "Would you like to hear wot's written upon it? Here are the words:—'How many crimes have I to reproach myself with! How many innocents have I destroyed! And all owing to my fatal compact with——'"

"Give me that paper," cried Auriol, rising, and attempting to snatch it from the dog-fancier.

Just at this moment, and while Ginger retreated from Auriol, the door behind him was noiselessly opened—a hand was thrust through the chink—and the paper was snatched from his grasp. Before Ginger could turn round, the door was closed again.

"Hallao! What's that?" he cried. "The paper's gone!"

"The hand again!" cried the Sandman, in alarm. "See who's in the passage—open the door—quick!"

Ginger cautiously complied, and, peeping forth, said—

"There's no one there. It must be the devil. I'll have nuffin' more to do wi' the matter."

"Poh! poh! don't be so chicken-'arted!" cried the Tinker. "But come what may, the gemman shan't stir till he undertakes to pay us three hundred pounds."

"You seek to frighten me in vain, villain," cried Auriol, upon whom the recent occurrence had not been lost. "I have but to stamp my foot, and I can instantly bring assistance that shall overpower you."

"Don't provoke him," whispered Ginger, plucking the Tinker's sleeve. "For my part, I sha'n't stay any longer. I wouldn't take his money." And he quitted the room.

"I'll go and see wot's the matter wi' Ginger," said the Sandman, slinking after him.

The Tinker looked nervously round. He was not proof against his superstitious fears.

"Here, take this purse, and trouble me no more!" cried Auriol.

The Tinker's hands clutched the purse mechanically, but he instantly laid it down again.

"I'm bad enough—but I wont sell myself to the devil," he said.

And he followed his companions.

Left alone, Auriol groaned aloud, and covered his face with his hands. When he looked up, he found the tall man in the black cloak standing beside him. A demoniacal smile played upon his features.

"You here!" cried Auriol.

"Of course," replied the stranger. "I came to watch over your safety. You were in danger from those men. But you need not concern yourself more about them. I have your pocket-book, and the slip of paper that dropped from it. Here are both. Now let us talk on other matters. You have just parted from Ebba, and will see her again this evening."

"Perchance," replied Auriol.

"You will," rejoined the stranger, peremptorily. "Remember, your ten years' limit draws to a close. In a few days it will be at an end; and if you renew it not, you will incur the penalty, and you know it to be terrible. With the means of renewal in your hands, why hesitate?"

"Because I will not sacrifice the girl," replied Auriol.

"You cannot help yourself," cried the stranger, scornfully. "I command you to bring her to me."

"I persist in my refusal," replied Auriol.

"It is useless to brave my power," said the stranger. "A moon is just born. When it has attained its first quarter, Ebba shall be mine. Till then, farewell."

And as the words were uttered, he passed through the door.

VIII.

THE BARBER OF LONDON.

Who has not heard of the Barber of London? His dwelling is in the neighbourhood of Lincoln's Inn. It is needless to particularize the street, for everybody knows the shop—that is to say, every member of the legal profession, high or low. All, to the very judges themselves, have their hair cut, or their wigs dressed by him. A pleasant fellow is Mr. Tuffnell Trigge—Figaro himself not pleasanter—and if you do not shave yourself—if you want a becoming flow imparted to your stubborn locks—or if you require a wig, I recommend you to the care of Mr. Tuffnell Trigge. Not only will he treat you well, but he will regale you with all the gossip of the court—he will give you the last funny thing of Mr. Serjeant Larkins—he will tell you how many briefs the great Mr. Skinner Fyne receives—what the Vice-chancellor is doing, and you will own, on rising, that you have never spent a five minutes more agreeably. Besides, you are likely to see some noticeable characters, for Mr. Trigge's shop is quite a lounge. Perhaps you may find a young barrister who has just been "called," ordering his "first wig," and you may hear the prognostications of Mr. Trigge as to his future distinction. "Ah, sir," he will say, glancing at the stolid features of the young man, "you have quite the face of the Chief Justice—quite the face of the Chief—I don't recollect him ordering his first wig—that was a little before my time; but I hope to live to see you Chief, sir. Quite within your reach, if you choose to apply. Sure of it, sir—quite sure." Or you may see him attending to some grave master in Chancery, and listening with profound attention to his remarks; or screaming with laughter at the jokes of some smart special pleader; or talking of the theatres, the actors and actresses, to some young attorneys, or pupils in conveyancers' chambers; for those are the sort of customers in whom Mr. Trigge chiefly delights; with them, indeed, he *is* great, for it is by them he has been dubbed the Barber of London. His shop is also frequented by managing clerks, barristers' clerks, engrossing clerks, and others; but these are for the most part his private friends.

Mr. Trigge's shop is none of your spruce, west-end hair-cutting establishments, with magnificent mirrors on every side, in which you may see the back of your head, the front, and the side, all at once, with walls bedizened with glazed French paper, and with an ante-room full of bears'-grease, oils, creams, tooth-powders, and cut glass. No, it is a real barber's and hair-dresser's shop, of the good old stamp, where you may get cut and curled for a shilling, and shaved for half the price.

True, the floor is not covered with a carpet. But what of that?

It bears the imprint of innumerable customers, and is scattered over with their hair. In the window, there is an assortment of busts moulded in wax, exhibiting the triumphs of Mr. Trigge's art; and above these, are several specimens of legal wigs. On the little counter behind the window, amid large pots of pommade and bears'-grease, and the irons and brushes in constant use by the barber, are other bustos, done to the life, and for ever glancing amiably into the room. On a block is a judge's wig, which Mr. Trigge has just been dressing, and a little further, on a higher block, is that of a counsel. On either side the fire-place are portraits of Lord Eldon, and Lord Lyndhurst. Some other portraits of pretty actresses are likewise to be seen. Against the counter rests a board, displaying the play-bill of the evening; and near it is a large piece of emblematical crockery, indicating that bear's-grease may be had on the premises. Amongst Mr. Trigge's live stock may be enumerated his favourite magpie, placed in a wicker cage in the window which chatters incessantly, and knows everything, its master avouches, "as well as a Christian."

And now as to Mr. Tuffnell Trigge himself. He is very tall, and very thin, and holds himself so upright that he loses not an inch of his stature. His head is large, and his face long, with marked, if not very striking features, charged, it must be admitted, with a very self-satisfied expression. One cannot earn the appellation of the Barber of London, without talent; and it is the consciousness of this talent that lends to Mr. Trigge's features their apparently conceited expression. A fringe of black whisker adorns his cheek and chin, and his black bristly hair is brushed back, so as to exhibit the prodigious expanse of his forehead. His eyebrows are elevated, as if in constant scorn.

The attire in which Mr. Trigge is ordinarily seen, consists of a black velvet waistcoat, and tight black continuations, These are protected by a white apron tied round his waist, with pockets to hold his scissors, and combs; over all, he wears a short nankeen jacket, into the pockets of which his hands are constantly thrust when not otherwise employed. A black satin stock, with a large bow, encircles his throat, and his shirt, is fastened by black enamel studs. Such is Mr. Tuffnell Trigge, yclept the Barber of London.

At the time of his introduction to the reader, Mr. Trigge had just advertised for an assistant, his present young man, Rutherford Watts, being about to leave him, and set up for himself in Canterbury. It was about two o'clock, and Mr. Trigge had just withdrawn into an inner room to take some refection, when, on returning, he found Watts occupied in cutting the hair of a middle-aged, sour-looking gentleman, who was seated before the fire. Mr. Trigge bowed to the sour-looking gentleman, and appeared ready to enter into conversation with him, but no notice being taken of his advances, he went and talked to his magpie.

While he was chattering to it, the sagacious bird screamed forth—" Pretty dear! pretty dear!"

" Ah! what's that? Who is it, Mag?" cried Trigge.

" Pretty dear—pretty dear!" reiterated the magpie.

Upon this, Trigge looked round, and saw a very singular little man enter the shop. He had somewhat the appearance of a groom, being clothed in a long grey coat, drab knees, and small top boots. He had a large and remarkably projecting mouth, like that of a baboon, and a great shock head of black hair.

" Pretty dear—pretty dear!" screamed the magpie.

" I see nothing pretty about him," thought Mr. Trigge. " What a strange little fellow. It would puzzle the Lord Chancellor himself to say what his age might be."

The little man took off his hat and making a profound bow to the barber, unfolded the " Times" newspaper, which he carried under his arm, and held it up to Trigge.

" What do you want, my little friend, eh?" said the barber.

" High wages—high wages!" screamed the magpie.

" Is this yours, sir?" replied the little man, pointing to an advertisement in the newspaper.

" Yes, yes, that's my advertisement, friend," replied Mr. Trigge. " But what of it?"

Before the little man could answer, a slight interruption occurred. While eyeing the new-comer, Watts neglected to draw forth the hot curling-irons, in consequence of which he burnt the sour-looking gentleman's forehead, and singed his hair.

" Take care, sir!" cried the gentleman, furiously. " What the devil are you about?"

" Yes! take care, sir, as Judge Learmouth observes to a saucy witness," cried Trigge—" 'take care, or I'll commit you!'"

" D—n Judge Learmouth!" cried the gentleman, angrily. " If I were a judge, I'd hang such a careless fellow."

" Sarve him right!" screamed Mag—" sarve him right!"

" Beg pardon, sir," cried Watts. " I'll rectify you in a minute."

" Well, my little friend," observed Trigge, " and what may be your object in coming to me, as the great conveyancer, Mr. Plodwell observes to his clients—what may be your object?"

" You want an assistant, don't you, sir?" rejoined the little man, humbly.

" Do you apply on your own account, or on behalf of a friend?" asked Trigge.

" On my own," replied the little man.

" What are your qualifications?" demanded Trigge—" what are your qualifications?"

" I fancy I understand something of the business," replied the little man. " I was a peruquier myself, when wigs were more in fashion than they are now."

"Ha! indeed!" said Trigge, laughing. "That must have been in the last century—in Queen Anne's time—ha?"

"You have hit it exactly, sir," replied the little man. "It *was* in Queen Anne's time."

"Perhaps you recollect when wigs were first worn, my little Nestor," cried Mr. Trigge.

"Perfectly," replied the little man. "French periwigs were first worn in Charles the Second's time."

"You saw 'em, of course?" cried the barber, with a sneer.

"I did," replied the little man, quietly.

"Oh, he must be out of his mind," cried Trigge. "We shall have a commission *de lunatico* to issue here, as the Master of the Rolls would observe."

"I hope I may suit you sir," said the little man.

"I don't think you will, my friend," replied Mr. Trigge—"I don't think you will. You don't seem to have a hand for hairdressing. Are you aware of the talent the art requires? Are you aware what it has cost me to earn the enviable title of the Barber of London. I'm as proud of that title as if I were——"

"Lord Chancellor—Lord Chancellor!" screamed Mag.

"Precisely, Mag," said Mr. Trigge; "as if I were Lord Chancellor."

"Well, I'm sorry for it," said the little man, disconsolately.

"Pretty dear," screamed Mag—"pretty dear!"

"What a wonderful bird you have got!" said the sour-looking gentleman, rising and paying Mr. Trigge. "I declare its answers are quite appropriate."

"Ah! Mag is a clever creature, sir—that she is"—replied the barber. "I gave a good deal for her."

"Little or nothing!" screamed Mag—"little or nothing!"

"What is your name, friend?" said the gentleman, addressing the little man, who still lingered in the shop.

"Why, sir, I've had many names in my time," he replied. "At one time I was called Flapdragon—at another Old Parr—but my real name, I believe, is Morse—Gregory Morse."

"An Old Bailey answer," cried Mr. Trigge, shaking his head. "Flapdragon, alias Old Parr,—alias Gregory Morse—alias——"

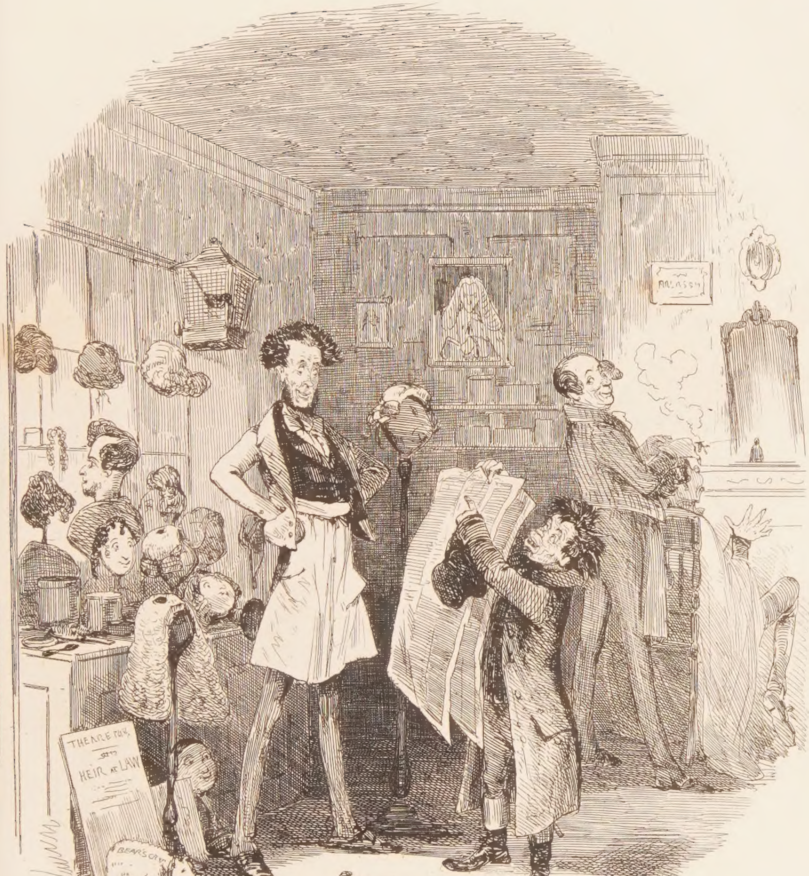
"Pretty dear!" screamed Mag.

"And you want a place?" demanded the sour-looking gentleman, eyeing him narrowly.

"Sadly," replied Morse.

"Well, then, follow me," said the gentleman, "and I'll see what can be done for you."

And they left the shop together.



The Barber of London.

IX.

THE MOON IN THE FIRST QUARTER.

In spite of his resolution to the contrary, Auriol found it impossible to resist the fascination of Ebba's society, and became a daily visitor at her father's house. Mr. Thornicroft noticed the growing attachment between them with satisfaction. His great wish was to see his daughter united to the husband of her choice, and in the hope of smoothing the way, he let Auriol understand that he should give her a considerable marriage-portion.

For the last few days a wonderful alteration had taken place in Auriol's manner, and he seemed to have shaken off altogether the cloud that had hitherto sat upon his spirits. Enchanted by the change, Ebba indulged in the most blissful anticipations of the future.

One evening they walked forth together; and almost unconsciously directed their steps towards the river. Lingering on its banks, they gazed on the full tide, admired the glorious sunset, and breathed over and over again those tender nothings so eloquent in lovers' ears.

"Oh! how different you are from what you were a week ago," said Ebba, playfully. "Promise me not to indulge in any more of those gloomy fancies."

"I will not indulge in them if I can help it, rest assured, sweet Ebba," he replied. "But my spirits are not always under my control. I am surprised at my own cheerfulness this evening."

"I never felt so happy," she replied; "and the whole scene is in union with my feelings. How soothing is the calm river flowing at our feet!—how tender is the warm sky still flushed with red, though the sun has set!—And see, yonder hangs the crescent moon. She is in her first quarter."

"The moon in her first quarter!" cried Auriol, in a tone of anguish. "All then is over."

"What means this sudden change?" cried Ebba, frightened by his looks.

"Oh, Ebba," he replied, "I must leave you. I have allowed myself to dream of happiness too long. I am an accursed being, doomed only to bring misery upon those who love me. I warned you on the onset, but you would not believe me. Let me go, and perhaps it may not yet be too late to save you."

"Oh, no, do not leave me!" cried Ebba. "I have no fear while you are with me."

"But you do not know the terrible fate I am linked to," he said. "This is the night when it will be accomplished."

"Your moody fancies do not alarm me as they used to do, dear Auriol," she rejoined, "because I know them to be the fruit of a diseased imagination. Come, let us continue our walk," she added, taking his arm kindly.

"Ebba," he cried, "I implore you let me go! I have not the power to tear myself away, unless you aid me."

"I am glad to hear it," she rejoined, "for then I shall hold you fast."

"You know not what you do!" cried Auriol. "Release me! oh, release me!"

"In a few moments, the fit will be passed," she rejoined. "Let us walk towards the Abbey."

"It is in vain to struggle against fate," ejaculated Auriol, despairingly.

And he suffered himself to be led in the direction proposed.

Ebba continued to talk, but her discourse fell upon a deaf ear, and at last, she became silent too. In this way, they proceeded along Millbank Street, and Abingdon Street, until, turning off on the right, they found themselves before an old and partly-demolished building. By this time, it had become quite dark, for the moon was hidden behind a rack of clouds, but a light was seen in the upper story of the structure, occasioned, no doubt, by a fire within it, which gave a very picturesque effect to the broken outline of the walls.

Pausing for a moment to contemplate the ruin, Ebba expressed a wish to enter it. Auriol offered no opposition, and passing through an arched doorway, and ascending a short, spiral, stone staircase, they presently arrived at a roofless chamber, which it was evident, from the implements and rubbish lying about, was about to be razed to the ground. On one side, there was a large arch, partly bricked up, through which opened a narrow doorway, though at some height from the ground. With this a plank communicated, while beneath it lay a great heap of stones, amongst which were some grotesque carved heads. In the centre of the chamber, was a large square opening, like the mouth of a trap-door, from which the top of a ladder projected, and near it stood a flaming brasier, which had cast forth the glare seen from below. Over the ruinous walls on the right, hung the crescent moon, now emerged from the cloud, and shedding a ghostly glimmer on the scene.

"What a strange place!" cried Ebba, gazing around with some apprehension. "It looks like a spot one reads of in romance. I wonder where that trap leads to?"

"Into the vault beneath, no doubt," replied Auriol. "But why did we come hither?"

As he spoke, there was a sound like mocking laughter, but whence arising it was difficult to say.

"Did you hear that sound?" cried Auriol.

"It was nothing but the echo of laughter from the street," she replied. "You alarm yourself without reason, Auriol."

"No, not without reason," he cried. "I am in the power of a terrible being, who seeks to destroy you, and I know that he is at hand. Listen to me, Ebba, and however strange my recital may appear, do not suppose it the ravings of a madman, but be assured it is the truth."

"Beware!" cried a deep voice, issuing apparently from the depths of the vault.

"Some one spoke!" cried Ebba. "I begin to share your apprehensions. Let us quit this place."

"Come, then," cried Auriol.

"Not so fast!" cried a deep voice.

And they beheld the mysterious owner of the black cloak barring their passage out.

"Ebba, you are mine!" cried the stranger. "Auriol has brought you to me."

"It is false!" cried Auriol. "I never will yield her to you."

"Remember your compact," rejoined the stranger, with a mocking laugh.

"Oh, Auriol!" cried Ebba, "I fear for your soul. You have not made a compact with this fiend?"

"He has," replied the stranger; "and by that compact you are surrendered to me."

And, as he spoke, he advanced towards her, and enveloping her in his cloak, her cries were instantly stifled.

"You shall not go!" cried Auriol, seizing him. "Release her, or I renounce you wholly."

"Fool!" cried the stranger, "since you provoke my wrath, take your doom."

And he stamped on the ground. At this signal, an arm was thrust from the trap-door, and Auriol's hand was seized with an iron grasp.

While this took place, the stranger bore his lovely burthen swiftly up the plank leading to the narrow doorway in the wall, and just as he was passing through it, he pointed towards the sky, and shouted with a mocking smile to Auriol—

"Behold! the moon is in her first quarter. My words are fulfilled!"

And he disappeared.

Auriol tried to disengage himself from the grasp imposed upon him in vain. Uttering ejaculations of rage and despair, he was dragged forcibly backwards into the vault.

CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES.*

The humour of the amiable author of "Paul Pry," is admirably adapted for the festive epoch of the year, and for the form in which his *chefs d'œuvres* are now collected. The familiar and yet grotesque objects of life are the simple, but efficient sources of his inspiration; and with a fine belief in the universality of the human heart, and an equally comprehensive notion of its foibles, he can

> "Laugh and shake in Rabelais' easy chair,"

without the more modern resources of social contrasts, personalities, and painful disquisitions on the different allotments, so inevitable on an *uneven* earth. He can, indeed, like Sterne, with whom he avows a fellow-feeling in all except his sentiment, (which is not only of a questionable character, but too much paraded,) sympathize with humanity at large, and amuse by his masterly sketches of society, without letting his humour take up its abode in dry places, where it can only fructify those lessons of dissatisfaction which are too often contained in the politico-philosophical wit of the present day.

Whether we travel with the familiar characters of John Hogs, or Mr. O'Sullivan, or stay at home with the Squire Dribble's and Sir Hurry Skurry's, or are ourselves visited by Messrs. Scalpel and Pomponius Ego, it is still everywhere the same acute and accurate perception of character, and the same amusing grouping and painting of little details combined to produce a truly grotesque whole. "Delicate Attentions" certainly constitute an extravagantly ludicrous story, which, as a farce, ought to have kept its place on the stage.

All these tales and sketches have, indeed, been written some years, and the results are sometimes as comical as the stories themselves. Thus, Versailles is described as it was in 1825, with broad, unfrequented streets, verdant with tufts of grass; and "Old England," when her majesty's mails, and the "Wonders," "Darts," "Arrows," and "Swallows" were shooting and flying to all parts of the kingdom.

We wish we could have made some excerpts from the very mellow drama of the "Crimson Hermits; or, the River Rock," with its gloomy castle, and thunderstorms, its Daggerdorf's, Pistolberg's, and Cut-throato's ; not to mention its "music expressive of craving a blessing," and "music expressive of killing a villager ;" but time and space are at discount, and we must content ourselves with recommending heartily to all lovers of humour unalloyed these written and enduring "festivities."

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* Christmas Festivities: Tales, Sketches, and Characters, with Beauties of the Modern Drama, in four Specimens. By John Poole, Esq.

AGINCOURT AND THE HUGUENOT.*

We had occasion, in noticing the collected edition of those romances with which Mr. James has enriched the modern library of fiction during the past twenty years, to dwell upon the peculiar and eminent merits of the writer, as a keen searcher into the secrecies of humanity, and an eloquent expounder of the heart's inexhaustible philosophy, as well as being a powerful and brilliant chronicler of human events. It is with real satisfaction that we are able, on the appearance of a new story from this popular contributor to the pleasures of a wide world of readers, to say, that it possesses in an eminent degree—to an amount, indeed, perhaps, hitherto unsurpassed—the same great essentials to successful instruction and interest—the combination of that which relates to the inner and more hidden wonders of the heart and its motives, with all that is bright and picturesque, or that is false or censurable in man's overt actions, and in the history of past times ; and that it abounds in beautiful and wise reflections, imparting the soothing influence and stilly spirit of an ever-eloquent nature to bygone days and deeds, and brings them, with truly magic power, within the scope of actual thought and feeling.

Richard of Woodville, the model of a young English gentleman in the early part of the fifteenth century, whose heart has been bestowed upon Mary Markham, the fair *protegé* of his uncle, Sir Philip Beauchamp, although he has yet to win his gold spurs; meets Prince Henry, benighted after a frolic at Andover, and introduces him, under the assumed name of Hal of Hadnock, to the family circle assembled in a good old baronial hall, with an extent of blazing logs, or rather trees, which it is cheering even to read about at Christmas time.

First on the list of this family circle, which comprises the chief characters in the story, is the gaunt and stern old knight himself ; then his fair daughter, Isabel ; next, his ward and niece, the Lady Catherine Beauchamp, beautiful, but vain and coquettish, betrothed to her kinsman, Sir Henry Dacre, also one of the party, but whose melancholy eye rests solely on the Lady Isabel—for the betrothed do not love ; then there is the sweet Mary Markham; and lastly, Sir Simeon of Roydon, a distant relative, fair to look at, possessed of courtly ease, and assisted by everything that dress can do to set off his person to advantage:

> "Notwithstanding dress, however, and good features, and a countenance under perfect command, there were certain minute but very distinct signs to be perceived by an eye practised in the study of the human character, which betrayed the fact, that his smooth exterior was but a shell containing a less pleasant core. There was a wandering of the eyes, which did not always seem to move in the same orbits ; there was an occasional quiver of the lower lip, as if words, which might be dangerous, were restrained with difficulty ; there was a look of keen, eager, almost fierce inquiry when anything was said, the meaning of which he did not at once comprehend ; and then a sudden return to a bland and sweet expression, almost of insipidity, which spoke of something false and hollow."

Richard, rebuffed by the old knight in his love for Mary Markham, resolves upon seeking honour and winning his spurs at the court of

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* Agincourt : a Romance. By G. P. R. James, Esq. 3 vols. 8vo. The Huguenot : a Tale of the French Protestants. By the same Author. 1 vol. 8vo.

Burgundy; and he starts in company with the prince, who is recalled, by the sudden illness of his father. They had not, however, got beyond the precincts of the village of Abbot's Ann, when they were called upon to rescue Catherine de Beauchamp, thrown into the river by the perfidious Sir Simeon, and whom they deposit, in their belief, lifeless, under the care of the abbot and monks of the adjacent abbey.

From this time, to the day of the battle of famed Agincourt, Richard of Woodville and Sir Henry Dacre are calumniated wanderers in divers lands. Sir Simeon manages, by insinuations which knightly honour cannot attain, to cast foul suspicions on Sir Henry; while Richard suffers mainly from the persevering confidence and grateful attachment of a lovely young minstrel girl, whom he saved from Sir Simeon's lawless and profligate violence.

"The breath of one foul vapour can obscure the sun, and the tongue of one false villain can tarnish the honour of a life." And there is no relief to the gloomy melancholy of Sir Henry, upon whom even the phantom of a doubt lies like a plague-spot till the end. The scene where, with his wound still fresh, the knight declares his affection to Isabel, and mistakes her agitation for sensitiveness, in regard to the suspicion that hangs over his fair fame, is wrought with the author's characteristic skill and effect.

The manner in which King Henry, on assuming the robes of royalty, casts off the leaven of his youth, is told by Ned Dyram, a youth given by the king to Richard de Woodville, on his way to Westminster:

"'My reception may not be very warm,' said Woodville, thoughtfully.

"'You may judge yourself, better that I can, master mine,' replied Ned Dyram. 'Did you ever sit with him in the tavern, drinking quarts of wine?'

"'No,' answered Richard of Woodville, smiling.

"'Then you shall be free of his table,' said Ned. 'Did you ever shoot deer with him, by moonlight?'

"'Never,' was his master's reply.

"'Then you may chance to taste his venison,' rejoined the man. 'Did you ever brawl, swear, and break heads for him, or with him?'

"'No, truly,' said the young gentleman. 'I fought under him, with the army, in Wales, when he and I were both but boys; and I led him on his way, one dark night, two days before his father died; but this is all I know of him.'

"'Then, perchance, you may enter into his council,' answered Dyram; 'for, now that he is royal, he thinks royally; and he judges man for himself, not with the eyes of others.'"

Richard de Woodville is, however, most favourably received by the young monarch, and after a variety of adventures, amusingly descriptive of the metropolis in 1413, he starts for Ghent, where is the Count of Charolois, son of John the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, then detained at the court of Charles the Sixth of France; and to whom he has letters from King Henry, as well as to Sir Philip Morgan, the most distinguished diplomatist of the day, and to Sir John Grey, an exile, recalled by the young king to his property and titles, and whom Woodville finds, in a well-told meeting, to be the father of Mary Markham.

The good old town of Ghent, with its tall houses, its cheerful markets, and its municipal pageants, is also well described. We have the large pile of ancient architecture, called the Graevensteen, for many centuries the residence of the Counts of Flanders, the stern and gloomy towers of the Vieux Bourg, for one of which the diplomatist appears to have been a fit resident; the old battlemented mansion outside the city walls, the sharp cutting of whose round arches had mouldered away in the damp atmosphere, and whose casements were destitute of even the small lozenge of glass, which in those days was all that even princely mansions could boast, and where resides the exiled father; and, lastly, we have the large old wooden hall, also outside the town, where the persecuted Hussites used then to assemble in secrecy.

De Woodville is not long in obtaining employment, and he wins his golden spurs by a successful achievement, the rescue of John the Bold from his courtly detention, while hunting in the great forest of Hallate, of which that of Chantilly now constitutes an insignificant remnant, and which we regret we cannot, for its spirit, extract at length.

In an attempt made afterwards to deliver the son of the Lord of Croy from imprisonment, Woodville is himself made prisoner, and the very knight unhorsed by him in the forest of Hallate, the Count de Vaudemont, becomes his jailer. He is, however, released, chiefly through the means of poor Ella Brune, in time to reach the field of Agincourt the eve before the battle, and in which he engages, against the king's consent, in Dacre's armour, his own having been taken from him when he was made prisoner.

The account of the battle must be given in Mr. James's own words —none can be better; but we may premise, that he makes the Constable D'Albret deny what is generally admitted in history, that Henry had offered to give up Harfleur, and pay for all damage done, if a free passage were granted to the then English town of Calais.

King Henry, attended by his marshal, Sir Thomas of Erpingham, has, after riding along the English lines, resumed his position in the centre of the main

Battle of Agincourt.

"'They are near enough, my liege,' said the old knight; 'is your grace ready?'

"'Quite,' replied Henry. 'Have you left a guard over the baggage?'

"'As many as could be spared, sire,' replied the marshal. 'Shall we begin?'

"Henry bowed his head; and the old knight setting spurs to his horse, galloped along the face of the three lines, waving his truncheon in his hand, and exclaiming, 'Ready—ready! Now, men of England—now!'

"Then in the very centre of the van, he stopped by the side of the Duke of York, dismounted from his horse, put on his casque, which a page held ready, and then, hurling his leading staff high into the air, as he glanced over the archers with a look of fire untamed by age, he cried aloud, 'Now, strike!'

"Each English yeoman suddenly bent down upon his knee, and kissed the ground. Then starting up, they gave one loud, universal cheer, at which, to use the terms of the French historian, 'the Frenchmen were greatly astounded.' Each archer took a step forward, drew his bow-string to his ear, and, as the van of the enemy began to move on, a cloud of arrows fell amongst them, not only from the front, but from the meadow on their flank, piercing through armour, driving the horses mad with pain, and spreading confusion and disarray amidst the immense multitude which, crowded into that narrow field, could only advance in lines thirty deep.

"'Forward—forward!' shouted the French knights.

"'On, for your country and your king!' cried the Constable D'Albret; but his archers and cross-bowmen would not move; and, plunging their horses through them, the French men-at-arms spurred on in terrible disarray, while still amongst them fell that terrible shower of arrows, seeming to seek out with unerring aim every weak point of their armour, piercing their visors, entering between the gorget and the breastplate, transfixing the hand to the lance. Of eight hundred chosen men-at-arms, if we may believe the accounts of the French themselves, not more than a hundred and forty could reach the stakes by which the archers stood. This new impediment produced still more confusion; many of the heavy-armed horses of the French goring themselves upon the iron pikes, and one of the leaders who cast himself gallantly forward before the rest, being instantly pulled from his horse, and slain by the axes of the English infantry; whilst still against those that were following were aimed the deadly shafts, till seized with terror, they drew the bridle and fled, tearing their way through the mingled mass behind them, and increasing the consternation and confusion which already reigned.

"At the same moment, the arrows of the English archers being expended, the stakes were drawn up; and encouraged by the evident discomfiture of the French van, the first line of the English host rushed upon the struggling crowd before them sword in hand, rendering the disarray and panic irremediable, slaughtering immense numbers with their swords and axes, and changing terror into precipitate flight.

"Up to this period, Henry, surrounded by some of his principal knights, stood immovable upon the slope of the hill; but seeing his archers engaged hand to hand with the enemy, he pointed out with his truncheon a knight in black armour, with lines of gold, about a hundred yards distant upon his left, saying, 'Tell Sir Henry Dacre to move down with his company to support the van. The enemy may rally yet.' A squire galloped off to bear the order; and instantly the band to which he addressed himself, swept down in firm array, while the king, with the whole of the main body, moved slowly on to insure the victory.

"No further resistance, indeed, was made by the advanced guard of the French. Happy was the man who could save himself by flight; the archers and the cross-bowmen separating from each other, plunged into the wood; many of the men-at-arms dismounting from their horses, and casting off their heavy armour, followed their example; and others, flying in small parties, rallied upon the immense body led by the Dukes of Bar and Alençon, which was now advancing in the hope of retrieving the day. It was known that the Duke of Alençon had sworn to take the King of England alive or dead; and the contest now became more fierce and more regular. Pouring on in thunder upon the English line, the French men-at-arms seemed to bear all before them; but though shaken by the charge, the English cavalry gallantly maintained their ground; and, as calm as if sitting at the council-table, the English king from the midst of the battle, even where it was fiercest around him, issued his commands, rallied his men, and marked with an approving eye, and often with words of high commendation, the conduct of the foremost in the fight.

"'Wheel your men, Sir John Grey,' he cried, 'and take that party in the green upon the flank. Bravely done upon my life; Sir Harry Dacre seems resolved to outdo us all. Give him support, my Lord of Hungerford. See you not that he is surrounded by a score of lances! By the holy rood, he has cleared the way!—Aid him—aid him; and they are routed there!'

"'That is not Sir Harry Dacre, my lord the king,' said a gentleman near. 'He is in plain steel armour. I spoke with him but a minute ago.'

"'On—on,' cried Henry, little heeding him. 'Restore the array on the right, Sir Hugh Basset. They have bent back a little. On your guard—on your guard, knights and gentlemen! Down with your lances. Here they come!' And at the same moment, a large body of French, at the full gallop, dashed towards the spot where the king stood. In an instant, the Duke of Gloucester, but a few yards from the monarch, was encountered by a knight of great height and strength, and cast headlong to the ground. Henry spurred up to his brother's defence, and covering him with his shield, rained a thousand blows, with his large heavy sword, upon the armour of his adversary, while two of the duke's squires drew the young prince from beneath his horse.

"'Beware—beware, my lord the king!' cried a voice upon his left; and turning round, Henry beheld the knight in the black armour, pointing with his mace to the right, where the Duke of Alençon, some fifty yards before a large party of French chivalry, was galloping forward with his battle-axe in his hand direct towards the king. Henry turned to meet him; but that movement had nearly proved fatal to the English monarch; for, as he wheeled his horse, he saw the black knight cover him with his shield, receive upon it a tremendous blow from the gigantic adversary who had overthrown the Duke of Gloucester, and, swinging high his mace, strike the other on the crest a stroke that brought his head to his horse's neck. A second dashed him to the ground; but Henry had time to remark no more, for Alençon was already upon him, and he had now to fight hand to hand for life. Few men, however, could stand before the English monarch's arm; and in an instant, the duke was rolling in the dust. A dozen of the foot-soldiers were upon him at once.

"'Spare him—spare him!' cried the king; but ere his voice could be heard, a dagger was in the unhappy prince's throat.

"When Henry looked round, the main body of the French were flying in confusion, the rear-guard had already fled; and all that remained upon the field of Agincourt of the magnificent host of France, were the prisoners, the dying or the dead, except where here and there, scattered over the ground, were seen small parties of twenty or thirty, separated from the rest, and fighting with the courage of despair.

"'Let all men be taken to mercy,' cried the king, 'who are willing to surrender. Quick; send messengers, uncle of Exeter, to command them to give quarter.'

* * * * * * *

"'I beseech you, my liege, let me bring you back one of them,' cried the knight in the black armour, who was on the king's left; and ere Henry could reply, digging his spurs deep into his horse's sides, he was half a bow-shot away after the fugitives. They fled fast, but not so fast as he followed.

"'We must give him aid, or he is lost,' cried the king, riding after; but ere he could come up, the knight had nearly reached the three hindmost horsemen, shouting loudly to them to turn and fight.

"Two did so; but hand to hand he met them both, stunned the horse of one by a blow on the head, and then turning upon the other, exclaimed—'We have met at length, craven and scoundrel! We have met at length!'

"The other replied not, but by a thrust of his sword at the good knight's vizor. It was well aimed; and the point passed through the bars and entered his cheek. At the same moment, however, the black knight's heavy mace descended upon his foeman's head, the crest was crushed, the thick steel gave way, and down his enemy rolled—hung for a moment in the stirrup—and then fell headlong on the ground.

"Light as air, the victor sprang from his saddle, and, setting his foot on his adversary's neck, gazed fiercely upon him as he lay. There were some few words enamelled above the vizor; and crying aloud, 'Ave Maria!' the black knight shook his mace high in the air, then dropped it by the thong without striking, and, unclasping his own helmet, as the king came up, exposed the head of Richard of Woodville.

"Such was the last deed of the battle of Agincourt."

This signal discomfiture of the villain Roydon, leads to justice being done to all parties. Sir Simeon and Ned Dyram are exposed in all their baseness; Woodville is vindicated before the king and his love; the canker is removed from Sir Henry Dacre's heart; while Catherine de Beauchamp and Ella Brune resign themselves, to give way to their more fortunate rivals, to the amenities of conventual life.

And now let us turn for a moment to the "Huguenot," which forms the third volume in the series of Mr. James's collected works.

We have left ourselves but small space to speak of the sad but truthful picture of the sufferings and trials of the French Protestants in Louis XIV.'s time, and so well portrayed in this tale, one of the most popular, we had almost thought it to be one of the most elaborated, of its writer's productions. Yet Mr. James frankly confesses, in a delightful introductory preface, to several little inconsistencies of a curious character, such as to the scene of the principal events having been originally laid in Brittany, and not in Poitou; and the necessary alterations not having been introduced throughout; besides several errors of time and place, which readers and critics had overlooked.

The scene of the marriage of Madame de Maintenon, Mr. James says is only probably correct; but the account of the trial and execution of the Chevalier de Rohan, is perfectly accurate; and to use the author's own words—"as I imagine that it will be easy for the reader to perceive the line of demarcation between the romantic and the historical narrative, I trust that the work will not mislead in any degree the searcher for truth, while it may please the mere seeker of amusement." We are glad to find that the success of this series has been most complete.

"WILD OATS."

ANECDOTES OF ELLISTON.

BY GEORGE RAYMOND.

In 1817, the Birmingham playhouse exchequer was becoming shaky—and like a drunkard, could hardly keep a balance;—it was now that Elliston played off many of those eccentricities by which his memory has been so signalized. Frequently did he hazard undertakings with the public, where there was scarcely a possibility of keeping his word; and more than once has it been suspected, he had advertised "stars" for appearance, with whom he had never entered into the slightest consultation. He resorted to expedients in which the discreditableness was pardoned through the humour of the conceit, and the offence escaped in the merriment which followed. Knowing, if he lost popularity to-day, he could whistle it back to-morrow, Elliston hesitated at no exploit, however wild, to fill his building for a single night. In some instances, the public had their own credulity to blame as much as the manager's effrontery; for the "Bottle Conjurer" of Foote could not have outstripped some of his vagaries.

Of these *Fourberies d'Elliston*, one of the most remarkable, was the manager's announcement of a "Bohemian, of unexampled strength and stature," who, amongst other evolutionary feats, would display his facile management of a huge stone, of about a ton weight, which he was to handle like a tennis-ball. The Bohemian was stated as having been received with favour and distinction in various Rhenish states, and had actually felled an ox by a blow of his naked fist to lighten the *ennui* of a German princess.

The Bohemian, "begot of nothing but vain phantasy," being, in other words, the offspring of the manager's imagination, might indeed fairly have been denominated a prodigy, and one who had also several brothers and sisters of the same quality. Typical of himself, the Bohemian was advertised in gigantic letters and sundry portraits, which had been originally executed for the proprietors of the "Saracen's Head" inn, London, were placarded about the town, with the sublineation, "The Bohemian!" in the place of "Snow Hill."

The Birmingham people, who were beginning to sicken at tragedy, and had waggishly chalked on the stage-door of the theatre, "Mangling done here," were wonderfully revived by this extimulation; the Bohemian, with his fist, was certainly "a hit," and the edifice was as full on the night of his promised appearance, as though the Emperor of Austria himself had been expected. The play, "Pizarro," had but a poor chance—the apathy, which at another time would have been its meed, was now kindled into impatience, and "The Bohemian! The Bohemian!" from the tongues of the spectators, completely drowned the words of the actors, which, with considerable foresight, they had only half studied for the occasion. Down fell the curtain, and "The Bohemian!" instantaneously broke out with fresh violence, as when, at a conflagration, the crackling roof tumbles into the yawning furnace beneath. Fitted to the occasion, as it was conceived, the fiddlers

"Tangent" at home.

LONDON, JOHN MORTIMER, ADELAIDE STREET 1845

struck up "The Battle of Prague," and every nerve was now attuned to the pancratic efforts which had been promised.

At this juncture, Elliston, pale with consternation, and labouring under a distress of mind, which would have extorted pity from the original Saracen himself, stepped forward, and, with suppliant palms, addressed the assembly:—

"The Bohemian has deceived me," said he; "*that* I could have pardoned; but he has deceived my friends—he has deceived *you*—you, who have ever been kind, liberal, and confiding"—at which last word he buried his face in his handkerchief, but to hide what emotion, we will not hazard a guess. "The Bohemian, I repeat, has deceived us—he is not here"—a certain smouldering now agitated the body of spectators. Elliston went on—"And the man, of whatever name or nation he may be, who violates his word, commits an offence which ——" here the eruption took place, which completely buried the rest of his aphoristic sentence. He then proceeds: "Anxious for your gratification, and grateful for your patronage, I entered into correspondence with the faithless foreigner, who was this day to have appeared——" a yell which, in another place, would be denominated ironical cheers. "The correspondence, ladies and gentlemen, is in my pocket——" an incredulous laugh. "I'll read it to you." Here he produced a variety of papers resembling letters. ("Read! read!—No! no! imposition!") "Here they are," continued Elliston, with one of his most cunning looks,—"does any gentleman present read German?—if so, would he honour me by stepping forward?" (A scream of merriment.) "Am I, then, left alone? then I'll translate it for you." ("No! no! enough! Go it, Elliston!") "To your will I obey; the correspondence shall not be read"—here he deliberately replaced the documentary bundle in his pocket—"but, ladies and gentlemen," continued he, with a smile which could have levelled the Andes, "as proof of my own sincerity and the fulfilment of my undertaking, the stone—the stone is here—you shall see it!" (A volcanic burst.) "You shall yet be satisfied—you are my patrons, and have a right to demand it. Shall the stone be produced?" (Cries of "The stone! the stone!") Here the manager winked his grey eye at the fiddlers, who again hastily betook themselves to "The Battle of Prague," when up sprang the curtain, disclosing a sand-rock, which, for weight and magnitude, could positively have made "Bohemia nothing!" and bearing a scroll, "*This is the Stone!*"

> "Then grasp'd Tydides in his hand a stone,
> A bulk immense, which not two men could bear,
> As men are now——"

All now was exultation. Good-humour, even confidence, seemed restored. Here was indeed *the stone*, and imagination did all the rest. The good people, though they could not recal Guy Earl of Warwick, had yet gazed upon his porridge-pot, and felt an equal delight with the old wife, who held the Lord Mayor as idle after having seen his eight footmen. But Elliston had not yet done. The kaleidos of his fancy was still at work—and his gratitude suggested further concessions, and again he came forward:—

"If there be any lady or gentleman," said he, "who may still feel disappointment, I beg respectfully to say, that a box-ticket will be delivered on application of the party at the office of this establishment, for any evening during the week, which, on the surrender of one shilling, will admit the party free!" (Cries of "Bravo, bravo, Elliston!") Thus, like the quack, who promised every inhabitant of the town a present of sixpence, by selling his nostrum for a similar sum, which he declared honestly worth a shilling, Elliston secured a small account for a future night, which probably never else would have found its way within the doors of the Birmingham Theatre.

But that the public sometimes deserve to be gulled, the following fact will show:—About the year 1792, one Briscoe, the manager and hero of the Staffordshire company of comedians, was struck with blindness. His theatrical labours had not been greatly successful, and now all hope appeared to have left him of doing any good either for himself or family. He still, however, fancied he could act; and in a fit of despair announced to the public that, although being stone blind, he would play *Tamerlane* on one night, and *Oroonoko* on the following Thursday. On the first occasion, Mr. Briscoe had a crowded audience, and on the Thursday the house was far too small to contain his admirers. All the world now flocked to see the blind actor, who was far more indebted to his loss of eyes than to all the foresight of his former days.

Elliston, now the "Great Lessee," as he was wont to be saluted, immersed in the spring tides of accruing consequences—letters, applications, contracts, appointments, &c.—found yet opportunity for visiting his favourite Leamington, where he had, some time before, opened a circulating library, in the name of his sons, William and Henry; and in the upper apartments of which, Mrs. Elliston occasionally resided, transferring for a time her professional engagements to this rising place of fashionable resort. Here, in his baby theatre (for verily, like St. Lawrence Church, in the Isle of Wight, it was the smallest of its kind in England) the great lessee felt peculiar pleasure in exhibiting himself. Like an emperor visiting the obscurest nook in his dominions, he pleased his imagination with the prospect of the future by the strong contrast with the present; while a consciousness that his coming was looked on as a kind of condescension at this epoch of his fame, flattered his vanity, and suggested opportunities for playing off some of those absurdities so peculiar to his disposition.

One morning, *en plaisantant*, he descended early into his shop, and looking round with the irresistible humour of *Tangent* himself, "It is my cruel fate," said he, "that my children will be gentlemen." And on his two sons making their appearance, they beheld their father in an old dapple grey frock-coat, dusting the books, arranging the ink-bottles, repiling the quires of Bath post, and altering the position of the China mandarins, with the veriest gravity in the world. One of the first customers that came in, was a short, dirty-faced drab of a maid-servant, who brought some books to be exchanged; and nearly at the same moment, a snivelling charity-boy, with a large patch of diachylon across his nose, placed himself at the counter, demanding other articles.

" One at a time," said *Octavian*, with petrifying solemnity. " Now, madam?" pursued he, turning to the runt.

" Missus' a sent back these here, and wants summut quite new."

" The lady's name?" demanded Elliston.

" Wyse," grunted the girl.

" With a V or a W?" asked Elliston, as he referred to his list of subscribers; but the wench only grinned; when up mounted *Sir Edward Mortimer* the ladder placed against his shelves, and withdrawing two wretchedly torn volumes (contents unknown) clapped them together, according to the trade, to liberate the dust, and placing them in the grubby claws of the half frightened girl—" There," said he, " a work of surpassing merit, and the leaves uncut, I declare! And now, sir, (turning to the boy,) I will attend to you."

The lad who, by this time, had nearly pulled the plaster from his visage, owing to the nervous state of agitation into which he had been thrown, could not at the precise moment recollect his mission; when again Elliston exclaimed, with the intonation of a " Merlin," " And now, sir, I will attend to you."

" Half a quire of outsides, and three ha'porth o' mixed wafers," screamed the urchin, throwing fourpence-halfpenny on the counter.

" Outsides," repeated Elliston to his son William; " mixed wafers," said he, in the same tone, to Henry.

The young men, convulsed with laughter, instantly obeyed. Elliston now demanded the paste-pot. Taking the brush, he first deliberately dabbed the lad's nose, thereby replacing the fallen diachylon; and having sent him about his business, commenced fastening the dog's eared labels on the backs of sundry volumes, and knocking in a fresh nail against the wall to support a huge advertisement of " Macassar Oil." He then seized a watering-pot, and, much to the merriment of a few strangers who were by this time collected about the shop, began sprinkling the steps of his library door. Having played a few further antics, the " Great Lessee" retired to answer his London correspondents on the stupendous affairs of Drury Lane.

Elliston, at this time, acted parts nightly in his pet theatre. It was here that he told his audience, on taking his leave, that he had reason to believe it was the gracious intention of his royal highness the Prince Regent to confer on him the honour of knighthood; and when next he should have the pleasure of playing before them, it would be in the part of *Sir John Falstaff* by Sir Robert Elliston.

Winston, one evening, observing a stranger passing off from behind the scenes of Drury Lane, demanded of one of the porters who and what he was? " Oh, sir," said the man, " it's the person who brought in the lady and child just now for Mr. Elliston."

" Lady and child!" repeated the acting-manager, in consternation. " We can have no lady and child here. Where are they?"

" In your room, sir," was the reply; " according to Mr. Elliston's desire."

Poor Winston, the most moral creature in the world, and yet a fast friend of the lessee, began now to fancy that another of those numerous cases was thrown upon his hands for extricating his associate from some thoughtless dilemma. At this moment, Elliston himself was passing the scenes, on which Winston, approaching him, demanded, somewhat in a tone of reproof, what woman he had thought proper to introduce into his apartment.

"Woman!" repeated Elliston, in amazement.

"Yes; and there's a child, too," whispered the acting-manager.

"Then, 'fore gad," cried Charles Surface, "I'll have her out!" and away he crossed to the chamber in question. In went Elliston, in unaffected ignorance of the case, when sure enough the woman and child stood, with unblushing impudence, directly in his path, the same being a painting which Elliston had picked up two days before at a sale, supposed to be the portrait of Mrs. Catherine Philipps, "The matchless Orinda," which he intended to present to Charles Mathews, but had altogether forgotten the circumstance.

THE SPRING AT TEMPLIN.*

A LEGEND OF POTSDAM.

(Translated from the German.)

BY JOHN OXENFORD.

In the village of Capert, there once lived a pretty little brown-haired maiden, named Else. Once, in the summer, she had gone with her mother to the weekly fair in the town, and because she stared at every thing, and asked questions about everything, and her mother was obliged constantly to look after her, the latter bade her go on before, and wait without, at the Teltow gate, until she had finished what she had to do, when she would join her. This did not please Else: she would rather have looked longer at the coloured pictures and toys in the booths; but, nevertheless, she went whither she was told, and contented herself with pouting.

When she came to the meadow outside the gate, the fair and its baubles were soon forgotten. There were flowers to pluck on every side; and Else found amusement in weaving garlands, well knowing how to choose and arrange the flowers and grasses. So, now stooping and picking—now sitting in the shade and twining—now skipping along with a finished garland, till she hung it on a tree, when she saw new flowers, she had already gone far on the road towards home without knowing it. The time began to hang heavily, and she awaited with impatience the return of her mother.

The heath was burning hot: not a breeze stirred the tops of the tall fir trees. The sun was at its greatest height, and cast its beams on the ground, which seemed covered with so many needles, and exhaled a thick oppressive vapour beneath the shadeless branches. All was so silent, that the labours of the beetle in the bark, and the gnawing of the fir-caterpillar might easily be heard. Else was very thirsty, and very impatient, and the more impatient she became, the more she wished to drink. Her attention was suddenly drawn by a clear, cool spring, which flowed beneath the thick shady trees, by the Templin meadow. Quickly she sprang up, ran along the narrow path, till the drops of perspiration flowed down her rosy cheeks, and then hastened down the mountain to the spring. There she found an old woman kneeling on the stones, and with a little mug taking up the water, which she poured into a larger vessel. The act of stooping down seemed very painful to her. Else's tongue stuck to her palate; but nevertheless, she first took the little mug, and filled the old woman's pitcher, and then drank in large draughts. Upon this, the old woman took three pieces of duckweed out of the water, and gave them to Else, smiling kindly, and telling her to keep them till she grew bigger; for if she threw one of them into the water, and uttered a wish, it would be fulfilled immediately.

Else had not gone a hundred paces before she had nearly forgotten the duckweed and the gray old woman, and felt more thirsty than before. She returned to the spring, where she no longer saw the old woman, and with her little white hand took up water to drink. She could not get much this way, and she vainly looked for some sort of vessel, when at once the remembrance of the old woman's mug, and her singular present, came to her mind. Quickly she threw one of her weeds into the spring, and wished for the mug, which instantly appeared swimming on the surface of the water. No sooner had she drank, than she found that her fine wreath of meadow-flowers had faded. Upon this, she threw the other weed into the water, and wished that it might become fresh again. The wreath fell from her hand into the stream, and when she picked it out, all the flowers had revived. Else bethought herself for a moment, and then flung in the third weed, wishing that her mother might come at last, and not be angry with her, for not waiting at the gate. The mother at once came down the hill, and rejoiced to find her child, about whom she had been very uneasy.

Else was twelve years old, and had grown very tall and very pretty, when, one fine evening, she came home alone from the town, and again saw the gray old woman, of whom she had never thought again, sitting at the fountain. The old woman called her, and chatted a great deal with her. Else had to tell her of all her affairs, and when she had nothing more to say, the old woman advised her to be pious and industrious, and gave her three fish's scales, which she was to keep till she grew older, for if she threw one of them into the water, and uttered a wish, it would be fulfilled.

Else carefully tied up the scales in a corner of her handkerchief, and went her way, considering what she would desire in the future. When she came out of the wood, just by Capert, she saw Job, an old neighbour, vainly endeavouring to push a heavy cart, full of geese, through the sand. She immediately sprang to him, and began to pull the cart with all her might and main. However, Job was too weak, and the sand was too deep, and in spite of all their trouble, they made but little progress. Else ran quickly down to the river Havel, took one of her scales out of the knot, and threw it into the water, wishing that the cart might become lighter. This was no sooner done, than she heard Job screaming miserably behind her; the cart was upset, and the geese, merrily flapping their wings, were running in all directions. At this she was much shocked, and throwing the second scale into the water, wished that old Job might get his geese again. These ran fluttering about the sand, till at last they collected themselves together, where the road was good and hard, and when Job came up to them with his empty cart, they allowed themselves to be taken and secured without resistance.

Else looked on, shaking her head, and then carefully put the third scale in the corner of her handkerchief, and tied it with a double knot. When she got home, she put it into a little case, and always wore it fastened to a string round her neck. For many an hour, both by day and night, would she meditate upon it, and think what beautiful and splendid thing she would at some time desire.

Else grew taller and taller, becoming still more beautiful, and when she was eighteen years old, she was reckoned the prettiest girl in the village, and was the object of admiration to all the young fellows around. However, she thought of none but her neighbour, the fair-haired fisherman, and when she reflected on the scale and her wishes, the image of the comely Conrad would always present itself; but when, in the evening, he sat before the door of the rich Schulze, with his daughter, the pretty Rosa, or chatted with her by the hedge, she did not care to think of anything.

One Sunday, on the occasion of consecrating the church, all the young people had met to dance in the village inn, and Rosa was the smartest of the number. No sooner did Else see her, than her heart beat high, and she would have given the world, that when Conrad came, he should not dance with Schulze's Rosa. The thought became more bitter every moment; there seemed to be a weight on her heart, and when the music began, she could endure it no longer. So she hurried out, flung the scale into the water, and uttered the wish—"Conrad shall not dance to-night with the pretty Rosa."

During the whole evening Conrad never came to dance at the inn. In vain were Else's eyes riveted to the door; and at last she heard that Conrad, two days before, had gone to Berlin, with a boatful of fish, and, contrary to his promise, had not returned. At this the poor girl was in agony. She thought that some misfortune had happened to her lover; that he was dead through her fault—dead in consequence of the mysterious fulfilment of her wish. She wept throughout the sleepless night, starting at every noise, and constantly listening if there were any sound at her neighbour's house. Scarcely had morning dawned, than she was on the strand, but Conrad's boat was not at the accustomed spot. With her hands pressed fast against her beating heart, Else went up the bank of the Havel, her eyes still fixed on the water. By the spring at Templin she found the old woman sitting. In the anguish of her heart she told her much, and heard much in return, but what it was she never communicated. However, when she returned home, with a cheerful countenance, her handkerchief was again tied in a double knot—and in the course of a year she was Conrad's wife.

In after years, when the fisherman's happy wife saw any pale, love-sick maiden, she advised her to go early in the morning or evening, to drink out of the spring at Templin, and not to be frightened at the gray old woman whom she would find there, and who knew wholesome counsel for all sorts of troubles. Many tried the experiment, and soon were their cheeks as red, and their eyes as bright as ever.

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* This legend has much in common with our popular tale of the "Three Wishes," but is much more elaborate and poetical.—J. O.

TRAITS AND STORIES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.

BY THOMAS R. J. POLSON.

NO. I.—THE APPARITION.

"WELL, peple may say what they will about there bein' no sich a thing livin' as a ghost, or speret—but, bedad! I was nearly forgettin' myself—away up, one ov yees, an' bar the door, for at this hour o' the night they generly be out pathrolin' together, an' who knows but if one of thim would chance to overhear me mintion anything consarnin' thim, sum bad thing might temp' him to inthrude in upon us; for I must say, as far as I have any expariance of thim, that they're mity civil crathurs as long as they're let alone, an' very gud naibors to thim they take a likin' for, but if iver they are mislisted, they hant a fello' till the revirind clargy spakes to thim, an' promises thim rest. For my part, I always like to spaik of thim as pullitely as possible, the gintlemin, an' lave nothin' in their power."

The door being made secure against the admittance of any spirit or fairy, and a supply of fuel having been added to the fire, Paddy thus resumed:—

"Won very winthry night, whin the snow was on the groun', a couple o' years ago, Jim Mulligan gave his barn, at the riquist of the naibors, to hav' a night's divarshun in. Well, avick, bein' young at the time, an' as thricky a fellow as the parish cud purduce, whin I was towld of the dance, my heart lepped to my mouth wid joy, for it was to be a gran' tuck out altogither. Well, my dear, I was rather dishorted for cash; for well I knew that every one would sthrive to scrape as much togither as would make thim appear respectable; so my father, at the time—God rest his sowl! for he died since—had plinty ov gud praties stored by in the room behin' us, an' I knew as well as the worl,' as long as I cud git a purchiser for thim in the markit, he wudn't see me bate for eight or nine shillin's, for the gud ould sowl, heavin be his bid! always wisht to make me as happy as his serkumstances would permit. At last, I resolved to let him know my intintion, an' ax him quietly for a few shillin's. But, my dear life av the worl', I think I'll nevir forgit the gud nathure av him on this occasion: he towld me, anything that was about the house, I might do as I liked wid, to convart it into money, to appear ginteel on the occasion, for, in throth, I was very eager to act the gintleman as much as any of the other consaity fellows that war invited. Havin' got this point accummodated, I thought the night nevir wud cum, for ye must know, that there was a young coorthier of mine to be there, a far purtier crather than I happined to git united to afther wards."

Then Molly, when she heard Paddy speaking of her in such a derogatory manner, interrupted him in his relation, and said—

"Musha bad luck to you for a worthless wretch! but I was the misforthunit crathur, whin I happined to buckle to you for life. I don't know what in the broad worl' blinded my eyes. It has been a rale merakle to me evir since."

"'Tis too late to repint now, at all evints," replied Paddy; "you must jist endeavour to contint yourself; an' maybe, though you're not quite as purty as I would wish, you have other kwolities that make aminds for this little deficiency."

"Well, boys, whereabout's this I was in my story? See what it is to be interrupted whin wan's ingaged tellin' anything partikler. Well, I believe I remimber now myself, without throublin' ye. Molly didn't like to hear me tell av the purty girl I was coortin'. Throth, an' it was my own fault, or I might be livin' along wid her now. Women are like the fairies, they're very gud an' civil whin let alone, but iv evir they're meddled with, they're as wicked as a high storm. Howandevir, the girl I spoke of was a purty crather all out, an' all the youngsters in the village were dyin' afthur her. But as soon as time allowed it, the night came; an' that was the night, in airnist. I think I will carry the remimbrance av it to the grave wid me.

"About four o'clock that evenin', as I wanted to be there afore any of the cumpinny, I set out for Tom Higgins', for he was an owld comrad of mine, an' we both wint togethir. Tom was rather of a weak disposition, an' a cowardly crathur intirely; an' as the moon didn't think o' risin' till the night was far spint, you may be sartin that my cumpinny, bad as it is now, was thin mity comfortable. Well, my dear, off we wint; an' as I was desirous of bein' there as airly as possible, the greatist neer-cuts were very acceptable to me. It's thrue, indeed, that byways are generly lonesome; but as for me, I was a straightforward sort of fello'; an' as for bein' feard of seein' anything, I might hav' been senthry on a churchyard. Howandiver, Tom thought that the most public road was best.

"'Arrah! what are ye afeared ov?' siz I; 'hav' ye iver kilt anybody, that you're so cruelly 'fraid?'

"'No,' siz Tom; 'but I was always a little tim'rous an' faint-harted at goin' through the gap ladin' out of Nick Sullivan's grazin' field; for ye remimber, that at that spot, or thereabouts, Jane Taggart unforthunitly cut her throat, an' iver since her ghost has niver sased to hant that spot.'

"'Arrah! what nonsinse wid ye,' siz I. 'Shure ye nevir did the crathur any injury, an' what spite wud it hav' at ye? Come on,' siz I; 'don't be the laist afeard, an' not a crathur livin' 'll mislist ye till ye come back. If ye be thinkin' o' things, man alive, yer 'magination will run so high that ye'll consate everything ye see is a speret. But take heart, for ye know that nothin' ever appears to two.'

"Well, begar, afthur praichin' to him as long as a priest id be in sayin' mass, I at lenth purvailed on him, an' off we set for the dance.

"It was now gettin' late in the evenin'; an' as I thought the sport id be carryin' on, I began to stip out; for, do ye pursave, there was a thrick in that same, for well I knew that Tom wudn't let me git far afore him, for fear somethin' invisible should appear to him. We wint on togither purty well till we kem to the owld gate which led into the field, at the other ind of which was the gap, at which it was reportid by the neighbours that Jane Taggart's reperition was to be seen. Jist as Tom stipped through the gate, for he wouldn't be hindmost goin' through for the broad worl', he chanced to cast his eye to the left, for, begar, he kipt his eyes goin' roun' in every diraction, like a duck in thunder, an' what should he pursave, think ye, but somethin' lyin' undhur the shade of an owld hawthorn-tree that was sid to be inchantid, for the *gud peple* in thim days war very fond of meetin' roun' the owld thrunks of threes, an' put a charm on thim. Well, you may be sartin, whin Tom spied this, the very hair on his hid stud fair up on un ind.

" 'God purtect us!' siz he, 'what's that lookin' at us? I nevir in all my life saw anything to aiquil it. It must be the Owld Fello' himself that wants to scar us.'

" 'Why, what do you see?' siz I. 'Shure ye needn't be the laist afeard. Cross yourself, in the name of the Blissed Vargin, an' thin owld Nick himself can't hav' power over ye.'

" 'Are ye blin', man alive?' siz he, 'that ye don't see them two eyes blazin' away like two mowld candles. I'd give all the worl', iv I had it, I was wanst more snug at home. But it's you I have to blame for this, for I knew that the same place wasn't right to be thravelled in afther night, for it's not the first time I hard of things bein seen here.'

"At hearin' the fello' spaik so positiv', I looked at the spot, an' there it was, as thrue as thruth, as white as a sheet, lyin' wid two rid eyes gazin' at us, as iv we had been somethin' inhuman; an' in thruth for the first time it brought fear to my own hart.

" 'It's not gud, anyway,' siz I, 'to be passin' remarks in sich a place as this, for the *gud peple* may be lisinin' to us, an', maybe, wondhur what has brought us here at this untimely hour. May the Blissed Vargin an' all the saints purtect us from anything that is dangerous!'

" 'Shall we go home agin?' siz Tom; 'for I don't think that it's gud to go any farther.'

" 'Arrah! do ye think I'm a fool, to turn home, an' be laughed at afther comin' so far, an' lose all the sport? Let us go on quietly, an' say nothin'; perhaps we'll hav' cumpinny home wid us, an' thin we don't care iv the divel himself appears to us.'

"Well, my dear life o' the worl', I was very unaisy in min' to know what this wondhur cud be, so I determined, if possible, to find out; but, by the hole o' my coat, we hadn't stipped tin yards, when I happined to look behind me, an' there it was, risin' up, an' makin' reddy to follow us. So, quick as thought, I turned my hed afore me, for fear I should see it, thinkin' in to myself that it must be somethin' more than common.

"But the worst wasn't over wid us yit; for in less than two minutes it was up at our sides; an' afore I had time to spaik a word, it gave Tom a dunt, that, iv I hadn't had a howld of him by the arm, I railly think it wud hav' sint him into the ailimints. At this, I thought Tom wud hav' vanished into nothin', for he fell down on his mouth an' nose that made me believe he got a parlatic sthroke.

"What in the livin' worl' to do now, I was at a grait loss to considhur. I had a gud honist shelelagh in my han' at the time, an' I thought I'd let him feel it, iv he'd vinture to cum near me. But what are ye splittin' yer sides laughin' at? Jist listin', an' hav' a little patience, an' ye'll fin' it was as quare a thing as tuk place afore or since. When I stooped down to ax Tom how he felt, it gave a grait *ma* out of it, an' to my wondhurful astonishment, what did I remimber that it was, but Neal Ramsey's buck goat, for it had been sleepin' undhur the bush until we wakined it, in openin' the gate; an' the youngsters in the naiborhood, who was always very divlish, had teached it the accomplishmint to dunt peple wid its horns, for they tormінted it whin it was a kid. Well, my dear, for som' time I cud scarcely know what I was about; for to be so feared as to be frighted by an owld he-goat, I railly was ashamed of myself.

" 'Are ye gettin' any betthur?' siz I, to Tom. 'Purshnin' to ye, wasn't it the owld goat ye happinid to git yer eye upon.'

" At this, a shulish machree, ye'd think he became a new crathur—he was upon his feet in less than ye'd be winkin'.

" 'Tatthurashun to ye for a goat,' he sid, 'but yer don' our job to-night, anyway! What the divil cud temp ye to walk afthur us so unginteely? Give us yer shelelagh,' siz he.

" 'What do you want wid it? Is it to murder the owld goat ye want it?'

" 'Giv us a howld of it,' siz he. 'I'll put it that it'll nevir frightin' any mortual in haste agin.'

" 'Arrah! will ye nevir hav' sinse? Do ye want to go to gaol? An' ye don't know but som' o' the wee peple are lookin' at ye. For the love o' gudness, let us sthrive to get out o' the place as quick as possible, for it's shurely misforthunit. But I towld ye that ye shouldn't be timoris.'

" Havin' now got ourselves som' little thing strenthened, we wint on as brisk as two bees, till we kem to the gap, where Jane Taggart's ghost was sed to be always seen; but here, my dear, I didn't stay a minit, for, avick! we had no time to spare; so wid a hop, stip, an' lep, I was over, an' Tom lit down at my heels as purty as anything evir ye saw; for ye may rely upon it, that he wudn't stay long to look behin' him afthur me. Howandiver, nothin' appeared to us at that time, an' mighty glad we war at it, for I'm sure an' sartin iv there had, we wud hav' fainted on the very spot.

" Afthur crossin' ourselves wanst more, an' givin' ourselves over intirely to the blissed Mother o' Heavin for purtection, on we wint to Jim Mulligan's, an' ye may be shure they wondhured what kipt us. Whin we landed there, we war in the quare condition, espishelly Tom, for whin he fell down on his mouth an' nose, he was so durtued, that all the scrapin' we cud do to git him clane agin, he was little betthur than win we begun.

" 'What in the worl' cam' over ye, at all, at all?' the wan id say; an' 'Did ye see anything?' the other id say—that poor Tom at last bekem so much ashamed, that ye'd think his face got as rid as a thrumpiter's. In throth, I felt for the poor crathur very much, knowin' the kind of speret he was of, for he didn't like to be affrunted; so I took his part as well as I cud, an' towld thim that they shouldn't ax so many quistions; for maybe, if ye'd see a ghost yerselves, ye wudn't fall down wid fear. For ye see I cudn't say that it was an owld buck goat that frightened us, for that id be makin' bad worse. So I gave Tom the hint afore I wint in, an' towld him to stick up to it, or they'd make a complait sport ov us, to let sich a little thing make us afeard.

" Well, my dear, we surprised thim, at all evints. An' afthur all that we seen, we war traited as kindly as iv we had been ladies; an' iv we didn't shew ourselves clever on the flure, whin the dancin' comminced, it's mity odd. In throth, timid as we war, we dansed till owld Pat Shields, who the gintlemin used to call, I think it was "Peggylenny;" for ye see it was at wan time sed, he cud play any tune on wan sthring—well, as shure as I'm here, he confessed he cudn't time his music half quick enough for us. So a little fright's no harm to wan before he goes to a dance, for it makes him feel quoite quare all over.

"Afthur the party all scatthered, shure enough every wan was for going his own way, an' faix! it was the dacint partin' all out; for every wan was in the best o' good humour an' friendship, bekase, barrin' Ned Connor, not a mother's sowl happined to get dhrunk, an' thin ye see, for fear of givin' the laist unaisiness to the company, he slipped away home a full hour afore we all broke up. In throth, he had the same groun' to go ovir we had ourselves, an' only he wint out unpursaved, I'd made it my bizniss to go along wid him. Well, whin we war for comin' home, nothin' wud sarve Tom's cussin, Dick M'Kenna, but he'd come an' see us through the field which was haunted by Jane's ghost.

"'Arrah! what capurs wid ye,' says I; 'd'ye want to make the naibors believe we're sitch grait cowards, an' to shame us intirely;' for ye persave in thim days, it was the case, not all as wan as it's now, no purty girl wud ever fall in consate wid a fello' that was sed to be a coward; so nobody liked anything o' the kind to be mintioned laist it should happin to do him harm in the eyes o' the ladies—the crathurs. Here Tom whispered quaitly into my ear, that I ought to hould my tung, an' say nothin', for he was thremblin' all over, jist like an aspen lafe in a winther win', for fear; an' so to plaze Tom, I didn't pursist in purvintin' Dick, so on he come, Tom havin' a hould ov him by the arm, linkt as pullite as any lady, while I wint whistlin' a little afore thim, like a dhrum-major. Well, be gorrah, I wasn't long walkin' in frunt ov thim, ladin' the way, whin I diskuvered Tom an' his cussin to be discoorsing to wan another very sacritly.

"'What may yees be talkin' about, boys?' siz I; 'wud ye let a body into yer sacrits?'

"'Oh, go on,' siz Dick; 'for Tom has already spied somethin', he is grown quite timorsome an' wake, the crathur!'

"'Musha, avick! what can be the matthur wid ye? Ar' ye goin' to scar' us all, out an' out?' siz I. 'What d'ye mane at all? It's not long since he thought the divle appeared in the shape of an owld goat, an' is he goin' to play the same thrick on us agin? What is he afeard ov, for the norra a hapurth worse than himself he'll lay his two eyes on to-night.'

"Well, to be shure, to encourage the poor crathur, I wint up an' catch hould ov his other arm, an' maybe he wasn't the proud man whin he foun' himself definded on all sides. But this was the wurst plan we cud take; for ye see, the charm's always in three, an' be goxty even the very clargy thimselves wud see a ghost iv they war togither. As the night wasn't very dhry, we war comin' along in purty quick time, whin Tom's cussin, who was always a mity considhurate sort of a crathur, pult out ov his coat pocket a bottle ov the raal owld stuff; an' in throth, you may sware it wasn't long afore we aised it of its contints, for we stud in grait need ov a little dhrop, for maybe we weren't fatigued wid all we seen an' come through. But, howsimdiver, whin we finished the bottle betune us mity quait, we thought it best to be doin' a little, so off we set an' thravelled till we kem to the owld gap, where the divle put it into Jane's hed to commit a shooaside on herself, whin, by all that's gud, jist as Tom's cussin—the Lord always stan' atween us an' every harm, an' purtect us from witches, an' warlikes, an' every invisible thing—he was puttin' over his arm to cotch the owld stump that grew on the wan side, what should he happin to lay his han' upon, but on the hed ov somethin' like a humin bein'; nor did he diskuver his mistake till he was nairly over, when all ov a suddint he gave a roar out ov him that id wakin the very ded, iv it warn't impossible. But the norra a long he staid to persave what it was, for down he came in the twinklin' ov an eye, quakin' an' thrimblin' all over, like a man in a favur, an', faix! he was very nairly frightenin' Tom out ov his wits, wid the roar he giv.

"Well, be dad! I cud scarcely hilp splittin' my sides wid laughin', for ye see I expected that it wudn't be any way sthrange iv he should persave somethin'. Howandiver, to set off the thing as well as I was able, siz I,—'What in the name o' wondhur is the matthur wid ye, or hav' ye seen anything unnathural?'

"'Whisht, man alive,' siz he, back agin, 'there's a ghost, an' by the powdhers ov delf, I had the gud luck that I wasn't down on top ov him.'

"'Arrah, none ov yer tricks upon thravellers; it's wantin' to thry us ye are. Isn't it a murdhurin' shame for a man ov your sinse an' larnin' to sthrive an' frightin poor ignorant crathurs in this sort ov way.'

"'Can't ye whisht, man,' siz he; 'ye don't know what harm ye might lade us into by yer foolish discoorse. Jist to sathisfy yerself, away an' look over, an' iv the owld boy, or somethin' in his shape aren't there, my eyes must hav' greatly desaved me.'

"Well, thinks I to myself, there can be no harm in that, at all evints; so havin' crassed myself, I made to grope as well as I was able for the gap, for the night was as dark as pitch, whin the first thing I come aginst was somethin' like a humin bein', an' down, wid wan souse, he fell on his side. 'Thundhur in turf,' siz I, comin' down tin times smarter thin I wint up, 'but there's somethin' there that's not right, shure enough!' Wid this, my dear, the ghost giv' a groan out ov it that id scare a priest, iv he warn't a gud sodger, an' afthur that, a long, boust moan, like a person in throuble.

"'Sweet Mother o' Hivin! take care ov us; but this is wondhurful all out,' siz Tom.

"'Amin,' sed I, mity sarious; niver was I so much feard. 'What do ye think we'll do any way, Dick?'

"'Faix, this baits all iver I knew or hard ov; the sooner we lave this, I think the betthur,' sed he; 'let us make clane heels over to Tarry Brian's, an' he'll not refuse us a night's lodgin'.'

"'It 'ud be bad iv he wud,' said I; 'for I always placed grait dependence in Tarry, an' he niver desaved me yet. What matthur wud there be in it iv we had a cupple o' gud cudgels wid us, that we might let him know who we war iv he'd offer to insult us, or iv we had a lanthurn itself, to see to make our way gud, it 'ud be sathisfactury; but at presint he has the advantage ov us, for he can do as he plases in the dark. I wish we had a stim o' light, any way, to see who he is, that we might be sarten, an' not serkelate a false report. But, be this an' be that, my jewel, I hadn't the word out o' my mouth, until the black gintleman began to kick up, the norra knows what all, for as soon as we hard him movin', Tom thought he was on for purshuin' us, an' away he wint, an' the divle a long Dick nor I staid afthurwards to see what it was. But, my darlint, if we hadn't the purty race till we kem to Tarry's, it makes no odds. Why, we war so feard, that I wud sometimes think he was jist at my heels, although I niver lookt behin' me to see whether or not. Oftin it has made me wondhur, whin I'd think ov it since, for how, undhur hivin, we accompliced our journey in the dark, ded hour o' the night, whin not a mother's sowl was up, barrin' ourselves, I niver cud come to undhurstan'; sorra a hapurth cud stop us at the same time, for no grayhoun' cud run soopiler thin we did; hedges an' ditches war cleared as aisy as iv they had niver bin in our way, exceptin' wanst that Dick, in his hurry to be over the ditches first, happined to rush into a quaw, an', indeed, only we war somewhat behin' him, the poor fello' might have stuck there till mornin'; for ye persave he cudn't see too well, at any rate, an' espeshally thin; throth, it surprised me to think how he escaped as well as he did. But afthur we relaved an' exturkated him, it wasn't long till we arrived at Tarry's, the shirts stickin' to our very backs as iv they war glued. Up to the doore myself goes—for I was niver mity pullite—an' I rapped at it as iv I war on a messidge ov death an' life. Well, nobody made me no anser for some time, till at lenth I was goin' to force the doore opin, whin Tarry spoke an' sed,—

" 'Who in the worl' are ye, any way; or what do ye want wid me at this far hour o' the night?'

" 'Up—up wid ye, out o' that, an' let us in,' sed Tom. 'Shure yer slep enough, any way, for it's convanient to mornin'.'

" Well, up he gets, an' lets us in.

" 'What's the matthur wid ye, boys?—has anythin' bin chasin' ye?' siz he, openin' the doore.

" 'Oh, Mother o' Hivin be thankt, for we're safe at last!' sed Tom.

" 'But what in the broad worl' cud hav' kipt ye out to this late hour? I'm very much afeard yees hav' bin actin' rather improperly, or ye'd hav' bin snug an' oozy in yer bids by this.'

" 'Arrah, is it dhramin' ye are!' siz I. 'Faix! an' yer far misthakin', for it's quite airly in the mornin'; howandiver, man's dhrames is conthrary by times. Maybe, iv we cud hav' hilped it, we wudn't hav' thrubled ye at sich an airly hour, at any rate.'

" 'Oh, yer mity welcome,' siz Tarry, 'to remain here; but to tell yees the thruth, I was a little timersom' at first to opin the doore, not knowin' who yees might be. But tell me, boys, war ye scarred at anythin', or what's the matthur, at all, at all?'

" Well, to make a long story short, I led him into the contints ov everythin', jist as it happined, an' as I've jist towld ye. But iv he warn't the surprised man, whin he hard it, it bates all!

"'What do ye think,' siz he, 'iv we'd take this lamp, an' slip away down agin, now it's gettin' near daylight, an' see what it cud be?'

"'Throth, an' I hav' no great kurosity to do that same. But howandiver, shure we might take a few gud sticks along wid us, an' thin we'd be somewhat prepared for the gintleman, iv he'd offer to mislist us.'

"With this, my dear, we all rose, each ov us havin' a gud blackthorn along wid us, an' Tarry carried the lanthurn; but afore we got to the place where we war frightined, we hadn't much want for it, for the sky was beginnin' to get quite clear. Well, whin I got near to the place, I kept a sharp eye, to see iv I cud persave anythin'; whin, behould ye, the first thing I happined to get my two eyes upon, was the big black thing.

"'Thundhur an' turf,' siz I to Tarry, 'but yonder it is, an' not wan inch it has budged since we war here afore.'

"'An' are ye sartin that's it?' siz Tarry.

"'Why, blur an' ouns, are ye blin'? Don't ye see it?' siz I.

"'Quite plain,' siz he; 'but shure, that's no ghost!"

"'An' what 'ill ye make ov it,' siz I, 'iv it's not somethin' speritual?'

"Jist as I happined to spake these words, what does it do but lift up its head quaitly, an' make as iv it wanted to git up on its feet. Shure enough, we all watched it mity partiklar; but Tarry, whin it turned roun' its hed, lifted up his cudgel, swearin' that 'every livin' sowl ov us should be made to feel it.'

"'Why,' siz Tom, 'is anythin' wrong?'

"'Purshuin' to yees, for a set ov cowards, what war ye afeard ov? Is it ov owld Nid Connor ye'd be afeard?'

"Well, my dear life o' the worl', whin I hard him say this, I thought my face id take fire with parfit shame, for I at wanst saw what it was the whole time. Tom an' his cussin war for givin' him what he was desarvin' ov for not spakin' to thim; but the poor fello' was so tossekated whin he left the dance, that norra a stip further he was able to go, iv he had even bin paid for it. An' as we war jist gettin' up to the place, he had woke, an' was sthrivin' to rise, but cudn't.

"'Well, bad luck to ye,' siz I, 'but this was a quare place for ye to stop all night to frightin peple.' At the same time, I suppose he didn't know what he was doin'; an', in throth, he was very little betthur yet, for two ov us had to bring him to his home as well as we cud, an' iv that was an aisy task, lave it to me.

"Havin' now nothin' to fear, we all wint home afthur we left Connor, not a little ashamed at our own wakeness, although Tarry had promised to keep it a sacrit from every wan. Howandiver, nothin' frightined us afthurwards, for ye see it made us bould an' stout-hearted wan way. An', to tell ye the thruth, we didn't wandhur out far from home, after night agin, for some time."

SUSIANA AND ELYMAIS.*

It is only lately that the attention of learned and adventurous travellers has directed itself towards those snow-clad mountains and well-watered plains which now offer to the eye a melancholy spectacle of decay and devastation, and are tenanted in great part by fierce and unapproachable tribes; but where, in times even anterior to the dawn of profane history, and before the sun of Nineveh and Babylon had risen in the East, Elam, as Scripture tells us, was already a nation; whilst, in later days, the same country, under the name of Elymaïs, attracted towards its rich temples, the cupidity of the Greek and Parthian conquerors. Here, also, stood Susa, the rival of Babylon and Ecbatana, "Shushan, the palace," where Daniel had his prophetic vision, and which was the spring residence of the "King of kings."

On entering upon the consideration of these countries with the Baron de Bode, we must express our objections to the name of Arabistan. He himself says that the country is denominated Khuzistan, or Arabistan; why not, then, have used the first appellation, as most familiar, most expressive, and less liable to misinterpretation?

The early part of the baron's journey from Teheran, where he was attached to the Russian embassy, to the plains of Murghab, does not possess any marked interest. But, arrived at the great throne of the ancient kings of Persia, and at the tomb of Cyrus, he informs us that a certain Padre Giovanni of Isfahan, has recently discovered a hieroglyphic inscription upon one of the marble slabs. Many circumstances, such as the character of the portals or propylæ, the appearance of the lotus, and the winged cherubim among the sculptures, and, indeed, the refinement and the knowledge of the arts displayed in the older monuments, and compared with the remarkable simplicity of the manners of the people, as displayed in the sculptures, have led to inferences that Persian architecture is of Egyptian origin. But the character of these so-called hieroglyphs would require further examination before they can be admitted as definite testimony of the connexion of the two countries having been intimate before the time of Cambyses.

The second point of interest is, that the baron was warped up by ropes into one of the royal tombs at Nackshi Rustam, that of Darius Hystaspes, and that he found the interior present considerable difference from that of Cambyses—which has been visited by several travellers—in that it had no less than nine stone excavations, while the niches were not arched. It is much to be regretted that the sketch of the interior of this tomb, referred to in the text, has by some accident been omitted.

The Baron also ascended to the summit of the hill of Istakhr, on the plains of Persepolis; where he found a dilapidated tower, a curiously wrought vessel, broken bricks, and an immense reservoir for water, with a curious inscription.

The plain of Persepolis, commonly called that of Merdasht, he divides into a number of bulaks, or territorial divisions, with different names ; the renowned Bend Emir is now the Kum-Firuz and the Kur is made the Polvar. These geographical nomenclatures, so variable in the East, do not affect the great question as to the Araxes, Medus, and Cyrus rivers; the Baron would have conferred more benefit to science by informing us where was the gulf "quo Pasargadas septimo die navigatur," by the Sitiogagus of Pliny, the Agrodates of Strabo.

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* Travels in Luristan and Arabistan. By the Baron C. A. de Bode. 2 vols. 8vo. Madden and Co., London.

The Baron de Bode removes M. Lassen's doubts as to the crescent being among the Persepolitan sculptures. It appears, also, that two French archæologists, have lately disentombed a bull of exquisite workmanship. This, with the statue of Shapur, in the celebrated cave, would be the only two examples of such in Persia.

From Persepolis, the Baron travelled to Shapur by Shiraz and Kauzerun. He ascertained the correct name of the plain of Abdui to be Deshtber; and he doubts the formidable passage of the Kutel-i-Dokhter, or of "the Daughter" (girls) being the Climax, or Klimakes, of the ancients. It appears, indeed, that the step-like passes were in the interior of the country, and at the Jaddehi Ata-beg, above the city of the Uxians.

Arrived at Shapur, he remarks, that the sculptured prisoner is too young for Valerian ; but this is decidedly hypercriticism upon Sasarian art. The rock is limestone, not porphyry. After taking a sketch of the prostrate statue of Shapur—

> "I wished much," says the Baron, "to get to the end of the grotto, but my guides assured me very seriously that it had none ; that even Veli-Khan (the noted robber) the modern Rustam of the Mamaseni, had once ventured far into the bowels of the mountain ; that he came into a spacious hall, through which a subterraneous river flows, and spent the night carousing there with his friends; *but no one had gone beyond, and, in fact, no one could.*
>
> "This would not have proved a sufficient argument to dissuade me from venturing further, had not a stronger motive induced us to retrace our steps.
>
> "As our footing was far from being sure, and we were continually stumbling over uneven ground, or getting into pools of water, the guides had lost or wetted many of their tapers, and our stock of rags for making new torches was nearly exhausted ; so, making a virtue of necessity, we retreated, frightening, by the way, swarms of wild pigeons, which nestle in the walls of these lofty grottoes."

Now, this is but a repetition of the exaggerations lent to this cave by the Persians, and recorded by Morier, Ousely, Fraser, and other travellers, and which has now found its way into all geographies. The readers of AINSWORTH'S MAGAZINE (No. iv.) will there find, that an Englishman, with a solitary candle, and by merely taking off his shoes and stockings, explored this supposed fathomless grotto to its most remote recesses.

The Baron crossed from the valley of the river of Shapur to that of the Ab Shir, by the pass of Naskhi Behram, which enabled him to give a sketch and description of the sculptures, which represent Behram—probably the last king of that name—with two mobids, or high priests, on the left, and two prisoners on the right, wearing high caps, similar to those seen on the coins of the Arsacidæ.

Arrived at Behbehan, he visited the adjacent ruins of Arrejan; connected with which we find proof of the former existence of the Ardea of Ptolemy, of the city of Kai Kobad, of the Kayanian dynasty, according to d'Herbelot ; but of the Sassanian Kobad, according to Yakuti, which would make an immense difference ; and of the Asylum

Persarum, into which several of Alexander's successors, and the Parthian kings, vainly attempted to penetrate. Associated with these was the ancient fire-temple of Ardjan, erected towards the end of the reign of Lur-asp, (from whom the country takes its name,) and which appears to have been situated in the straits of Tengi-Teko, from whence the Kurdistan river issues into the plain, and where is a fissure, out of which runs that species of asphalte called mumia, and which formerly, like the fires of Kerkuk, entertained a perpetual flame.

We cannot, however, agree with the baron, that this was the gum mentioned by Dioscorides; and he is led into error by Kinneir, in stating that the Kurdistan, or Jerrahi, flows into the Kuran river, as stated in the text, (vol. i., p. 343.) He has himself quoted a passage in the appendix, (vol. ii., p. 355,) from "Ainsworth's Researches," &c., in which it is distinctly stated that the Jerrahi, after parting with seven canals, loses itself in the Persian Gulf; while the canal that flows into the Kuran is only the main channel of the Dorak canal.

The Baron finds another Ur of the Chaldees, to add to previous existing confusion, in a village of that name, between Tashun and Manjanik. The fact is curious, in connexion with many local legends, but the Holy Writ is definite, that the Ur of Abraham was in Mesopotamia. Like Urchoe, this must have been a post Babylonian Chaldean site; and it is, no doubt, owing to the existence of a Chaldean colony in Susiana that the legend of the patriarch's being put into the fire, has been attributed alike to Tashun and Manjanik, as noticed by Colonel Rawlinson.

It is remarkable, also, that, as at Urfah, (the real Ur,) there exist sacred fish at Tashun, whose name is derived from Atash, "fire." Rawlinson placed them at Shushan, where Layard could not find them. The Baron discovered them at Tashun. The Baron, notwithstanding the remonstrances of the guardian, fried some holy fish, and found them very palatable.

We next arrive at the new and remarkable sculptures of Tengi Saulek. The first of these represents a mobid or high priest, with conical cap and frizzled hair, standing by a fire altar, surmounted by a conical pile, on which is tied the sacred kosti, or cincture of the Zend-Avesta, with two ends streaming downwards:

> "His mantle back, and show'd beneath
> The Gebr belt that round him hung;"

and which occurs in some form or other in almost all the Sassanian sculptures. What is still more interesting to travellers, is, that it is averred that Gebr altars still exist to the present day, in the Parsi temples at Yezd, where the people also still wear the distinctive badge of the followers of Zoroaster. A king, or great man, is seated next to the mobid, and nine followers stand upright.

A second sculpture represents a figure reclining on a couch of Egyptian form, and holding a circlet in its extended hand. Two figures are seated at the foot of the couch, each with an arrow-headed spear in the right hand; one of them has a sort of diadem on the head, consisting of six spreading rays, with little globules at the extremity of each ray. On another monolite, is a lady on horseback, riding in the modern fashion, only with legs hanging down the *right* side of the horse, and pursued by some warriors, who, from their dwarfish figures and weapons, are known to be Babylonians.*

Inscriptions accompanied these sculptures, which, like them, differed from anything yet met with at Persepolis, Shapur, Bisitun, or elsewhere. The sculptures appear to refer to the wars of the Elymites and Babylonians, and the inscriptions to the ancient language of the Elam, which, as far as yet observed, is analogous in the graphical system with the Chaldean and Phœnician, having affinities with the Pehlvi and Sabean.

Passing through a remarkable gateway of Sassanian times, called the Lime Toll-Gate, the Baron identifies Tezeng, at which he next arrived, with Tayyib, from both places possessing a talisman against scorpions, and with Tabœ, where Antiochus expired after his unsuccessful expedition against the fire-temples of the Elymites.

The Baron's exploration of Manjanik appears to have been very cursory. He does not believe any of the ruins to be of more remote age than that of the Sasanides. Upon this subject, as well as upon the sites of Elymaïs and of Susa, and various monuments in the whole adjacent mountainous country, we may soon expect much important information from Mr. Layard, who has explored the whole carefully, assisted by an experienced pencil, and, it is said, is now on his way to this country.

The sculptures at Mal-Amir are interesting in themselves, and are rendered yet more so, from being accompanied by a large inscription in arrow-headed characters. In the report given to the Royal Geographical Society by the Baron de Bode, he called this place Shikoftehi-Suleïman; but he has now adopted the more correct orthography of Colonel Rawlinson, of Shikafi-Salman, "The Cave of Salman," tutor of Ali, and a joint incarnation in the Ali Ilahi doctrine. Layard designates the two colossal figures as Mobids; and the Hebrew lock of hair, and chaste Grecian head-dress of one of the females are curious.

The Baron de Bode identifies the causeway now called the Jaddehi Ata-beg, and which enters the mountains at this point, with the ladder-road of Diodorus Siculus, and the Climax Megale of Pliny. It joins the road followed by Stocqueler from Behbehan to Isfahan, at a place called Felad, (Pelaut, in Mr. Stocqueler's journal,) and at which point, Mr. Stocqueler further says, there is a road to Shiraz. In consequence of this identification, the town of the Uxians, besieged by Alexander the Great, in his march from Susa to Persepolis, would find its emplacement in the plain of Mal Amir, below the remarkable sculptures.

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* "The Baron establishes a curious analogy between this bas-relief and a passage in 'Vathek,' in which the khalif's mother, Carathis, mounted on her aboulfaki, is, in her attempt to destroy the diminutive Gulchenrouz, attacked and pursued by the dwarfs in defence of their youthful charge.

"It so happens, that the Tengi Saulek lies in the very direction the Commander of the Faithful is made to pursue along the mountains, on his journey from Samarrah to the ruins of Istakhr, or Persepolis, and the analogy is so remarkable, that the Baron remarks, that if the original of 'Vathek' was really found in the East, we may in that case account for the facts of the bas-reliefs at Tengi Saulek having inspired the imagination of an Arab romancer who may have visited the spot before he wrote his tale. It is not, however, to be omitted, that aboulfaki was a camel, and the weapons used by the dwarfs were the nails of the fingers, which they employed to scratch the face of Carathis, 'with the utmost zeal;' whereas, in the bas-relief, the pigmies are armed with more warlike weapons, in the shape of bows and arrows, as well as huge stones, commensurate with their own size."

The Baron gives a very different account of the campaign of the Turks against the Cha'b Arabs from that which we had lately occasion to revert to, as given by M. Fontanier. And well he might! He is, however, wrong in supposing that the Sheikh was ignorant of the intentions of Ali Pasha. This was his tale to the Persians. We observe that the Baron reproduces the original orthograghy Cha'b, written Ka'b by Mr. Renouard. The Arabs of Arabistan, or Persian Arabia, pronounce the *k*, *ch*.

The journey from Mal Amir to Shuster was rather hastily performed, nor is there anything new concerning the existing and ancient sites in the Kuran and Kerkah rivers and their tributaries. There is, however, an interesting sketch of the tomb of Daniel, and a confirmation of the unpleasant legend current, concerning the Black Stone.

The route followed from Diz-ful to Khorremabad is the same as that taken by Colonel Rawlinson, as far as to the Kashgan river, and, what little of it is new, does not possess the detail and careful examination which characterize the latter traveller. At Khorremabad, however, M. de Bode rendered a service by copying a Kufic inscription of some length. It must be observed, in regard to the hasty manner in which the latter part of the journey is performed, that the Baron did not, like Colonel Rawlinson, travel at the head of a regiment; and yet the latter was also once or twice frustrated in his examinations in this wild country, where Captains Grant and Fotheringham were put to death for not abjuring their religion; nor did he, like Layard, adopt the dress of the people, and live for months with the chieftains. Under the circumstances, the Baron effected a great deal. We have endeavoured to give some idea of the chief of his labours and explorations, and for them he will have the gratitude and applause of all lovers of knowledge, discovery, and enterprise.

We ought not to omit to mention, that appended is a commentary upon the marches of Alexander and of Timur, in which latter he has been assisted in comparing several MSS. of the original work of Sherefu-d-din, in the possession of the Hon. the East India Company, by Mr. Renouard, and which may be considered as a very valuable addition to comparative geography.

ON A PICTURE OF SAINT PAUL,

IN HIS CHARACTER OF SAUL JOURNEYING TO DAMASCUS.

BY THOMAS ROSCOE.

Whose is yon sword—that voice and eye of flame—
   That heart of inextinguishable ire?
   Who bears the dungeon-keys, and bonds and fire?
Along his dark and blood-stained path he came—
Death in his voice, and terror in his name—
   Tempting the might of Heaven's Eternal Sire!
   Lo! that light shone—the sun's veil'd beams expire—
The Saviour's self, the Saviour's lips proclaim.
Whose is yon form stretch'd on the earth's cold bed,
   With smitten soul and tears of agony,
Mourning the past?—Heaven's blessed light that fled
   His visual orbs—beam'd on the inward eye—
He heard the voice that stills the raging deep
And his awed spirit sank in vision'd sleep.

MARY DREWITT.

BY MRS. WHITE.

PART I.—THE COVE OF CORK.

In these days, when steaming and yachting have brought distant places into close proximity, the Cove of Cork must be as well known to the tourist as the Duke of York's pillar to a member of the Carlton Club. Formerly, this pretty watering-place consisted of nothing more than an assemblage of fishermen's huts; but the war raised Cove to its present altitude, and, during its continuance, rows of houses were gradually added to each other, till the sunny hill became a mass of stone and mortar. Palmy days were those, when six or seven hundred sail crowded its splendid harbour, and its streets were thronged with the bold hearts that manned them! Then it was that the citizens of Cork first discovered the healthfulness of its air and water; and, from being a place of minor import, it suddenly became the Montpelier of Ireland, and what with military men, naval officers, and bathers, one of the gayest little spots imaginable. Boating parties by day, and balls at night, delightfully broke the monotony of embarkations, and military funerals, up to that time, the staple spectacles of the town; and but too well did the lively airs of the band in the barrack-yard, each afternoon, efface from the hearts and ears of the fair promenaders, the recollection of those cries of anguish, and scenes of misery, that daily greeted them in their visits to the beach. Those were the days! when ladies lost their hearts to the officers of one regiment, with a right of reversion to their successors in the next; when the constant recurrence of pic-nics and country-dances first rendered them conversant with the merits of French chalk and stale bread-crumbs, for not all the profits arising from distilleries, and coal-stores to boot, would have been sufficient to support the alteration of material and mode necessary to sport novelty on each occasion.

In those days, soldiers and sailors made sandwiches of five-pound notes in bread and butter, and left many a looker-on to the fate of Rachel, "who would not be comforted, because *they were not*." In fact, money and independence were so profuse, that if you found fault with the extortionate price of any article, the shopkeepers snapped their fingers in your face, and informed you that they could afford to eat, drink, or wear it themselves, as the case might be.

"Alas, for time!—still more alas, for change!" we look in vain for these signs of saucy independence; no barracks, no band, no balls, except at the annual regatta. Cove has gradually sunk into a graceful quietude perfectly foreign to its former nature. Now and then, indeed, an occasional covey of transports, or an advertised call of some experimental squadron, brings down all Cork, with the corporation at its head, and a presentation of the freedom of the city in a silver box for its commander; but these events are rare.

At the period of my story, all the ebullition had passed away from

Cove. The panoply of war had long since deserted its streets and harbour, but the bickerings of private spleen, and the more decided machinations of party feelings had not yet robbed it of its chief pride and ornament;—it was still a naval station, with the graceful pennant, and red-crossed flag of England waving upon its waters, and the presence of the guard-ship, and admiral's house, giving importance to it as a town. Spike Island was then, as now, the general depôt of regiments proceeding abroad, and this circumstance continued to Cove the semblance of a military place; for the officers, glad to escape the durance of their island-garrison, might be seen every fine day sauntering in groups around Thomas's, the Club House, or the Library, or mingling with the promenaders on the Quay or New-road.

With the exception of three or four resident families of distinction in the vicinity, there were few persons unconnected with government with any particular pretensions to rank, and these were regarded in the light of *parvenus* by the landed people, and as interlopers by the town-folks; hence, three distinct classes of society existed among them—the first being as decidedly exclusive and unapproachable as the most patrician aspirant of fashion that May-fair or Almack's could produce; the next, jealous of their position, and affecting the same contemptuous air towards the no less pretending professional people and retired men of business, who, according to circumstance, sported a brass-plated door on the beach, or a cottage ornée, on Spyhill, or some other spot in the suburbs; while these latter revenged themselves by forestalling the prime joints in the market, dressing their wives and daughters more expensively than the others could afford to do, and exhibiting upon all convenient occasions their contempt of the poorer, but more aristocratic placemen. There were, however, two or three families who enjoyed a medium position between these two parties, half-pay officers, who took rank with the first, and dinners with the second, and to one of these privileged families I must draw the attention of the reader.

Among the many memorable events that the war had given rise to in Cove, was the marriage of a lieutenant in the navy, with a very beautiful but low-born girl. The lieutenant was young; the lady, like most beauties, whatever their rank, wilful and imperative. She was a catholic, too, and set about the task of proselytizing her husband with an ardour that, so long as the necessity existed, never abated; although years passed by before he gave outward and visible sign of faith in his new creed.

With the war, the lieutenant's occupation was gone, and, obtaining a civil situation under government in addition to his half-pay, he who had so long "braved the battle and the breeze," sank into the quietude of domestic life, or its appearance, which was all, some ill-natured persons pretended to whisper, that could be said for him.

At the date of my story, the lieutenant was a slight, mild-looking man, wearing his own gray hair, brought forward over a little space in the centre of his head, which the foot of time in striding over it had made bare; while his wife had become a large, bold-looking, but still handsome woman, with a Junonian eye, full of lustre and imperiousness. Moreover, they were surrounded by some dozen children, chiefly daughters; the eldest of whom inherited more than her mother's beauty, but cast in a softer mould—a tall, fine form, lustrous blue eyes, and the most perfect features. She became the undisputed toast of the county. Educated at a convent, with a view, it was said, to taking the veil, no sooner did her personal charms develope themselves, than secular feelings took possession of her mother, and induced a very opposite determination with regard to her future fate.

From the period of her marriage Mrs. Drewitt's natural ambition had received strong stimulants, in her frequent collision with persons of superior rank and fortune, and, dazzled by the nameless charm, which real high breeding exercises over its circle, with a mistake natural to a vulgar mind, she erred as to the source of the spell she felt, but did not understand; and set up wealth as the standard of worldly excellence—the desideratum of life. Every other consideration merged in this, and in her heart she determined to make her daughter's beauty subservient to its attainment. Calculating the chances in her favour, from a comparison of her own early circumstances, she struck a balance greatly in favour of the former's birth, and education, and decided, that if wanting these a lieutenant had fallen to her share, Mary had a right to look for much higher rank; and, in her imagination, she booked her for a colonel, or at least, a captain.

In a short—a very short time, after leaving the convent, Mary Drewitt began to listen, with no slight degree of interest, to some such hints as the following:—

"Did you observe, Mary, those splendid diamonds Mrs. Admiral Plunket wore last night?"

"Perhaps," said Mary, with a little of the leaven of envy in the suggestion—"perhaps they were paste."

"The admiral's wife wear paste!" exclaimed Mrs. Drewitt, in a tone that threw away the supposition as preposterous.

"And why not?" continued Mary; "do you remember the story Mr. Roberts told us of the Duchess of D——'s diamonds, who pledged them to pay her gambling debts, and always wore paste of the same form that were never detected?"

"Pshaw! what has Mr. Roberts' story to do with Mrs. Plunket's diamonds? They are real, I can tell you; for Mrs. Secretary Ellis told Mrs. Captain Twiss that she never saw such elegant jewellery, nor such a power of it, as Mrs. Plunket has; Lady Clinton's was nothing to it. Wasn't that same necklace the show of Cork, when it was sent to be reset. What luck some people have," she continued, looking towards the door, as if afraid of some one's being within hearing, and dropping her voice, as she added, "for you know she was no lady."

"Nor ever will be," rejoined Mary, a little spitefully.

"Well, but that's neither here nor there, Mary Drewitt," interrupted her mother; "she has that that's better to her than being born a lady—hasn't she money and rank both? and what more does she want? Is there a wish of her heart ungratified? Look at her fine carriage and horses, and her elegant plate and furniture, besides her wardrobe, that every one says is splendid. Take up a newspaper, and if there's a ball at M'Doughal's, or any public fête, I'll engage the first on the list of lady patronesses will be Mrs. Admiral Plunket; doesn't she take precedence of Mrs. La Touche and Mrs. O'Hara, in spite of their fine airs and high blood? Oh, faith! my dear," concluded Mrs. Drewitt, with the tone of one who has convinced an opponent, "though there's no doubt rank is a very grand thing, wealth is a better; and the woman that meets with both, as Mrs. Plunket has done, is, I promise you, fortunate."

Now, Mary well knew that birth, parentage, &c., was a sore subject to mamma, so she wisely held back her own opinions, merely retailing, in the mischief of her humour, a remark of Mr. Roberts, that whatever opinion people formerly entertained of Mrs. Plunket, she could now buy "golden ones."

Mr. Roberts was a young man of large pretensions and small means. It is true, his father held a high official situation under the existing government, but with so much integrity, that, what with the expenses of a large family, and an old-fashioned prejudice in favour of keeping his tradesmen's bills paid punctually, he had little left to forward his children's fortunes but the interest his valuable services had won for them. To this gentleman Mr. Drewitt was under certain obligations that made civility to his son a matter of course; and the young naval officer, whenever his ship was in harbour, contrived, much oftener than Mrs. Drewitt thought necessary, to present himself in her drawing-room, or to make one of their party in their morning walks. Nevertheless, it was not her policy totally to reject him, because she had a theory, that nothing so stimulates a lover as the knowledge that another besides himself is in the field, so she contented herself with a system of espionage that entirely precluded anything like an interchange of sentiment between him and her daughter, and contrived to play him off against an ancient Sir Felix O'Conner, who sported a cab, and laid claim to one of the thousand and one Castle Conners existing in the *terra incognita* of Galway.

Sir Felix was one of a genus not yet quite extinct, whose characteristics are so peculiar and distinctive, that when you know one, you are acquainted with the whole race. In person he was not unlike our Eighth Harry, of "portly stature, and goodly presence, with a right merry and comely countenance," and had been in his day "un homme de bonne fortune," still retaining the *roué* air and deep shirt-frill of George the Fourth's time. If bashfulness be a drawback to success, Sir Felix had nothing to complain of in this respect, for, judging from his appearance, modesty could never have stood in *his* way. I think I see him now, with his bold deportment and look of easy assurance, alternately shouldering the men and ogling the women, his hat not only thrown loungingly on one side, but turned up a little in front, so as to exhibit a profusion of hair, that, though a little grizzled, still retained its strong, wavy outline, and sufficient of its original hue to give a very favourable idea of what it must have been in days gone by. Then his eyes were large, blue, and humid, and in impudence of expression beat those of any car-boy on the quays of Dublin; while his complexion, without wearing the habitual purple of a Bacchanalian, was of a tender rosiness, truly Anacreontic. Nor let me forget, that, which was to his features what a palisade is to a parterre, or a *chevaux de frize* to a military enclosure, a pair of full, large, well-pointed whiskers, but now, alas, most provokingly grey. The men nicknamed him "Old Bravo," while the women gave him the more poetical appellation of the "Evergreen;" for, like many other well-preserved antiquities, Sir Felix could only be ticketed, "Date uncertain"—his age being a mystery.

Such was the man upon whom Mrs. Drewitt fixed her maternal intentions; but never had her shrewdness been so much at fault, as in this little mental arrangement. In his younger days, Sir Felix had affected sentiment; and at this climax he very seriously inclined to matrimony, but finding his determination vibrate, he paused, and discovering that nothing but a fortune thrown into the scale could act as a counterpoise against such a sacrifice of freedom, he had visited watering-places, assembly-rooms, and race-courses, in the hope of picking up an heiress, but hitherto without success.

Alternately, as in the present instance, he had been the victim, and the pursuer. He had hunted and been hunted till he had become as knowing and as wary as a thrice-run fox. He knew an heiress by intuition, and a husband-seeker, by an instinct of self-preservation. He was, therefore, unapproachable, except like Danäe, through a golden medium.

However, the flattering attention paid by the baronet to everything in the shape of an invitation from the lieutenant, effectually lulled all doubt as to his ultimate intentions. A man, whose appetite was so good when he sat next Mary—who smiled so hilariously at all she said—who, in spite of his bulk, was indefatigable in the waltz, when she was his partner—and who stood to turn over the leaves of her music with the beatific, yet martyrly air, of one of those Indian devotees who hang on tenter-hooks, while they shower flowers on their admirers—he must have serious intentions.

Nevertheless, in spite of these very decided proofs of his being *taken*, the season was fast drawing to a close without the expected proposal from Sir Felix. But men, after having lived to a certain time of life bachelors, are always so shy, as Mrs. Drewitt remarked, and want so much "management!" She, therefore, determined to expedite the affair by facilitating opportunities for an *eclaircissement;* and to this end pic-nics and water-parties were contrived, and occasional drives to the different show-places in the vicinity. And on these occasions it was found that papa, mamma, sister Ellen, and some one else, just filled the jaunting-car, and so Sir Felix drove Mary in his cab. This was an outrage that even Mrs. Drewitt would not have perpetrated, had she not imagined Sir Felix to be fairly netted. Rumour immediately concluded the match; but the dear friends of the parties, who knew pretty well how matters stood, lifted up hands and eyes, and wondered how Mary Drewitt could act so imprudently.

MRS. PONSONBY'S "BORDER WARDENS."*

A Romance from one of our fair contributors claims kindly welcome at our hands. But let us glance at the story. The Lady Margaret Dalstone, tall, fair, and stately, inheritor of the broad lands of Dalstone, (although her mother still lives,) and a Catholic, has betrothed herself to Sir Robert Cary, the Protestant warden of the East Marches. This, notwithstanding her first love has been given, and her first vows pledged, to the gallant and noble Walter Leslie, who, led astray by a wily monk, has fallen into penury, from which the Lady Margaret, instead of relieving him, derives an apology for desertion.

The opposition of the Dowager Lady Dalstone, bigoted to the faith of her ancestors, is the only difficulty lying in the way of this part of the story concluding where it begins; and even upon this point, the decided, self-willed character of the young lady, leaves little doubt as to the issue; although she is sorely pushed by the above-mentioned monk, Father Reginald, who, attached to the heiress, almost without daring to acknowledge it to himself, neither wishes her to wed Sir Robert Carey nor Walter Leslie.

But the Lady Margaret still loves Walter; and on journeying north, with her affianced husband, the rejected lover, prompted by Father Reginald, and aided by the Scottish warden's followers, attempts a rescue; in which he falls by the hand of the amorous church militant. Lady Margaret's old feelings gain, on this occasion, the ascendancy, and manifest themselves in all their strength; and that, too, at a time when, according to a relic preserved in the museum of Kirk Leetham, the betrothed lands, rather than united hearts, had caused to be carved, on an aged elm, the affecting inscription:—

"We pray thee, Tree, bear to distant ages, this record of the vows of two dear loves."

Far different is it with the Scottish borderers; one of whom, Geordie Bourne by name, is as brave as a lion, and swift as a hawk. Geordie is beloved by Rona, the beautiful wife of an English yeoman, and the neglected child of poor old Adam Hetherton, the warden's secretary. The Scots make a descent upon the yeoman's home, and Rona's husband is hanged upon his own tree; but she still clings to her disastrous love. Geordie himself, after many a hair-breadth escape, is caught, and Rona, despite of shame, shares his prison with him. But Geordie is hanged, and Rona dies a helpless maniac.

These singular events are painted with considerable force, and deep interest is imparted to an enduring, although guilty love, by the passionate eloquence of a woman's unfeigned sympathy. The Romance proves that the interest attached to border feuds is not entirely exhausted; but we confess we do not think the subject well chosen, and are confident that the accomplished authoress of the "Border Wardens" is capable of much higher and purer efforts. We are glad to hear she has another work in preparation, the date of which is much nearer our own time. In this she will be more at home.

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* The Border Wardens; an Historical Romance. By Mrs. Ponsonby. 3 vols. 8vo. J. Mortimer.

THE PAINTER OF CHIHUAHUA.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

PART II.—THE CERRO DE TUCUMCARI.

As long as the Apaches, whom he had instantly recognised, were in sight, Pierre Lenoir remained still, and then leaving the daughter of the governor of Chihuahua to her fate, he shouldered his packet, and returned towards the town. On gaining, in a fainting state, the governor's mansion, which he observed was lighted up on the occasion of a festival, he demanded instant admittance to Don Emanuel, and was presently afterwards conducted to the banqueting chamber, where, casting at the governor's feet the bundle, and taking off his sombrero, he sank exhausted on a seat.

Some twenty gentlemen of the first rank were seated round a table, plentifully supplied with such good things as the country afforded, —namely, mutton-broth, stewed and boiled mutton, sheep's blood, chickens and eggs, chile guisado, frijoles, and fruits. Restored by a glass of wine, Pierre, whom several present recognised, told his story; and at its conclusion the agonized father started from his chair.

"Listen to me, your excellency," cried Pierre, firmly; "the Apaches are far away; but trust in me, and your daughter shall be restored you, and these vagrant Indians punished. I ask three months to do the deed, and ample means of commanding the services of the Comanche Indians, my brothers and friends."

"Five thousand dollars are at your command," rejoined Don Emanuel, eagerly; "and five thousand more shall be your own reward, if you restore me my child."

"Pardon me, your excellency," replied the painter, proudly, "I seek a far greater reward. I am a caballero like yourself; my father is a rico, a wealthy planter in Louisiana; I am his eldest and only child; and though an insatiate love of roaming has taken me away, he will gladly acknowledge me whenever I return. Your excellency can verify my statement. If, therefore, I free your daughter, and she be not an Indian bride, I ask her as my wife."

"What is your plan?" inquired the governor, after a few moments' reflection.

"I should start from here, your excellency, and make the best of my way to Santa Fè; thence I should seek the Comanches, with whom I have lived many years, and with the promise of valuable presents, induce them to attack the Apaches, and rescue your daughter."

"Be it so, then," replied the governor.

Early on the following morning, Pierre Lenoir, mounted on a sturdy nag, and leading a second, while a footman ran by his side, left Chihuahua. Those who had witnessed his arrival in the governor's banquet-room, on the previous evening, would not have recognised him. Ample food, comfortable quarters, and the enthusiasm and excitement of his task, had made another man of him. His appearance was every way that of a Mexican. In place of pantaloons he wore the calzoneras, with the outer part of the leg open from top to bottom, the borders trimmed with tinkling filigree buttons, tinsel lace, and cords; braces not being worn, the chaqueta, or jacket, was connected with the pantaloons by a rich sash; botas of embossed leather, embroidered with fancy silk and tinsel thread, were bound round the knee with curiously tasselled garters, while the serape saltillero completed his equipment. His horse, which was intended for expeditious travelling, had none of the ponderous trappings which usually encumber Mexican steeds.

The companion of Pierre was Echú-eleh-hadjó, or Crazy-deer-foot, a Creek Indian, who had long been in the service of Chihuahua, and subsequently, under the notorious James Kirker, fought the Apaches. Lenoir, who knew his value, had demanded him of Don Emanuel; and Echú having consented to accompany him, they started together. For some time, they proceeded in silence; and, indeed, scarcely a word passed between them until they reached the Laguna de Encinillas, an extensive lake, surrounded by much fertile land, and notorious as the camping-ground of the Apaches, when on their marauding expeditions. So overwhelming had the nature of these depredations been of late, that between Chihuahua and Carrizal, a distance of about a hundred and fifty miles, there was not a single habitation where food or shelter might be obtained. Having passed the Laguna, and reached the ford of the Carmen river, Pierre halted, and inquired of the Indian where was the best camping-ground? Echú, remarking that the water both of the lake and river was bad, pointed out a spring known as Agua Nueva, and there the two adventurers seated themselves, and, by a scanty cotton-wood fire, cooked and ate their supper. The meal concluded, Pierre, in a few brief phrases, informed Echú of his intentions, with all of which the Creek intimated his ready acquiescence, by muttering the monosyllable, "Good."

"Echú," added Pierre, "and his white brother must part. Echú will follow the trail of the Apache dogs, while his brother will seek the Comanche village. The moon is two days old; when two new moons have gained so much in size, Echú will meet his brother on the Cerro de Tucumcari, and say, 'Where is the maiden?'"

Echú growled consent; and when, on the following morning, Pierre Lenoir rose to continue his journey, he was alone. Mounting his horse, the painter placed a fresh cap upon his rifle, and pursued his way. From Chihuahua to Santa Fè, is a distance of more than five hundred miles; and from the latter place, to Spanish Peak, where the great Comanche village was then located, nearly as much. Pierre, therefore, in promising to meet Echú at Tucumcari in two months, had given himself but little time to spare, and, accordingly, went over as much ground as possible during each day. Passing the River Carmen, leaving Lake Patos to his right, and the Ojo Caliente, a delicious warm spring, to his left, the town of Carrizal was soon reached, situated in a fertile valley, but suffering much from the inroads of the Apaches.

Crossing the Rio del Norte, Pierre entered upon that dreary and desert plain known as the Jornado del Muerto, in the centre of which is a pond, called the "Dead Man's Lake," oftener, however, dry than containing water. Across this plain, Lenoir travelled in one day, and rested only when he reached Fray Cristobal. Early on the following morning, the painter was again on the road; and on the fifteenth day, after leaving Chihuahua, reached Santa Fè de San Fransisco, the capital of New Mexico.

Pierre remained here only one day, to procure presents, for which he had orders on the department of New Mexico, from the governor of Chihuahua. The painter then hurried to San Miguel, a village on the frontiers of New Mexico, and sought the hut of Manuel El Comanche, a full blood Indian, who had left his tribe from love of a pair of Mexican black eyes, and whom he had little difficulty in persuading to be his guide to Spanish Peak.

On leaving San Miguel, Pierre Lenoir left the last of the settlements, and betook himself to that wild prairie life, the love of which had seduced him from all the comforts of home and the luxuries of a Southern planter's existence.

Few buffaloes are found in the mountain prairies; but Manuel succeeded in discovering three, and the companions started in pursuit of them. Pierre was the best mounted of the two, and accordingly flew ahead, dragging his led horse after him; and presently, in his eager desire to capture the much-coveted game, left the latter to his fate. He saw but the buffalo, and when his horse began to flag, and Manuel, who had been more careful, passed him, he for the first time remarked, that there were other persons, besides themselves, determined to be in at the death.

These were a dozen Indians, wearing the usual leggings, mocassins, flap, and robe, and having furthermore, distinctive marks, by which Pierre immediately recognised the tribe. Several of them wore leathern jerkins, while their mocassins had a long tassel of leathern fringes trailing from the heels, for which some had substituted the tail of a polecat. Their leggings were one half red, the other blue, while a buffalo rug was thrown over the shoulders. The most remarkable and striking peculiarity, however, was the voluminousness of their tresses, which were eked out with buffalo and other hair, daubed with grease, and decorated with beads. Pierre at once knew them to be Comanches; and when the three buffaloes were killed, and the whole party encamped together, he was delighted to find himself in company with one of the most influential warriors of the tribe. To conciliate this man by presents, and then to gain him over to his views, was, with Lenoir, who knew the Indian character well, a matter of no very great difficulty, so that when, a few days later, the great Comanche village was gained, Pierre Lenoir entered it in company with two useful and powerful friends, Manuel el Comanche and the Fighting Chief of the tribe.

About half the time being passed, which was to intervene ere Echú was to be at the place of meeting, Pierre Lenoir summoned a council of the chiefs and braves, spread his presents before them, had the governor of Chihuahua's proclamation of five thousand dollars' reward translated to the assembled warriors by Manuel, and then demanded, in consideration of this subsidy, the services of five hundred warriors. The artist, who required no interpreter to explain his wishes, then urged upon his brothers the acceptance of his terms; painted the wrongs they had suffered from the Apaches in glowing colours; shewed how large an amount of fusils, how much powder, shot, &c., would become the property of the tribe, besides the prospect of making numerous prisoners, and capturing much booty. Having said thus much, Lenoir seated himself. The debate which ensued was hot and animated; most of the old warriors were for peace—the young men for war. Pierre's friend now did him good service; for, rising, and addressing the assembly in an animated and eloquent speech, he so moved the council, that even the peacemakers gave way, and accepted the proposition of Lenoir.

Not more, however, than a hundred warriors were in camp; and it was not until the seventh day that five hundred could be collected. Then, after certain rites and ceremonies, the long line of braves left the foot of Spanish Peak, while their wives and little ones stood around gazing upon them in silence.

By hasty marches, and by devoting less time than usual to rest, the party came, on the day agreed on, in sight of the desired spot. In the centre of a perfectly level plain, green and grassy as a lawn, rose against the evening sky a dark and lofty mound. Relieved against the blue vault of heaven, the appearance of the Cerro de Tucumcari was so tomb-like, that had there been no traditions relative to it, the cavalcade would have approached in solemn silence. Lenoir, the chief of the tribe, and Manuel el Comanche, rode at the head of the war-party. The chief was doubtful of the success of Echú's attempt, and trusted to chance and good fortune to bring them in contact with the Apaches. The sun had set, and despite Indian customs, at Lenoir's request, the Indian host advanced until they reached within three hundred yards of the mound, on the top of which Echú was to be.

"My white brother has eyes, can he see a Creek on the hand of Wah-ta?" said the chief, motioning his warriors to halt, and holding out his bare palm to Lenoir.

"An Apache dog has two eyes," replied Lenoir, gravely, "and can see a long way. Echú would only be seen by his friends."

"Heugh!" muttered Manuel, descending from his horse with the noiselessness of a cat. "Manuel will see if the Creek be a snake."

El Comanche disappeared in the gloom, and in a few minutes stood on the slope of the mound, but not alone.

"Good," said Wah-ta.

The second personage was Echú, who during three weeks had occupied his position, despite outlying parties of the Apaches, who had passed within a few hundred paces of him on more than one occasion. The news he brought was satisfactory. It appeared that Maria, through Mexican captives, long resident among the Apaches, had succeeded in impressing the Indians with a high idea of her rank, and was, accordingly, destined as the bride of the principal chief's son, a youth, wanting two months of the age at which Indians usually marry. Echú further stated, that the camp in which she was a prisoner was but eight miles distant. Lenoir turned to Wah-ta, who answered by a nod of assent, understanding his wishes. The troop was immediately divided. Echú, who knew the ground, guided one which was to assault the village from one side, while Manuel and Lenoir led another, according to his directions.

Night surprises are common with the cavalry Indians, and nothing in the terrible annals of warfare is more fearful than such assaults prove. The attack, the screams of children, wives, and mothers, each warrior creeping behind an animal, or pack, for a breastwork, the whizz of arrows, the sharp report of the fusils, the cleaving tomahawk, the unearthly war-whoop, the desperate struggle, the screams of the wounded and dying,—such are some scenes in the horrible picture. Without describing minutely the details of the attack on the Apache camp, it may suffice to say, that victory declared itself for the Comanches, that many were slain on both sides, that numerous prisoners were made, and among these the young and lovely Maria. The booty was heavy; and Wah-ta declared emphatically that it was good, an opinion which he reiterated even more strongly, when, some time after, he received for his tribe the splendid ransom promised by Don Emanuel Trias.

Love in Mexico is a rapid and easily enkindled passion. The deep debt of gratitude which Maria owed to Lenoir enlisted her sympathies, admiration for his perseverance and courage was superadded, and affection soon followed. Lenoir, happy and contented, settled in Mexico, sold his paternal inheritance in Louisiana, when it descended to him, and exercising his art for his amusement, and to pass his idle hours, is still known in his wife's native city as the PAINTER OF CHIHUAHUA.

EGYPT AND PALESTINE.*

AGAIN we have to wander in holy lands, amid cities hoary with antiquity, and people of strange attire, and still stranger manners; but this time it is with a traveller who has abided by Lord Bacon's injunction, that "the use of travelling is to regulate imagination by reality, and instead of thinking how things may be, see them as they are." Hence we have not so many crimson banners waving from the battlements, beautiful women, glorious sunsets, and gorgeous apparels ; but the ladies are wrapped in scanty unwashed garments, often with foreheads and chins tattooed; men bask idly in the sunshine, with cotton skull-caps, and dirty loose blue shirts only for covering ; while naked children run about, black with flies. "Starvation and extreme poverty are stamped upon the countenance of every sun-burnt fellah;" and even Cleopatra's needle is "based amid garbage and sleeping dogs."

Notwithstanding this great preference for the Real over the Ornamental, there is much merit in Mr. Borrer's unpretending volume. He has a taste for natural history, (albeit some words are misprinted,) taste in the manner of viewing monuments of antiquity, and taste even to naïveté, in religious matters.

Abd Allalif, the old physician of Bagdad, relates of some ancient Arabian writers, that they asserted that the column, called Pompey's pillar, stood upon a pivot in the earth, and that when the wind blew, stones placed beneath it, were, by the force of its motion, ground to powder. Mr. Borrer asserts, with Clarke, that the whole of this column, which is eight feet in diameter at the base, is sustained upon a prop of stone only four feet square.

Mr. Borrer's observations upon Englishmen (of the operative classes) when abroad, are painfully corroborative of M. Kohl's statements.

> "The engineers of our steamer (on the Nile)—Englishmen, I regret to say—were excessively drunk, and lay-to for nearly three hours at a village about half-way between Afteh and Cairo, chiefly for the sake of amusing themselves with the stoker, a Nubian, whom, calling up from below, they caused to act the clown before them, whilst they sat on the paddle-box, drinking spirits and endeavouring to play at cards."

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* Journey from Naples to Jerusalem, &c. By Dawson Borrer, Esq. Madden and Co.

A gentleman on board was inclined to identify the piebald kingfisher, common throughout the Levant, with the trochilus of Herodotus ; which it could scarcely be, as it feeds solely on fish. Spenser, speaking of the same bird, says—

> "I saw a little bird, called tedula,
> The least of thousands which on earth abide."

It is on account of its diminutiveness that the modern naturalists have given the name of trochilus to the humming-birds of the New World. The piebald kingfisher is nearly as large as a thrush.

Arrived at Cairo—

> "We met at the *table d'hôte* at the hotel this day, a young Englishman, of noble figure and aspect, dressed in the full costume of a Bedouin sheikh ; his complexion and cast of countenance according with his oriental costume, we at first considered him as such ; for, having sojourned much amongst the Arabs, he was quite at home in their dress."

This was the son of Major Sir William Lloyd, a young man of great promise, devoted to natural history, sketching, painting, poetry, and languages ; and whose death, by the accidental discharge of his gun, has been lately so much deplored.

At Ainshems, Mr. Borrer had an opportunity of verifying one of Lord Monboddo's theories. What would not Geoffrey St. Hilaire have given for the curiosity which Mr. Borrer there beheld? Our author did not ascend the Nile beyond Cairo, but contented himself with visiting the Pyramids, and making an excursion to Mendinet el Fayúm and Lake Mœris; which latter is indeed the most original portion of the work, and with the map and translation of M. Linant De Bellefond's memoirs, leaves little to be desired for forming an accurate acquaintance with the very peculiar hydrographical features of this valley, in the centre of which the modern city is placed, and where once stood Crocodilopilis, afterwards Arsinoe, whose sculptured temples, of the purest marble, dedicated to the sacred crocodile, outvied even the proudest monuments of Grecian art.

On the road from Suez to Mount Sinai, Mr. Borrer, instead of sending the camels round the head of the gulf as is usually done, and taking boat to the springs of Moses, rounded the northern end of the gulf, and, by this means, was enabled to see what he denominates "the supposed tracks of the ancient canal which formerly connected the Nile with the Red Sea." We cannot enter into a discussion at present upon this much debated question; but, whether it originated with Osmyandes (Sesostris), or with Pharaoh-nechoh, it appears certain that the latter, as well also as, after him, Darius who slew Smerdis Magus, were unable to complete it. Darius found the level of the waters different; but the second Ptolemy is said to have regulated this by means of sluices. It was re-opened by the first Mohammedans under Amru, A.D., 635. Owing to its position in an uncultivated country, to the gradual accumulation of sands, the superior level of the waters of the Arabian Sea over those of the Nile, and the consequent necessity for embankment, the attempt to re-open it now must be attended with a vast sacrifice of life and money. The French, under Napoleon, estimated the expense at 700,000*l.* English, and Mr. Borrer truly remarks, that if Mehemet Ali is led by various interests to undertake the work, the 12,000 victims of the Mahmudiyeh canal would, probably, hail in Paradise 20,000, or more, countrymen from the Suez line—an awful host to welcome his Highness the Pasha in the realms of bliss.

We are inclined to differ in opinion with Mr. Borrer, that two days, of eight hours a-day, actual travelling by his party, from the Ayun Musa, to the supposed spring of Marah, would not account for the *three* days march of the various hosts of Israel. We think it would: but the silence of the biblical record, as to the existence of these springs, is more remarkable. Of Hawarah, which Burckhardt identified with the well of Marah, Borrer says, it is a mere hole on a sand hill; and the berry which, it has been suggested by many, that Moses used for sweetening the waters, could not, according to Robinson, have been ripe when the Israelites were there. Borrer describes the well of Marah, as a strong medicinal bitter. Dr. Olin relates, that one of his party, who was opposed to the theory of the passage of the Red Sea by the Israelites, south of Suez, thought it very drinkable water! It is to be observed, though unnoticed by Mr. Borrer, that another bitter fountain has been discovered a few miles east, on the opposite side of the mountain, and this is believed, by Mr. Leider, to be the true Marah of Scripture.

The sketch of the wells of Moses, given in Mr. Borrer's work, although the palm trees are stunted and broken, and somewhat deformed, is extremely picturesque, and is a most beautiful specimen of Mr. Picken's lithography.

On the way to Jerusalem, we have the usual trouble, from Arab dishonesty, and an amusing case of a weather-beaten stump, taken for a ghoul or spirit of the desert. The rock partridges at Sinai puzzled our English sportsmen; and, arrived at the holy sepulchre, Mr. Borrer says—"Neither the arguments deduced by the French traveller (Chateaubriand) for the genuineness of the locality fixed upon, nor those of Dr. Robinson against it, appear to me at all conclusive."

What, then, is conclusive? The condition of Syria, in regard to the treatment of Christians, and the progress of civilization, is well attested, by the treatment the travellers experienced at Hebron, where the multitude cried out, "*Down with the djaours* (*jawurs*); *there is no Ibrahim Pasha over us now!*"

We regret that space will not allow us to follow Mr. Borrer in his excursion to the Dead Sea, and the River Jordan; but we would call the attention of travellers to a curious point of investigation. Lieutenant Symonds, to whom the Royal Geographical Society lately voted their gold medal, gives a difference of elevation, between the Dead Sea and the Lake of Tiberias, of nearly 1000 feet; which implies a fall of more than 16 feet in every mile of the course of the Jordan; or the existence of some lofty cascades hitherto undescribed. And it would be an interesting point to trace the banks of the river, from the one sea to the other—a distance of not more than a degree, in a straight line.

TO SOME WITHERED FLOWERS DEARLY LOVED.

BY EDWARD KENEALY.

I HAVE a wreath—a wither'd wreath,
More dearly prized than gems or gold;
Methinks the flowers still sweetly breathe
Of her who gave me them of old.
This faded rose was on her breast,
This in her soft white hand she bore;
And this was with her bright locks tress'd—
Ten thousand times I've kiss'd them o'er.

They bring to mind sweet summer days,
And rosy eves, and starry nights,
Sweet music, old delicious lays,
Fond words, fond dreams, and fond delights;
Enchanting smiles, and eyes that gleam'd
Like mirror'd stars upon the sea—
How blest my fate had they but beam'd
With *any* ray of love on me.

O wreath beloved, for her fair sake—
Dear record of my happiest hours,
How many a golden thought you wake—
How many a hope entwined in flowers;
And yet how oft my spirit sighs,
To think its fate like yours should be,
Reft of the heaven of her dear eyes,
Whose light gave life to you and me.

THE COUNTRY CURATE.

BY CHARLES OLLIER.

CHAPTER V.

SHEWING THAT ONE MAN MAY HELP ANOTHER, EVEN WHEN BOTH ARE IN THE GRIPE OF POVERTY.

"You have had a blessed dream, dear Godfrey," said Mrs. Westerwood; "and it has spoken peace to your heart. Nevertheless, your eyelids still droop. You are even yet under the heavy hand of sleep. Breakfast shall be quickly prepared; and when you have refreshed yourself, you shall lie down and repose, after your grievous fatigue of body and mind."

"And you, Constance, must need rest," said the curate.

"I have not walked as you have, Godfrey," she replied; "and, therefore, can keep up till you are strengthened. The children are now calmly asleep. How happy shall I be in watching their slumbers!"

So saying, the excellent woman busied herself in preparing the morning meal to which she and her husband, now relieved of their worst fear, sat down.

"Do you know, Constance," said Mr. Westerwood, "I was harassed last night by many perplexing thoughts—a variety of wretchedness which never before occurred to me."

"Indeed! what were they?" she inquired.

"Why," the curate returned, "as I reflected on the probability of all my children being snatched from me, I mused on the consolation which our faith holds out should I be so bereaved. 'Of a surety,' thought I, 'I shall see them again in heaven.'"

"And so you would, dear Godfrey," interposed his wife.

"Yes, beyond doubt," ejaculated he, fervently. "But then I fell upon this dilemma: either I must see them as they now are—children; or else, if progress towards maturity be granted them in another state, I should not regain what I have lost. In either case, my understanding was baffled and distressed. My young offspring must be withheld from the advance they would have gained on earth, otherwise identity would no longer exist. I felt assured that all must be for the best; but, rashly seeking to comprehend a mystery, my spirit was sorely troubled."

"Want of rest will conjure up sick and dizzy thoughts, Godfrey," observed Constance. "They will come no more after sleep."

"They are gone, even now," responded the curate. "Something of the kind must have been present to the great mind of Shakspeare, who makes your namesake, in his play of 'King John,' utter these words in lamentation of her child:—

'But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a ghost;
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit;
And so he'll die; and, rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven
I shall not know him: therefore, never, never
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more!'"

"But you must not forget, that the Lady Constance was distracted when she said this," remarked Mrs. Westerwood.

"Yes," returned the curate; "and so was I last night, otherwise I should not have been so perplexed."

When the slight repast was over, Mr. Westerwood, yielding to the persuasions of his wife, stretched himself on a mattrass which she had placed on the parlour floor. A deep sleep came over him, from which he did not wake till mid-day. On going up stairs, he was comforted by an assurance that the little invalids were progressing favourably; and he then urged on Constance the necessity of seeking repose.

"You, as well as I, shall thus be refreshed for the night," he said.

"Before I sleep," she returned, handing a letter to her husband, "'twill be best to know the nature of this communication. Perhaps you are wanted on some clerical duty."

"When did it come?" asked the curate.

"About ten minutes ago."

"Did you know the bearer of it?"

"No; he looked like a tavern-ostler."

Mr. Westerwood opened the letter, and read as follows:—

"The White Horse on the Hill, July 15th, 1777.

"Reverend Sir,—Though a stranger to you, I have taken the liberty of requesting your presence here as soon as convenient, on very pressing business; business which to me is of great moment. Unless I am wrongly informed, you are not a man to turn a deaf ear to any solicitation, either for advice or other assistance. Should this be so, let me humbly beg you to come to me.

"I am, Reverend Sir,
"Your obedient servant,
"Julius Augustus Greville.

"To the Rev. Mr. Westerwood."

"A strange epistle, Constance," observed the curate, "and a very pompous signature. What can it mean? He talks of 'advice or *other assistance*.' If, by other assistance, he alludes to money, he has made an unlucky election in applying to me. At any rate, it is my duty to go to him. I will not long be absent; and then, my dear wife, you must sleep."

With these words, Mr. Westerwood left his home and proceeded to the way-side public-house indicated by the letter. On inquiring for a gentleman of the name of Greville, the landlord, with a sneering grin, pointed to a door, which, being opened by the curate, admitted him into a small low-roofed apartment, hung round with prints of the Four Seasons, flaringly coloured, and varnished in lieu of glass. At a round deal table, on which stood an empty jug, sat Mr. Julius Augustus Greville. Rising, as the reverend gentleman appeared, he handed him a chair, and begged him to be seated.

Mr. Greville was a very peculiar-looking personage. His wig, of a by-gone fashion, was elaborately frizzed, but seemed sadly in need of powder. His embroidered waistcoat might have belonged to his grandfather. His coat was venerable enough to challenge a descent through two generations; and his silk stockings, of a yellowish white, bore evidence of thrift in countless darnings. Altogether, Mr. Greville looked like a decayed beau of George the First's time, except that his person was young, handsome, and vigorous.

"I have taken the liberty, sir, to send for you," he said, "because, as you are yourself a gentleman, you will know how to feel for another gentleman placed under very awkward circumstances. Permit me to express my regret, that, though in a house of entertainment, it is not in my power to offer you a glass of wine after your walk."

"I do not want refreshment," replied Mr. Westerwood. "You will do me a favour by stating at once why you have sent for me, as I have left my home at rather an inconvenient moment."

"Indeed! I am sorry for that," observed Mr. Greville. "Busy, perhaps, in writing a sermon for next Sunday?"

"Not so," replied the curate; "affliction is in my house."

Mr. Greville looked hard at his companion.

"Nothing very serious the matter, I hope," he said.

"The worst, I trust, has passed," replied the curate. "All my children have been dangerously ill; but I hope and believe they are now safe. My absence, nevertheless, will be felt by my wife, who is quite alone with her sick charge. Let me, therefore, beg you to disclose your business."

"Why, to cut the matter short, I want, my dear sir, to solicit your pecuniary assistance. Stop!—don't speak!—hear me out! I am a gentleman, as I have already told you, and as, perhaps, you conjecture from my name, which is the same as that borne by the Earls of Warwick—'King-making Warwick,' you know. Nothing is more proverbial than the decline of families in their younger branches. Let me expound the *modus operandi*."

" Do not take the trouble," returned Mr. Westerwood. " Confine yourself rather to the matter in hand."

" Well then, sir, you see me here—a Greville—reduced to the preposterous occupation of a strolling player. A strolling player! 'Think of that, master Brooke!' A man who believes he has lofty blood in his veins:—

> ' O, for my sake, do you with fortune chide,
> The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
> That did not better for my life provide,
> Than public means, which public manners breeds.
> Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
> And almost thence my nature is subdued
> To what it works in, like the dyer's hand.'

These, Mr. Westerwood, are the words of Shakspeare, in lamentation of his being forced to become a player. I fully participate his feeling and shame."

" I do not see," said the curate, with a smile, " what I can possibly have to do with this."

" Pardon me," interrupted Mr. Greville; " I need your kind assistance; and I will tell you how. Early last May, was produced at Drury-lane Theatre, in London, a very brilliant comedy, called ' The School for Scandal.' Its success was so great, that provincial playhouses are preparing it for representation, and, among the rest, Taunton, in this county. You have heard, I suppose, of the play I mention?"

" Never," replied Mr. Westerwood; " men of my profession are not often acquainted with such matters."

" That is a pity," returned the comedian. " Let me then say, that one of the characters in ' The School for Scandal' is a dashing young rake; a spendthrift, but a good-hearted fellow; a buck so much resembling your humble servant, that the manager at Taunton has engaged me to play it. But there is a hitch, sir—a hitch. It is necessary that Charles Surface (the character I allude to) should be dressed *à la mode.* Mr. Smith, of Drury-lane, plays it in a peruke. Now, not to mention that I carry my entire wardrobe on my back, one thing grieves me excessively,—the bad condition of my wig."

However annoyed our curate might feel at being trifled with at such a season, he could scarcely repress his amusement at the man's eccentricity; and, therefore, good-humouredly answered, " On such a matter as this, sir, you should consult a perruquier rather than a clergyman."

" By no means," said Mr. Greville. " I have a respect for clergymen. Their calling teaches them charity and universal good-will. They are always friends in need. The poor of all classes look to them."

Our curate sighed inaudibly.

" Therefore," pursued the player, " I feel convinced you will, if you can, bestow a trifle on me for the sake of my wig. Spare me, I beseech you, the mortification of wearing my own hair on the boards of Taunton Theatre, which, unnatural as such a thing would be, I must—I really must—do, if you refuse my petition. An aspirant to fashion once ejaculated, ' Without black velvet breeches, what is man!' And what shall I be in Charles Surface without a well-dressed peruke?"

" Really, sir," rejoined Mr. Westerwood, a little out of patience, "you should have sent to some other than a poor curate for aid in such an exigency. I am myself suffering under indigence. Even if disposed, I have not the means to relieve you. Suffer me to wish you good day."

"Stop!" cried the player. "If you cannot make an advance on account of my wig, or," he added, glancing at his legs, "enable me to procure a second-hand pair of white silk stockings, perhaps, out of your charitable feeling, you will set me at liberty, that I might try my fortune elsewhere."

"At liberty!" echoed Mr. Westerwood.

"Yes, sir; you must know, this accursed brute of a landlord—pardon me for using such an expression in your presence—this cadaverous-looking Boniface keeps me a prisoner in his Circean sty, because I cannot pay a little score for beer. If he holds me captive much longer, my professional views as to Charles Surface, in which I intend to eclipse the great Mr. Smith—'gentleman Smith,' as he is styled—will be ruined; and I shall lose a week's salary, amounting—when all paid—to ten shillings. I have a wife, sir," he added, with some emotion.

"How much does the landlord demand?" inquired Mr. Westerwood, pitying the poor man's distress.

"Sevenpence-halfpenny, sir," answered the stroller. "I blush to say it."

"In that," rejoined the curate, "I can manage to relieve you."

"Many thanks, sir, many thanks. I knew I should find the right clergyman at last," said the stroller.

"What do you mean?" inquired Mr. Westerwood.

"Why, about an hour ago, I applied to another gentleman of your cloth, craving the sevenpence-halfpenny for my landlord. The person whom I solicited was a portly, white-haired man—a Doctor Bruiner."

"You must be mistaken," observed the curate. "Doctor Bruiner is now at his living eleven miles off."

"Excuse me," rejoined Mr. Greville; "I heard the landlord mention his name more than once. The doctor stopped here in his carriage to take up another clerical gentleman, with whom he drove down hill to the town."

"My supplanter!" thought Mr. Westerwood, with a sigh. Then, addressing the player, he inquired how Doctor Bruiner had received his application.

"Do not ask me, my dear sir," replied Mr. Greville. "You must doubtless have heard that we unfortunate strollers are, in private, not very particular in our expressions—that we occasionally indulge in a few choice flowers of rhetoric, which have more of ingenuity in them than decorum; but of all the bitter specimens of objurgation I ever heard, none equalled those which the Reverend Doctor Bruiner thundered on my head, when I begged his alms."

Mr. Westerwood looked incredulously.

"True, 'pon my honour," continued the stroller.

"I must now leave you," said the curate. "Little, very little, in the way of money, is in my power; but I feel for your situation. In this case, the blind shall lead the blind. Here is enough to meet your present need." And he handed a shilling to the comedian.

"I'll send for the change," said Mr. Greville, rising.

"On no account," interposed the curate; "you will want the remainder to help you on your way. Take it, and God bless you! Farewell!"

CHAPTER VI.

THE DISASTROUS STATE OF THE CURATE'S PROSPECTS BEGINS TO BE KNOWN IN THE TOWN. THEIR EFFECT.

After more than an hour's absence, Mr. Westerwood arrived at home, when his wife inquired the nature of the business on which he had been summoned.

"First of all, Constance," said he, "tell me how the children go on."

"Still favourably," replied Mrs. Westerwood. "And now let me hear all about this person with the grand name."

"Why, my dear, this Mr. Julius Augustus Greville boasts of some distant connexion with the great Warwick family."

Mrs. Westerwood thrilled with some undefined hope at hearing this. The curate perceived her rising emotion, and hastened to check it.

"In spite of his pretension," he said, "the poor man is only a strolling player."

"Why, then, did he send for *you*, Godfrey?"

"To beg pecuniary assistance," replied Mr. Westerwood. "He talked in a queer, strange, rattle-pated manner—quoted scraps of Shakspeare, and spoke of his own stage performances in so odd a vein that, in spite of myself, I was amused with his discourse."

"He should not for this, have troubled you, though," remarked the curate's wife.

"Why, the poor creature was in sad extremity," said Mr. Westerwood. "His landlord actually held him prisoner because he could not pay sevenpence-halfpenny for some beer he had ordered, and his detention threatened to be of grievous injury to him."

"What did you do, Godfrey ?"

"I paid his reckoning out of a shilling, and gave him the remainder to speed him on the way to his wife."

"Blesings on your heart!" ejaculated Constance. "Let us, amidst our own sufferings, never neglect the wants of others. This destitute man had not credit, as we have, Godfrey. We can obtain necessaries for a time, without ready money, now that we have paid our last half-year's debts. I am most happy that you relieved one who must have been without a friend."

"He, however, told me something which rather alarmed me," pursued Mr. Westerwood. "Dr. Bruiner is in the town with a new clergyman."

"How did the player know this ?" asked Constance.

"Because, when the Doctor drove up to the public-house where the other clergyman was waiting for him, this stroller solicited alms, and, according to his own account, was met with a violent torrent of abuse. I trust Doctor Bruiner will keep his word with me as to the next half-year."

"I see you doubt him," said Mrs. Westerwood. "For myself, I am sorry to say, I have little faith in his promises, especially as you had no witness when he made them."

"Let us not judge him prematurely," replied the curate. "May not our fear create in us groundless apprehensions?"

"Perhaps so. Still, has not Doctor Bruiner viewed our sufferings with a cold gaze and a calculating spirit?"

"It would seem so, Constance," returned Mr. Westerwood. "Let us not, however, accuse him of treachery."

"I do not *accuse* him, Godfrey; but I have misgivings."

The remainder of the day was passed in anxious doubt; though had our curate and his wife known what many in the town by this time knew, doubt would have been converted to certainty. The stroller's information was correct. Dr. Bruiner had met his new curate, and introduced him to several of the parishioners, telling them he would officiate in a week or two. Callous as the rector was, Mr. Westerwood's presence conveyed no very agreeable reflections to him, and he resolved to rid himself speedily of one whose exemplary life was a reproach to his employer, and whose eloquence cast him into the shade.

One drop of comfort was left in our curate's cup. His children gradually advanced towards recovery. "They shall sit up to dinner tomorrow for an hour," said Mrs. Westerwood; "the very paleness of their faces will gladden us after the terror of that hideous flush."

The succeeding day, therefore, was anticipated with something of pleasure, on account of the young convalescents; and soon after breakfast Mrs. Westerwood sallied forth to make her purchases. More tribulation, however, awaited her. She returned disconsolate, grief-stricken, despairing. Dr. Bruiner's intention of superseding our curate was in active circulation, and the tradesmen had a wary eye to their own security; for though Mr. Westerwood's preaching was admired by every one in the town, they were rather glad to hear that another curate was coming, who, as he meant to keep a boarding-school, would of necessity spend more money than his predecessor. As an eloquent parson, our curate was esteemed: as a poor man, he was disliked.

"Oh, Godfrey!" exclaimed Constance, as she met her husband, "we are now ruined—undone! Our credit is at an end. Our children and ourselves are desolate and must starve! Nothing else is left us."

"By what new grief are we thus stricken down? Tell me!" ejaculated Mr. Westerwood. "Can it be possible that Dr. Bruiner has placed his elected man already in office?"

"I fear so," responded Constance. "Our tradesmen, one and all, refuse any longer to supply us. The baker, though we paid him only on Tuesday, tried, first of all, to affront me; and then, finding I would not take umbrage at his rudeness, declined, in set terms, to send more bread. The butcher had a more civil tongue, but the end was the same; he said, that though he would do anything to serve me, he could not execute my order, but advised me to apply to another butcher at the upper end of the town, a perfect stranger to us. In like manner, the grocer was sorry it was not in his power to supply us. What shall we do? We have no money. My poor girls!"

Our curate was bewildered with astonishment and dismay. Still his ignorance of man's nature made him incredulous as to Doctor Bruiner's treachery.

"I cannot," he said, "miserable as we are, and therefore tempted to strange suspicions, I cannot believe the rector to be at the bottom of this."

"He, and no other," replied Mrs. Westerwood. "I have seen through that man when you believed him to be honest and single-minded. But I must exert myself. Some scraps from yesterday's meal still remain, together with part of a loaf. By help of a little cookery, I can make out one more dinner. My girls shall eat *to-day*," she added, hysterically.

All Mr. Westerwood's topics of consolation were exhausted. He sat silently.

While his wife was busy at the kitchen fire, a letter from Dr. Bruiner was brought. It confirmed Mrs. Westerwood's belief. The rector expressed great regret "at being under the painful necessity of prematurely displacing Mr. Westerwood; but he assured him it was indispensable, in order to secure the services of the other curate. Nevertheless, Mr. Westerwood might rely on his (the doctor's) exertions at all times to promote his interest."

All then was over. Where should our curate turn? What measure could he adopt? The day was Saturday. He would preach on the following morning once more to his parishioners, unthankful as they were. But it should be a sermon written especially for the occasion—a farewell sermon. To accomplish this, he betook himself to his parlour-study, and, having mused awhile, chose his text from Matthew, viii. 20. "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head." From these words of the Redeemer, he drew a discourse steeped in tears. He shewed that if the Divine Founder of our faith made this pathetic declaration of Himself, mere human beings were bound to imitate His patience, difficult and trying though it could not fail to be. He illustrated the doctrine that even adversity had its blessings; and then, rising into exultation, expatiated on the glorious prospects visible to a true Christian.

"Oh, what a world would this be," he exclaimed, as he finished his homily, "if the teaching of Christ were followed! But, alas, the world regards the *name* only of Christianity, acting audaciously in opposition to the *principle!* Help me, thou Consoler of the afflicted! Lend, I beseech thee, a gracious ear to my supplication; and strengthen me so that I may, with unshrinking eye, look at the ghastly mysteries of poverty."

Having thus employed himself, he went to the room where his pale children were seated by the bed-side. In a few moments Constance appeared, and spread a meal, scanty indeed, but helped with little pretences of cookery—house-wifely sophistications—tender and ingenious fallacies to "make up a show."

"Sit, Godfrey," she said, "here is a taste for all."

"Thank you, my dear," returned the curate; "help the children, and help yourself. I am ill, and cannot eat."

Mrs. Westerwood understood him. She knew that he *would* not eat, in order that she and the girls might divide among them the insufficiency of the table. Her persuasions were of no avail.

"Eat, my dears, eat!" ejaculated he, kissing his little ones. "Your father is not well."

The children peered curiously into his face with their sharp eyes, and thin visages. The scrutiny was too much. Feeling that he could not suppress his tears, he arose and left the apartment.

Mrs. Westerwood had much ado to preserve an appearance of composure. She placed food before the poor convalescents, who, young as they were, felt that every mouthful they took was a trespass on the wants of their father and mother.

"And where and how," thought Constance, "is the *next* dinner to be procured?"

THE PRISONER.

(*Translated from the German of Nicolas Lenau.**)

BY JOHN OXENFORD.

To mountain and to valley comes the Spring,
And through the air his joyous shouts resound;
Earth has scarce heard him in her slumbering,
Than up she starts, leaving the dreams that bound,
With their dull weight and chilliness, her breast.
The potent summons echoes all around,
Bidding the swallow think upon her nest;
And she, resisting not that friendly might,
Hastes to us o'er the sea—a welcome guest.
Now, too, the stork homewards directs his flight,
In the far south leaving his reedy bed;
The blooming flower is fainting with delight,
As the gay moth drops on her lovely head;
The trees invite the birds to love and song,
With such fine blossoms are their branches spread;
The nightingale pours forth sweet notes among
The flowering hedges—sure of heaven they tell;
The brook, as through the wood it rolls along,
Makes pleasant melody. Now loudly swell
Notes from the shepherd's reed, which echo mocks;
And in the distance sounds the cheerful bell,
As to the verdant hills return the flocks.
Yonder there bursts a flood of joyous tears—
That torrent which is bounding from the rocks
To welcome Spring; the sturdy Alp appears,
Warming his huge limbs, as the sunshine glows—
The joyous, the resistless voice he hears
Of Spring, who boldly climbs his towering snows;
Aroused, dull sluggish Winter off he shakes,
And after him a thundering av'lanche throws.
A fond desire within his bosom wakes
Hopes that Spring the promised friend may bring—
The rose, who every year her visit makes,
Starting from tender moss. Thus wanders Spring,
Rejoicing through each ruined spot to haste,
And round him gifts of happiness to fling;
But there is one, I ween, who may not taste
The blessings God has ordered Spring to bear;
By iron fetters is his frame embraced,
And dungeon walls frown round him, gray and drear;
He may not hear the pleasant woodland tones,
Nor see how fair the bursting flowers appear—
Nought strikes his ear except his own deep moans;
Instead of nightingale or cooing dove,
He hears the wall with echoes mock his groans,
Or the harsh clank of fetters, if he move.
Not one soft pitying ray of Spring's sweet light
Can come to him—a messenger of love.
He feels no warmth, although God's sun is bright;
He has but one companion in his cell,
The black and sullen monster—hideous Night.
Oft will his heart with mingled feelings swell,
By grief, by shame, by thirst for vengeance torn,
By longing to see those who love him well.
He starts—that raging fire may not be borne—
Grasps for his sword—he will be free again!
Then his chains rattle forth their laugh of scorn;
Firm as a rock his dungeon doors remain,

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* That is to say, Count Strehlenau. The *terza rima*, (Dante's measure,) in which this poem is written, was, I believe, first rendered a popular vehicle for narrative poetry in Germany by G. Chamisso. It is frequently employed by that poet, by Lenau, by Rückert, and even by Freiligrath.—J. O.

And to his bed of straw he totters back—
The storm of rage gives place to bitter pain.
Cowering in silence, on that monster black—
That ceaseless Night—he stares with vacant eyes:
Time may pass on, for *him* it leaves no track.
No! while within that gloomy cell he lies,
He takes no count of days, or moons, or years;
Time, which to happy souls quick, stormlike flies,
To him one dull, unchanging *Now* appears
Or shall he mark his distance from the grave
By his own longings, counting by his tears
The moments? If another boon he crave,
Hoping he may survive this state of gloom,
He errs, and idle fancy makes him rave.
" Within the dungeon he shall find a tomb ;"
Such were the words his judge, unfeeling, spake,
When harshly he pronounced the fearful doom.
" God, ere my heart bursts, one request I make,"—
Thus at his door the captive prays in vain—
" Once on these eyes let thine own sunlight break,
Grant me one step from this abode of pain,
Then at that very moment let me die,
And at my death-hour I will not complain.
Yea, let my corse upon this threshold lie,
While o'er it, Lord, thy radiance brightly gleams;
The wanderer rests where some fair stream flows by,
And I will sleep by thy sweet welling beams ;
The joys of freedom, which I shall not learn
Till death, shall be the subject of my dreams."
How did the man such heavy vengeance earn?
Vain are his prayers—a solemn law he broke,
And dared all peril recklessly to spurn :
Truth to the tyrant,—truth he boldly spoke,
Shewing the curse by which man's head is bow'd,
And shaking fearlessly the bloody yoke.
The law dooms death for speaking thus too loud,—
The tyrant wrote himself the book of laws—
A book, whose ev'ry leaf is freedom's shroud.
The ruler's *kindness* is the only cause
That this audacous man is living still.
Such mercy sometimes makes the tyrant pause ;
He will not openly and quickly kill.
The stubborn fool knew, but he did not dread,
The fate of those who dare for man to feel,
And thus he drew the thunder on his head.
The murd'rer gazes in uneasy mood
If he beholds the garment of the dead,
While the accuser shows the stains of blood,
Telling of deeds deep hid for many a year,
On which, with pallid cheek, he now must brood.
The tyrant, like the murd'rer, could not bear
That this most noble fool should step before
The judgment-seat with him, and scorning fear,
Should hold up truth, all bleeding, which of yore,
While countless joys in chorus sang around,
Fair freedom as a lovely garment wore,
Ere the fell tyrant struck her to the ground.—
But now I hear the streamlet lightly rush,
From these dark thoughts waking me with its sound ;
Now a slim form is peering from the bush,
And now it bounds away—a timid roe ;
Words, spoke in flowers and music, sweetly gush
From Nature's lips, bidding my sorrows go,
And joys approach ; but, ah ! I have no power
To keep my mind from seeking scenes of woe,
From gath'ring tears rather than fairest flower,
And now it must pursue that hapless wight,
Who suffers till the last—the wish'd-for hour
Calls him from one into another night.

DESCENT OF THE RIVER.

BY W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH.

Bireh-jik, the embattled citadel.—Fresco paintings of the Crusades.—Ruins of Europus.—Whirlpool of Kei'ara.—Remains of Ceciliana.—Castle of the Stars. —Search for a tunnel.—An imaginary robbery.

Early in the month of February, 1836, an opportune reinforcement arrived, consisting of four sappers from England, and six seamen drafted from H.M.S. Columbine, which restored the expedition to its original strength.

Previous to my return from the patriarchal lands of Harran and Serug, the steamer Euphrates had dipped its virgin paddles in the river, and, stemming a strong current and rather formidable rapid, which occurred betwixt Port William and Bireh-jik, had ascended to a position opposite to the ancient castle of that town, from whence it saluted the Sultan's flag with twenty-one guns, which were returned at occasional intervals, as time and circumstance would allow the three dismounted guns, which constituted the Osmanli battery, to be loaded and discharged.

Mussulman and Christian inhabitants flocked to the banks of the river, to see an iron boat swim, and, what was more, stem the current of the river. The paved courts of the mosque, the open galleries of the coffee-houses, and the many flights of marble steps leading down to the river banks, were everywhere covered with human beings—even the climbing ramparts bristled with heads, and the dark entrances of the distant caverns appeared alive with dusky tenants, who seemed, on such an occasion, to have ventured into unaccustomed day. There was a tradition familiar at Bireh-jik, and which accompanied us the whole length of the river, that when iron should swim on the waters of the Frat, the fall of Mohammedanism would commence.

I cannot quit this ancient city without a word descriptive of its peculiarities. We had been with it now, during the heats of summer and in the cheerless winter, and almost every building and cave was familiar to our eyes, and yet, under every aspect, it still remained the same beautiful city which it appeared to be at first, and its picturesque features possessed the same claims to admiration, viewed from whatever side, and at whatever time.

The most extensive panoramic view is obtained from the opposite side of the Euphrates. From such a position, the whole length of the castle is seen occupying the crest of an isolated hill of chalk, having steep precipices towards the river, while it is separated from the town by cliffs, in part paved with large flag-stones, and by a partly natural, partly artificial, ditch. The castle is followed along the river side by various buildings of greater or less symmetry, among which are the Mohammedan schools, and a pretty little mosque with graceful menareh, open court, and three flights of marble steps, for the ablutions enjoined previous to prayer. Then comes a much-frequented coffee-house, whose balconies overlook a spacious archway, beneath which the ferry business is carried on, and which leads directly to the market. A few more irregular buildings skirting the water's edge, are abruptly terminated by the embattled towers which flank the walls.

The space occupied by the town itself is very limited; the chalk cliffs rising upwards almost immediately from the river, and the walls are carried up these in an irregular, but highly picturesque manner, afterwards crossing the summit of the cliffs, on the crest of which their sharp crenated outline, interrupted by occasional towers, cuts through air and sky. This disposition of the walls appears to date from olden time, for Ammianus, speaking of Birtha, (miswritten Virtha,) says, " Muris sinuosis et cornutus."

Not only is every available spot within the walls built upon, but the whole face of the hill is burrowed with excavations of various extent, from the large subterranean caravanserai to the insect-haunted rock-dwelling. On the more precipitous ledges, the green ibis ranged themselves, at certain seasons, in rows, like a file of riflemen.

Viewed from the north, the town, with its noble castle and rugged walls, comes out in still bolder relief. The outline of hills and ramparts is more distinct, and the irregular form of the castle, perched upon its craggy rocks, advances into the broad expanse of the river, like an armed warrior, ready to dispute its further progress.

And lastly, when the outline is softened by moonlight, and all the contrasted forms and various groupings are dimmed by its pale, tremulous gleams, the scene wins in imagination what it loses in reality. Every air breathes balm, every sound is musical ; the lofty menareh, silvered by the moonshine, tower over the dark waters; the broken ridge of rock and wall stands more clearly out from the star-spangled sky; distant lights gleam faintly from among the scarce seen caves; voices fall at intervals on the ear; marble tombs rise up like robed pontiffs; towers and buildings rear themselves above ruined piles, dark covered ways, and solemn arches; while, over and above all, the great extent of castle spreads one vast and ominous-looking shadow.

Strong walls flank the entrance of this castle, which is further commanded by a square tower that rises full a hundred feet above the iron gateway. A long row of modern buildings occupies the lower level, which borders the river side within the walls, while the higher platform is reached by a winding road on the side of the rock, in part carried through a subterraneous passage. The ruins upon this latter cover a considerable space of ground, but little is found that is still perfect. The brown-jacketed guards of the Turkish mutesellim, with a whole armory in their waistbands, haunted these wide ranging ruins at every step.

In an apartment at the south-west angle was the coffin of a holy man, covered with tattered drapery, and the green turban of a descendant of the prophet at the head. Flowers of the " immortel" (Gnaphalium) were strewed around, and innumerable bits of votive rag were tied about. On the floor were also two large heaps of stones, said to cover two other bodies.

On the northern side were some lofty halls and long corridors, which it was necessary to explore by candle-light. The doorways were ornamented with tracery; and over the principal entrance was a large painting of two armed men, pointing to a colossal star and crescent, which surmounted a cross, indicative of the Knights of St. John, and still called the Maltese Cross, besides two other insignia of the same knighthood.

It was evident that this painting referred to the capture of the castle from the Crusaders, by Saleh-ed-din. Baldwin had advanced to the Euphrates, with a force of little more than two hundred knights and about fifteen hundred men, under the guidance of one Pancratius; and having reduced Samosat, then governed by the Turk Emir Ba'ldek; Edessa, held by the Greek Prince Theodore, capitulated. Birtha was subsequently reduced, in order to keep open the communication with Antioch; and it fell into the hands of Saleh-ed-din, about 1180. These paintings must, therefore, belong to the latter part of the twelfth century, and although painted in distemper, like the frescoes of early Christian times, in the grottoes of Cappadocia, they still preserve their colours in tolerable perfection. This painting would also show that the modern Egyptian insignia of star and crescent, was derived from the Mamluk, or Eyyubite, dynasty.

Within one of these vaulted apartments, was a well of considerable depth, which exhibited a remarkable echo. The sound of a stone thrown into it was heard, after a few seconds, to strike the water. This was followed by a low murmur, like the rippling of water, and which was abruptly interrupted by the shock as of another stone falling, and that by another and another, each coming nearer and becoming more distinct, till the last broke out of the well with a startling effect.*

I joined the steamer the evening after its ascent to Bireh-jik. She was lying close by a dark bank, the decks were being washed, and everything seemed uncomfortable; but, before sunrise next morning, the bugle roused us to the consciousness of an eventful day.

It would, indeed, be difficult to convey an idea of the pleasurable feelings with which we all contemplated the descent of the river. It was the main object of the expedition. It had never ceased to be the great subject of our thoughts and hopes, and it had always been the focus towards which all exertions and labours were directed.

The long delay caused by the difficulties of the transport, the arduous task of putting the boats together, the sickness and death that had befallen so many of the party, and the long travel that had intervened between our first landing on the coast of Syria, and the day when, strong in the worth of our stout steamer, we felt ourselves positively afloat and off, seemed but a succession of trials, the goal of which was the river, and the reward, success.

For eight long months had that patriarch stream been ever flowing by us, like some grave mighty thought—the reading of a dream, which we were apparently never destined to decipher; but we now dwelt on its ample bosom, that seemed at once full of busiest travel and of softest rest, and our feelings had undergone a wondrous change. The same memorial stream was murmuring past us, but hope smiled on its face, and lent enchantment to its waters; and little did we anticipate at this moment, how many brave fellows those waters were destined to entomb. There was the same cloudless sky and delicious temperature, the same gorgeous sunset, and a nightly blue, starry with constellations, by which Abraham steered his course from the land of Chaldea; but the same sky, and the glorious lamps which illumined its high vault, were now to guide us in our onward course; and how differently they appeared to glow!

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* It has already been noticed that this castle is of great antiquity, and its Roman name, Birtha, and its actual name, Bireh-jik, appear to be derived from the Syrian Bírthá, the Hebrew Bíreh, or Chaldee Bírenthá, "an embattled citadel," all having the same Semitic root, and which is the same as the Sanskrit Vara, the Zend Var, used in the Greek Βάρις, and the Persian Bárú, "a fortress, or wall of fortification." Bochart (Phaleg. p. 290,) identifies Birtha with Rehoboth of the Old Testament; but this we shall afterwards see is not a probable identification.

"Hinc movet Euphrates!" We had wasted, used, and fashioned with ten thousand fancies, all that lay on the shores of those hushed waters; and as they crept by the mighty ruins—marvellous revelations of the past—we had thought their voice to be solemn, and step sepulchral; but now they seemed to bound past with pleasant lightsome ease. The scream of the startled pelican, or the gurgle of some huge fish wallowing in the waters, was no longer requisite to break the silent ripple. There was the steamer, proud in its iron flanks, confident in its unspent force of steam, and manned with hearts zealous in duty, yet rejoicing in adventure, and full of that ambition, which, like the river itself, could not look back, but now urged all onward with a swelling strong desire.

The day before a boat had gone on a-head to examine and sound the river, for a distance of twenty to thirty miles, and the officer who had accomplished this task, and thus made himself acquainted with the channel, became the pilot on the occasion of the first day's descent; while, early in the same day, another was despatched in advance, to become pilot on the second day; and thus the naval officers took it by turns to survey the river and pilot the vessel. It was also hoped, that, by means of the rough charts thus obtained, the steamer Tigris would be enabled to follow a distance of two or three such journeys in one day, and thus save a considerable consumption of coal. There was also a raft upon the river, loaded with heavy weights, but which was destined to be soon wrecked.

On board the steamer Euphrates, Colonel Chesney took the detailed bearings of the river, and, for the first hundred miles of the descent, the survey was also carried on ashore, by a chain of ground trigonometrical angles carried along the principal heights, and based on points fixed astronomically by Lieut. Murphy; and a succession of smaller angles, interwoven within these, by Colonel Estcourt.

We first passed the orchards of Bireh-jik, which occupy a valley opening eastward into the hills, some little distance to the south of the town, which are well sheltered by an abundant growth of pomegranate, fig, pistachio, and apricot, and which contain a plane tree that measured thirty-six-feet in circumference, and must have been from eight hundred to a thousand years old. After this, the early part of the descent was carried through a comparatively naked country.

The river banks were low, with only occasional chalk cliffs, cut up to the westward by the valley of the Kerşin; but rising gradually to the east, in low, rounded, and sometimes abrupt conical hills, towards high table-lands and plateaux with rock terraces. This irregular country was interrupted here and there by a neat white-washed tomb, perched on a peninsulated cliff that advanced into the river, or planted on some more prominent distant cone, and each having its separate legend and local tradition attached to it.

The first point of interest which we reached, was an extensive raised embankment on the right side of the river, having a central hollow space within, the outlying mounds being disposed in the form of a parallelogram. From the quantity of fragments of brick and tile, and of hewn stones around, these were evidently artificially raised mounds, and the remains of what had once been a walled city; the same as Maundrell long ago recognised on the site of Europus of antiquity, and which is now called Jerabolus by the natives. The only larger fragment of antiquity remaining at this desert spot, was a broken slab of marble with a sculpture in relief, also noticed by the same old traveller, but overlooked by Viscount Pollington, who passed this site on his way from Urfah to Aleppo. It lies on the north-west side of the acclivity of the mound.

The identification of this site with the classical Europus depends upon the Theodosian tables, which give a distance of twenty-four Roman miles from that place to Zeugma, (Bireh-jik,) and this corresponds with the results of the survey; and also, as we shall afterwards see, with its relation to Ceciliana.

It is a site, however, of but small historical importance. Belisarius is described, on his arrival in Syria, shortly after the invasion of Chosroes, as finding the Roman generals, among whom was a nephew of the Emperor Justinian, imprisoned, by their fears, in the fortifications of Hierapolis. But, instead of listening to their timid counsels, the veteran general commanded them to follow him to Europus, where he had resolved to collect his forces. The same city became a Christian episcopacy during the middle ages, but it does not appear to have been ever upheld by the Mohammedans.

The name is rather a singular one. It is put by Pliny and Ptolemy in the masculine gender, disconnecting it at once from the fabled daughter of the Phœnician King Agenor. Isidore of Charax gives Europus as a Greek synonyme of the Rhages of Tobit, but which really belonged to Veramin. It is evident, however, from these concurrent statements, and from that of Stephanus, who describes it as a Macedonian town, that the Syrian, Mesopotamian, and Median cities of this name were so denominated by the successors of Alexander.

Lord Pollington was inclined (Journ. of Roy. Geog. Society, vol. x. p. 453,) from the apparent derivation of the name Yerabolus, or Jerabolus, from Hierapolis, to believe that this was the site of that renowned Syrian city; but this is inconsistent with a multitude of other facts and circumstances; and the noble viscount himself remarks, that it is possible that the names of two ruined cities, so near each other, may have been confounded.

The distinguished geographer, D'Anville, in his great work, ("L'Euphrate et le Tigre," 4to, Paris, 1779,) erroneously identifies Europus with Nesjm, a notice of which latter he obtained from the geographical commentary attached by Schultens to the life of Saleh-ed-din; while, in another place, he identifies what he calls Kalaat el Negiur with Calli-come, which two places, we shall shortly see, are one and the same.

Beyond Europus, the banks of the river became more rocky, and we brought-to on the evening of the 24th of March, at a point where a low promontory of limestone advanced from the right bank into the river, thus obstructing the current, and causing the waters to return upon themselves, sweeping up from beneath the caverned mass, and forming a whirlpool of such force as to be dangerous to the navigation of the river by small boats. There was a village at this place called Gurluk, and the natives designated the whirlpool by the name of Kei'ara, or that which sounds like thunder; and they had a tradition, that it was at this spot that Abraham crossed the river, on his way from Chaldea to the promised land.

Beyond this place, the outline of country, on the right bank, sank gradually, and stretched out in gentle undulations and grassy plains towards the valley of the Sajur; but the left bank was more hilly, with occasional mounds and villages, as Tel Adrah and Zehereh, which were backed by the same long table-lands, with, at this portion of the river, rock terraces of basalt.

Passing a headland called Moghar, on the left bank, similar low cliffs were observed to range along upon the right, immediately beyond the valley of the Sajur, and to constitute a still more remarkable headland, which bore the fragmentary remains of another of those ancient towns which once adorned the fertile banks of this great river, and was known by the euphonic name of Cecilia or Ceciliana.

The spot itself is now called Sarisat, and it is by the distances given in the Theodosian tables, from Zeugma and Europus, that the position is identified with that of Ceciliana of the tables, and the Κεκιλία, or Cecilia, of Ptolemy; and this is further corroborated by the distance given by the same tables of Ceciliana from Hierapolis. Cellarius remarks truly, that the name Ceciliana would indicate the "Castle of Cecilia."

We arrived at this point on the 25th, and lay-to the 26th and 27th, waiting for the Tigris. Few remains of the ancient city now presented themselves to our researches. The cliffs bounding the valley of the Sajur we had observed on our approach to be everywhere dotted with caverns and rock dwellings, and we found these, upon closer examination, to be still occasionally tenanted by the natives, and to be sometimes connected by subterraneous galleries.

At the headland itself, the rock was harder and not excavated, and we found it cleft by a natural fissure or opening, where a streamlet fell over a little circus of rock, constituting a pleasing recess.* It was above this fall that we found, as far as stones and foundations were concerned, the most extensive traces of a town. There was also a tablet on the face of the cliff, at the extreme headland, which had evidently borne a Greek inscription, but which, from its exposed situation, was no longer legible.

Cellarius has suggested the identity of Cecilia with Cingilla of Pliny, which latter Salmasius thought ought to be read Gindara. Pliny describes the Roman province of Commagena as commencing at Imma, now El Umk, and ending at Cingilla; and as the other extremity of the province was on the Euphrates, somewhere below Zeugma; and as Cecilia is placed by Ptolemy in Commagena, the identification appears to be very reasonable.

We began at this place to see the Arabs passing the river upon inflated skins. To accomplish this, they tied their clothes, (not a very heavy burden with a Bedwin,) on their heads, and reposed the chest upon the skin, which they embraced with their arms, while at the same time they pushed with their legs behind. By such simple proceedings, men and women crossed the river with ease and security; although they only fetched the opposite bank a long distance from whence they started, making it a navigation sometimes of from two to three miles. Women were frequently observed to carry children on their shoulders, and the appearance which all parties presented, for it was difficult to distinguish sexes, was truly remarkable, giving an idea of the personification of Derceto, and was for a long time a source of much amusement.

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* The only fern of the river banks, Adiantum capillus veneris, grew at this spot, with three species of mosses, and some jungermanniæ without fructification. Few cellular plants were met with in this part of the river, whose rapid current is opposed to the growth of Algæ.

At this period of the year, the genial influence of spring was just beginning to make itself felt, and this added, in no small degree, to the charms of each new spot at which the steamer brought up. Taken as a whole, there was, compared with our own country, a general absence of vegetation, and on this, the earlier part of the navigation, we had as yet no wood. This want of trees, and even of perennial shrubs, on the plains and hills, gave to the country a general appearance of desolation; but the rocky banks of the river were pleasingly carpeted with yellow flowering plants, of the mustard tribe, and the more sheltered greensward was enlivened by tulips, two species of anemone, and a silvery ranunculus. It was remarkable that we always found the vegetation several days in advance on the eastern side.

We observed that the natives ate freely of the leaves of wild lettuce, sow-thistle (sonchus), common thistle (carduus), and the roots of the wild onion, leek, squill, and ixia; and as, after leaving Port William, we had no vegetables, we soon learned to do the same thing, to which we added, at Balis, the leaves of the atriplex or orache, which is cultivated in France as a culinary vegetable, eats exactly like spinach, and was in great demand at the mess-table.*

Living things, although not numerous, were now abroad. Among the insect tribe, the types of spring, were the heteromeræ, among which, particularly pimelariæ. On the river, an occasional pie-bald kingfisher hung over its prey, numerous cormorants and pelicans were travelling northwards, and the red Nubian goose, just arrived from the Upper Nile, lived in pairs, at the foot of the cliffs. The beautiful blue bee-eater, whose presence attested settled weather, began to frequent the holes in the banks, and hawks abounded, but generally one particular kind, at each promontory, to the exclusion of others. Among wild animals, particularly in the jungle at the mouth of the Sajur, were boars, jackals, and black wolves. On the plains, the little Tartarian wolf had replaced the fox, which was, however, still occasionally met with.†

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* It is difficult to determine what plant represents the so-called Babylonian cress, which has evidently been at random identified with the Nasturtium orientale of Tournefort, and the Lepidium perfoliatum of Linnæus. It appears most likely, from Dioscorides so particularly noticing its healthful properties, (in which he is also supported by Herodotus and by Xenophon, the latter of whom describes the Persians as eating large quantities of it,) to have belonged to the natural family of the cruciferæ. Besides the tetradynamous plants mentioned above, the Arabs also eat the leaves of a species of Erysimum, or hedge mustard, and, in more southerly regions, they eat of three different species of Cleome. If the Babylonian cress was the same as the Cardamon of the Greeks, that name is now given to a different plant, as occurs in the case of the garden cress, as known to antiquity.

† The mean temperature, for the first fifteen days of the descent, was 56°; max. 73°, min. 42°. The mean of the barometer, for the same period, was 29·257; max. 29·568, min. 28·950. The irregular barometric range, or oscillation, amounted

After waiting at Cecilia, for the Tigris, till the morning of the 28th, we made a further descent of eighteen miles. The early part of the day's navigation lay through a rocky, barren country, and in the latter part, the hills approached close to the river banks, which they lined with abrupt cliffs, of from forty to sixty feet in height.

The steamer brought-to at the termination of these, and where the country opened, leaving a comparatively clear space; in the centre of which, and on the right bank, stood an isolated mound or hill, bearing the castle, called Kal'eh Nesjm, or "of the Stars," while an equally expansive valley was observed to open to the east, or on the left bank. It was a secluded, but beautiful spot, as usual void of trees, and without a village, but enlivened by Arabs occasionally passing the stream, for it was evidently a favourite passage with them, and we found well-beaten pathways on both sides of the river.

The "Castle of the Stars" derived its name from the tradition that the Khalif Al Mamum, so celebrated for his proficiency in astronomy, made it a favourite place of residence, and that it was from this point that he and the astronomers attached to his court carried on many of their observations. It was a relic, therefore, of the brightest days of the Khalifat, when the arts and sciences flourished on the banks of the Euphrates and Tigris in greater perfection than in Europe.

It became afterwards one of the strongholds of Saleh-ed-din, when, after the check given to the overwhelming progress of the Selju-kiyan Turks, by the first Crusades, that Kurd Prince became the bulwark of Mohammedanism, ultimately founding an Eyyubite dynasty upon the wreck of the Khalifat, which continued paramount till the time of the Osmanlis.*

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to 0·618, but the amount of the daily, or regular oscillation, did not exceed 0·084. I naturally watched the barometer carefully, in order, if possible, to effect a barometric levelling; but, notwithstanding the small amount of the diurnal oscillation, the ascent of the column of mercury, by no means coincided with regularity, with the descent of the stream. Thus the mean of the barometer was at Kei'ara, 29·213; Cecilia, 29·403; Nesjm, 29·435; Station off Hierapolis, 29·875; Kara Bambuch, 29·257.

* D'Anville, we have seen, identified this castle (of which he had obtained a notice, under the mutilated name of Nesjm, from Schulten's Geographical Commentary on the life of Saleh-ed-din) with Europus. The same geographer also admitted in his map, what he calls an ancient castle, which the narrative of a navigation of the Euphrates had made him acquainted with, under the name of Kalaat el Negiur, the "ur" having evidently been accidentally misprinted for m; and he identifies this place with Calli-come.

But the Emperor Julian notices Calle-come as lying between Berœa (Aleppo) and Hierapolis, and the Antonine Itinerary contains a road from Calle-come to Edessa, which, as given by Cellarius,

Calle-come to Bathnas	M.P.	24
Bathnas to Hierapolis	,,	21
Hierapolis to Thilaticomum	,,	x.
Thilaticomum to Bathas	,,	xv.
Bathas (Batnæ) to Edessa	,,	xv.

would identify Thilaticomum with the Castle of the Stars, or with Kara Bambuch, both nearly equi-distant from Hierapolis, and both passes of the river. If the name is derived from θύλὰκος, a sack, and κωμα, a mound, in allusion to its peculiar position, in a hollow at the foot of the hills, the description applies best to the site now in question. In the valley on the opposite side, we found many rock dwellings and fragments of antiquity which belonged to times anterior to the Khalifat. With regard to the existence of a Syrian Bathnas, or Batnæ, as well as a city of the same name, close by in Mesopotamia such is further corroborated by Julian, in his 27th epistle to the sophist Libanius.

The castle itself was a splendid ruin, and the most perfect specimen of its kind that we met with. Although dilapidated, it still afforded excellent shelter, of which the Arabs appeared never to avail themselves. The form was that of an irregular parallelogram, with square towers and connecting walls, having no windows externally, but terminated by a parapet which bounded the terraced flat roof, and was interrupted by embrasures. The towers were also embattled, but without bartizans or projecting turrets.

The interior of the castle was extensive, and laid out upon a plan quite different to that of the European baronial castle. The Arabs heaped up their buildings without order, regardless of their exterior appearance, seeking only internal convenience and comfort. The chief entrance was defended by lateral, square, lofty towers, not barbicans, but forming part of the main building, as did also the gateway, which opened at once into the interior halls.

Within these was a central open space, as in the baronial castle, but not so extensive, nor divided into inner or outer wards; nor was there the separate placing of guard houses, kitchens, chapel, banquet hall, and chieftain's residence. But there was, by such a diminution of open space within, a gain to the building itself; and instead of the limited conveniences of the baronial halls, and their closet-like dormitories, everything here was light and elegant ; the corridors, long and lofty, the apartments extensive and opening inwards, with graceful arches, or ascending, by wide flights of steps, to the terraces above. The whole was more palatial and dignified than calculated for defence; but still it was in parts encumbered and labyrinth-like, from the number of chambers and dark passages.

There is a notice contained in the Arabian geographers, of a tunnel having been carried under the river at this place, a very unlikely thing, but Colonel Chesney, being anxious to have the matter sifted, deputed me, with two seamen, with spades and pickaxes, to make the necessary researches.

After a careful examination of all the subterranean passages, and penetrating many a dark and dreary place, we found that the vaults beneath the north entrance tower were so filled up with bat's dung that we could not determine whether there might not be a further passage at that point.

We accordingly commenced our researches there; but this was not effected without some delay, for the vaults were so full of large bats, that as often as we introduced a light, they extinguished it by their numbers.* It was impossible, therefore, to proceed, without expelling our winged assailants, and they were driven off by spadefuls through the aperture by which we had gained admittance. The excavation was then commenced in a bed of guano, which appeared to be of almost interminable depth. After working for two hours, without arriving at anything but heaps of stones and bricks, the odour of the guano, the heat of the candles, the pulverized dust which filled the dungeon, and the absence of fresh air, so overcame us, that we were obliged to give up for a time.

But on returning into daylight, a surprise awaited us. The seamen when on duty on shore were allowed arms, and before going to work they had deposited their coats, pistols and cutlasses, at the entrance of the dungeon; and now these were found to have been taken away. It was immediately concluded that the Arabs had been there, and that they might still be within the castle. Luckily, I had kept my almost inseparable companion, a double-barrelled fowling-piece with me; so leaving one of the men at the gateway, I proceeded with the other to search the passages. We were soon interrupted, however, by the man at the gateway calling out that he saw an Arab ascending the steps of the front terrace of the castle. We accordingly hastened in pursuit, and ascended the flights of stairs, not without some trepidation, as the Arabs must have had the advantage of us, in the arms they were supposed to have obtained possession of. It turned out, however, to be a false alarm, and no Arabs were found.

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* These bats were of the genus Rhinolophus, and they appeared to feed upon two kinds of Tenebrio—T. melitor and T. obscurus—and a Dermestes, similar to our D. vulpinus.

After a prolonged search, it was agreed that it might have happened that some of our own party had come upon a visit to the castle, and, seeing the coats and arms, had taken them away. No sooner did this idea suggest itself to us than I despatched the two seamen to the ship, which lay upwards of a mile from the castle, while, determined that the robbers, if hid in the recesses, should not in the meantime escape, I mounted guard outside of the gateway.

It was my turn now; the sailors had been gone some time, and the feeling of being alone crept slowly upon me, and as I paced between the lofty old towers, the solitude of the place made itself more and more sensible. The oblivious portals, grey with age, cast a flickering shadow around, while the lofty towers and battlements were reflected in the glassy river below, and the rippling of the waters seemed to lend them a mocking movement. It is not surprising that, under such circumstances, the imagination conjured up an Arab peeping over the parapet, and when the sailors returned, I was sitting with my fowling-piece in hand, anxiously awaiting a second appearance of the kerchiefed head. I need not say that their return was very welcome, and still more so the intelligence they brought, that the arms and habiliments were safe on board ship; so I thought it as well to hold my tongue concerning the supposed Arab on the terrace, and walked away, with no small satisfaction, from the "Castle of the Stars."

WHEN THE WORLD IS BURNING.

(STANZAS FOR MUSIC.)

BY EBENEZER JONES.

When the world is burning!
Fired within! yet turning
  Round with face unscathed!
Ere fierce flames, uprushing,
O'er all lands leap, crushing,
  Till earth fall, fire-swath'd;
Up amidst the meadows,
Gently through the shadows,
  Gentle flames will glide;
Small, and blue, and golden;
Though by bard beholden,
When in calm dreams folden,—
  Calm his dreams will bide.

Where the dance is sweeping,
Through the greensward peeping,
  Shall the soft lights start;
Laughing maids, unstaying,
Deeming it trick-playing,
High their robes upswaying,
  O'er the lights shall dart;
And the woodland haunter
Shall not cease to saunter
  When, far down some glade,
Of the great world's burning,
One soft flame upturning,
Seems, to his discerning,
  Crocus in the shade.

JORROCKS TURNED AGRICULTURIST.*

The secluded village of Hillingdon was one evening disturbed out of its sunset proprieties by the arrival of a yellow po'-chay so enveloped in packages of carnations, convolvuluses, caper-bushes, and cornelian cherry-trees, as to leave little but the side-panels visible.

The jaded posters drew the lumbering vehicle, like Birnam Wood on its way to Dunsinane, up to the hall door.

> "'Vel, thank God, ve're 'ere at last!' exclaimed a fat, full-limbed, ruddy-faced man, in a nut-brown wig, bounding out of the chaise as soon as the door was opened, cutting off the heads of a whole bunch of roses that had been riding most uncomfortably in the back pocket of his grey zephyr.
>
> "'Oh, Jun, you've done for the roses!' exclaimed a female voice from the depths of the chaise.
>
> "'Cuss the roses!' exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, giving the fallen flowers a kick with his foot. 'Votever you do, come out o' the chay.'"

Mrs. Jorrocks and the amiable Batsay having been delivered, hind foremost, from the migrating conservatory, our hero of the Spa Hunt next turned his attention to a youthful genius, who, in a glazed hat and dusty attire, clutched the pot of a huge scarlet geranium in one arm, and with difficulty kept himself on the cross bar with the other.

"'Now, Binjimin, vot are you a-sittin' perched up there for, like a squirrel in a acorn-tree?'"

At length the youth having descended, and the old deaf man, who had been left in charge of the hall, having fumbled the chain off the door, and got it unlocked, and Mr. Jorrocks having superintended the unpacking of "the happle-trees, the lumbagos, and stock-leaved 'ound's tongue," he followed in the shadow of a stiff, rustling, amber-coloured, brocade pelisse, crimson velvet bonnet, and black feathers, into the interior of that "nice, old-fashioned, patchy, up-stairs and down-stairs sort of a house," which, situate in a choice part of the Vale of the Dart, was now destined to be the home of the ex-grocer of Great Coram Street, and ex-chairman of Handley Cross Spa hunt.

Mounted upon a most imperturbable old Roman-nosed, dock-tailed black cob, that he had picked up cheap in the village, Mr. Jorrocks soon set out on an exploration of his newly purchased estate; and although he did not, like Theodore Hook's Miss Waithman, expect to find all the shepherds with pipes and hooks, he certainly found the pet farm to be in a most unpromising condition, the crack tenants full of grievances, and the aspect of things generally very different from what had appeared in the "printed particulars."

> "Odd as it may seem, Mrs. Jorrocks got on better at first in the country than her husband. Whether this was attributable to her earlier rural recreations at her mother's, at Tooting,—who occupied one of those summaries of London felicity, a paled box containing a pond, a weeping willow, a row of liburnums† and lilacs scattered about,—or that she found herself of more consequence in the village 'hall' than she did in Great Coram Street, we know not; but certain it is, she took to it much more naturally than our worthy ex-grocer himself, who made a very bungling piece of business of the early days of his squireship."

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* Hillingdon Hall; or, the Cockney Squire. 3 vols. 8vo.

† Laburnum?—Printer's gentleman.

Among the first visitors to the hall, were Mrs. Flather, the undespairing widow of a clergyman, an apparently open-hearted, but, in reality, double-dealing woman, and her daughter Emma, a good sized, pretty girl, possessed of intelligence without feeling, and sentiment without passion, except for eating, and yet who "could assume raptures at the sight of a daisy, or weep o'er the fate of a fly in a slop-bason." Next came Mrs. Trotter, a rather formidable person, of the masculine order—tall, stout, of unturnable resolution—with a hen-pecked husband, and an elder daughter, beautiful, and warm-hearted, all passion, and full of the apprehensive timidity consequent thereon. "The most lovely women," says a popular writer on the fine arts, "always walk with a timid apprehension."

Jorrocks's great ambition is, to have a prize bull, or *ball*, as he calls it; his lady's anxieties take the more natural turn of putting the village school in decent order, and the girls in an appropriate costume; unable to satisfy herself upon this last point, she writes to a married and retired actress, in London, who scours the suburbs with equal bad success:

> "At Kensal Green, they have sky-blue gowns, white caps, capes and sleeves, with yellow stockings; but the girls are one uniform breadth, from the shoulders to the heels. At Clapham Rise, they have Lincoln green, with blue stockings; at Peckham, tartans, with tartan stockings; at Balham Hill, scarlet, with green stockings, and yellow worsted shawls; at Pimlico, orange, with orange stockings; at Parson's Green, they are red all over; and at Turnham Green, all grey."

In such a dilemma, Mrs. Jorrocks's correspondent proposed the Swiss costume, as possessing more originality and variety; but even here, difficulties presented themselves: the black caps, like butterflies' wings of the Canton of Appenzell, were objectionable; while the purple dresses trimmed with orange, the richly embroidered waists, and large flat hats of Lucerne, were considered a little too rich; so the Uri dress was proposed to be adopted:

> "This is a large, flat-crowned straw hat, with a wreath of ribbon round the crown, the bonnet placed becomingly on the back of the head. A white sort of bed-gown, well open at the bosom, reaching a little below the waist, with a scarlet petticoat and pink stockings. This, confined at the waist, and well set off with horse-hair petticoats, or even bustles, would have a very stylish, dashing effect; and should you ever think of giving a fête champêtre, or any little rural entertainment of that sort, girls dressed in that way might be exceedingly useful and ornamental to the scene."

Mrs. Jorrocks was charmed at the idea, and proceeded at once to put it into execution.

The monotony of Hillingdon is suddenly broken in upon, by a call from the Duke of Donkeyton, and an invitation to dine at the "castle," Mrs. Flather and her speculative daughter being also included. Great were the preparations for the eventful day; silks, satins, and sarsenets, usurped the place of card-tables, carpets, and counterpanes, (pains?) Mrs. Jorrocks was magnificent—"mutton, dressed lamb fashion," as Mr. Jorrocks observed. The Flathers had higher objects in view: the duke had a son and heir, the Marquis of Bray, and they felt that Emma ought and must be a duchess.

A job-carriage, and a tumble-down old vehicle, which "one of them sarcy toll-takers on Vaterloo Bridge" had christened the "fire-engine," were put in request on the occasion; and Miss Emma was supplied with a packet of buns, to prevent excesses at table—an arrangement, however, that was frustrated, by Binjimin's appropriating them to himself. Arrived, after many mishaps, at the castle, the party are introduced to the duke:

> "'How do you do, Mr. Jorrocks? I'm very happy to see you,' said his grace offering his hand, and bowing very low. 'How do you do, Mrs. Jorrocks? I'm monstrous happy to make your acquaintance,' continued his grace, extending a hand of fellowship to her, his naturally misty memory making him forget that he had greeted Mrs. Jorrocks not very long before, who was since gone with the duchess to her bedroom.
>
> "'This is Mrs. Flather, your grace,' observed Mr. Jorrocks, after their hands were released—'she's comed with me,' adding, with a sly look, and shake of his head—'nothin' wrong though, I assure you.'
>
> "'Ah, true!' exclaimed his grace, pretending the evening shades had dimmed his vision, and seizing Mrs. Flather again by the hand, 'my old friend, Mrs. Flather, to be sure; I'm very glad *indeed* to see you;' adding, 'and where's my old friend, your husband; he's coming, I hope?'
>
> "'*I rayther think not*,' replied Mr. Jorrocks, with a grin and a wink, pointing downwards with his forefinger
>
> "'Ah, *true*,' replied his grace, with a shrug and a solemn look. 'I remember now, he died of the ——'"

The visitors were now arriving fast. Mr. Tugwell, the farmer, and the Rev. Mr. Webb came together. His grace shakes hands with the farmer, observing it was delightful weather; and hurriedly turning to the parson, said—

> "'Well, Webb, how are you? How's your bull?'
>
> "'Please, your grace, the bull belongs to ——'
>
> "'*Ah, dead*, I suppose,' replied his grace, shaking his head, with a look of concern. 'Sorry for it, indeed—*very* sorry, excellent man.'"

Dinner announced, the duke confounds all previous arrangements; and to the exclusion of Mrs. Thomas Chambers's spangled turban—"a country turban lasts for ever"—goes bolt up to Mrs. Flather; while the marquis, having reconnoitred the room, and having satisfied himself that Miss Hamilton Dobbin, and all the Miss Smiths were infinitely inferior to Emma, he offered her his arm in the most supplicating manner.

In answer to a question proposed by his grace to Mr. Jorrocks as to who was his mother, that worthy gentleman informs the duke and the assembled company that she was a washerwoman:—

> "'A washerwoman, indeed!' exclaimed his grace; 'that's very odd. I like washerwomen—nice clean wholesome people. I wish my mother had been a washerwoman!'
>
> "'I vish mine had been a duchess,' replied Mr. Jorrocks."

This eventful dinner produced two results, pregnant with after-consequences. Chatting with Emma, the marquis went over the list of his friends who had got married lately, and terminated with the remark, as he drank off his glass of sherry, that all the world seemed marrying mad, and he supposed it would be "their turn next." This is assumed, as if not a direct offer, to be at least a capitulation without terms, and great is the triumph of ma' and daughter. On the other hand, after the ladies had retired, the duke introduced the subject of agricultural associations:

> "'You're a great farmer, arn't you, Mr. Jorrocks?' asked the duke. 'Tell me, now, have you an agricultural association at your place? Prize for best bull, best cow, best ram, best two-year tup?'
>
> "'Vy, no, I doesn't think we 'ave, your grace,' replied Mr. Jorrocks.

The duke recommends the formation of such an association at Hillingdon; scientific experiments and chemistry are to be encouraged:

> "'Guano, nitrate o' sober, soot, and all that sort o' thing,' interrupted Mr. Jorrocks.
>
> "'Farmers are a long way behind the intelligence of the day—a *monstrous* long way,' continued the duke; 'too much of what my father did, I'll do,' style about them. They want brushing up. You take yours in hand, Mr. Jorrocks—make them drain.'
>
> "'Smith o' Deanston! Tweedele tile! furrow-draining!' exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks.
>
> "'Apply their land to proper purposes,' continued his grace; 'don't force it to grow crops that it has no taste for. . . . . For instance, when land wont grow corn, try trees. All the pine tribe flourish in this country, and pay well for planting; very well, indeed—monstrous well.'
>
> "'Grand things they are, too!' observed Mr. Jorrocks, aloud, to himself.

Jorrocks had just confounded Burke, the orator, with the resurrectionist of same name, and who this day had just tasted pine-apples for the first time. "'I'll teach them a trick or two,' he added—'pine dodge, in particklar.'"

His grace and Jorrocks get very tipsy; and at night, mistaking his pumps for Hessians, in the effort to get them off, he falls souse on the floor with Binjimin a-top of him.

The next morning, the duke has a headach, while Mrs. Flather is in an extremely cross humour at being pressed to leave, before his grace has come to the expected understanding.

Shortly after this, the Marquis of Bray arrives at Hillingdon Hall to preside over the new agricultural association. The speeches are as choice as the viands. Mr. Jorrocks introduces to his astonished hearers a proposal to cultivate pine-apples on the more exposed and poorer soils, and describes his *intended* invention of a steam-machine that shall reap, thrash, grind, and bake in its upper departments, while it ploughs, and harrows, and sows in its lower. The marquis is equally felicitous in recommending a new system of drainage, with tiles made of the "glutinacious saccharine matter called clayed sugar."

In the evening, there is a fête champêtre given by Mrs. Jorrocks, variegated by coloured lamps and Swiss costumes. Uncertain man! In the absence of Miss Flather, the marquis is desperately smitten with Eliza Trotter. The Flathers, however, are not to be done in this way: they waylay the young marquis in the street, and get him to their home, and he is obliged to avoid the nets, which he has partly woven for himself, by a precipitate flight.

Affairs prosper with Jorrocks. The duke places him upon the commission of the peace, of which Binjimin finds a means of performing the duties, and the marquis sends him a beautiful bull, which he himself soon follows to the "Hall," in the hope of seeing its attractive visitors; but in which he is at first disappointed, till, going in the disguise of a woman to a harvest home, in company with Jorrocks, he loses his way on his return, and only after many hours' wanderings, at length discovers a house by the gleam of a candle borne by a female.

His reception here was not very favourable. At first, threatened with the dog, and then with a gun, he was at length let in:

> "'You're a pretty creature,' said the figure with the candle, retreating, and beckoning the marquis to follow her into the kitchen.
>
> "'And pray, young woman,' said she, with upturned nose, and most contemp-

tuous sneer—' and pray, young woman, what do you mean by disturbing respectable people at this time of night?'

"'Oh, I assure you, I'm not to blame!' exclaimed the marquis. 'It's not from choice I'm this way,' said he, looking at his dress."

After abusing the marquis till he can stand it no longer, he declares himself—

"Scream! screech! scream! went both the dressing-gowned figures, followed by a hurried exclamation—'Run Emma, and change your cap!'"

Our lively friend, Paul de Kock, would have done quick justice here, as when the lady is disillusionized by her clear-sighted husband, who shews her her lover in his nightcap. The marquis, however, fairly caged, is brought to task at breakfast next morning, by both mother and daughter, and is only relieved by kind old blundering Jorrocks, who arrives, like the Deus, ex machinâ, at the proper moment.

At the meeting of the St. Boswell Agricultural Society, Jorrocks gets the first prize for a bull; and after heading, by mistake, a procession of teetotallers, finishes the dinner and a speech, by tumbling neck and crop through the back of a tent, disappearing just as a clown does in a pantomime.

It is an affecting moment, when the jolly old 'un finds that his hunting days are gone by:—

"'Ye dinna want ne hunds, ars warned?' said James Pigg, of Handley Cross notoriety, popping his head into his master's sanctum.

"'Humph!' grunted Mr. Jorrocks; 'vot should I want with beagles?'

"'A! hunt hares with them, to be sure—grand divarsion; ye like hare-soup, ars warned.'"

This argument failing, Pigg tried another tack:—

"'Ar see thou'll just stuff, and eat, and write on, till thou dees of apperplexy.'

"'I hope not,' replied Mr. Jorrocks, starting up in alarm."

This decided the question. Our friend was quickly on Dickey Cobden, while Pigg with the motley pack at his heels, took the short cut through the fields. The ascent gained, he stopped to puff, under excuse of admiring the landscape. Pigg made him stir the hare up with a stick, and when well away, turned the dogs on. After some trifling confusion, much music, and little progress, the pack lengthened out like a telescope, and away they went at a famous pace. At length they came to a high boundary-wall; the hounds got through a square aperture, and the squire having given Cobden to a shepherd, was fain to do the same, backing and squeezing, heels first through the hole; once through, he rolled away quite fresh, the tassels of his Hessian boots clattering against his legs as he went:

"'Forrard away!' cried he, as the hounds settled again to the scent, with all his old hunting energy; and away they all went, full cry."

They soon came to a fresh fallow—and patter, patter, patter, went the Hessian boot-tassels; blunder, blunder, blunder went Mr. Jorrocks, among the hard clods:—

"'Oh dear! it's 'ard work,' said he, to himself, before he had got half across the field, and he saw the hounds were running from him. 'Oh dear! vot a pain I've got in my side!' added he, stopping, and clapping his hands to his side. . . . . On again he went, still tripping and stumbling across the fallow, with 'bellows to mend' becoming more apparent at every step.

> "'Odd rot it! but I can't run as I used,' added he, stopping, and clapping his hand to his forehead. . . . . On again he went, unwilling to give in."

A cross wall offered a little respite, and Mr. Jorrocks mopped his head with a white-spotted Bandana; but Pigg was holloaing in the distance, and Mr. Jorrocks went to it again:—

> "It was a very poor one—a mere make-believe; and he would have got on quite as quick in a walk. Patter, patter, patter, still he went on, puffing and wheezing."

A projecting root at last caught his toe, and sent him rolling heavily over on the headland—

> "'There's a go!' said he, turning over, and seeing he had split his drab stockingnette tights at the knees, and crushed his low-crowned hat in. 'Vell, can't be 'elped,' said he, scrambling up, and adjusting the hat as he went."

Our friend, however, was beat; and before he got half over the next field, he acknowledged it. "Well, it's no use!" exclaimed he, dropping down into a walk......"I'm getting an *old* man," he said, in a low tone, as he laid his hand on the wall to hoist himself up. His soliloquy on the wall was, however, interrupted, by "Dash my vig, I do believe 'ere comes the 'are!"

Sure enough, it was puss lobbing along. She was coming at an easy, listening sort of pace, with her trumpet ears pricked to catch the sound of her pursuers. They were a long way behind, and puss knew it.

"Dash my vig, but she's a fine 'un!" observed Mr. Jorrocks. At length the hounds came up. "'Ope they've got their nightcaps with them," observed Mr. Jorrocks, eyeing their pace.

The old huntsman, however, thought he might see the finish; so, lowering himself down the wall, he got established on his legs, and started into an involuntary trot. It was, however, a very short one. The stitch in his side soon returned, and in less than two minutes our old friend was *hors de combat.*

"There's an end to *my* 'unting," said he, dropping on to a large stone, and bursting into tears.

Mrs. Flather, upon the faith of the after-dinner observation previously noticed, and a squeeze of the hand perchance hitherto omitted, repaired to Donkeyton Castle to inquire about settlements. There she received a terrible rebuke, enough to have sunk a craft of lighter weight. By this false manœuvre Miss Emma loses the young clergyman of the village, and the marquis at the same time; while the latter, by a series of comical mistakes, also loses his election as the representative of the borough, while, to his infinite surprise, Mr. Jorrocks, backed by the farming interest, more especially by Mr. Heavytail, the tenant of the pet-farm, who had that year put three hogsheads of sugar into his draining tiles with eminent advantage, becomes the M.P. for Sellborough; in which capacity it is quite evident that we shall have to follow him through three more volumes as pleasant as those we have just concluded. We shall be glad to meet Jorrocks in the House.

A word in parting: every author has his peculiarities, and the historian of Jorrocks's fortunes, classes everything as A 1, and calls all novels "greasy,"—an offensive epithet, and absurdly offensive from one who culls his laurels from the same slippery field of literature.

MY THEATRICAL RECOLLECTIONS.

BY DRINKWATER MEADOWS.

THIRD LEAF.

From Stratford, we repaired to Warwick, for the race week; the opening play was "The Heir at Law," in which I was to act Henry Moreland; and never having performed that character, I endeavoured in vain to procure a book of the play, to enable me to study my part; but even when we assembled for rehearsal, on the day of performance, I could not obtain one, Mr. So-and-so wanting it, Mrs. This-or-that not having done with it; the prompter assured me I might rely on having the prompt-book immediately after the rehearsal; but though he promised, he did not perform. He was prompt to "give the word," but not to keep it.

The theatre stood upon elevated ground, and from a window behind the scenes, we could command a view of the race-course, over the roofs of the opposite houses. In those days, at Warwick, a portion of the races took place about eleven in the morning, and after a lapse of a few hours, the sports were continued.

As our rehearsal was about to commence, we found the "running horses" were about to be saddled, and the races on the point of commencing. This was irresistible: first one sneaked off, then another; the remainder declaring there was no necessity whatever for rehearsing a play so well known to every actor as the "Heir at Law." "I could get up in the middle of the night, and go on for any part in it," said one; "I am letter-perfect," said another; "Devilish hard!" exclaimed a third, "if, after being so long in the profession, I can't get on without a rehearsal of such a play as this." The acting-manager said he was obliged to call upon the Mayor upon business, therefore *he* could not remain to rehearse, but he should soon return—(we saw him steal down a narrow lane leading to the course—certainly, the Mayor *might* be there)—our spirits carried us away, and the pleasures of the race detained us until too late to think of rehearsing. I was highly delighted, thought much of the running, and little or nothing of Henry Moreland, until I fell in with the gent who was to play Stedfast, the character most concerned with Henry.

"Can you lend me a book of the play?" said I.

"No," said he; "but surely every actor knows 'The Heir at Law' by heart; and no one ought to bother about it; however, I will come very early to the house (theatre), we do not go on till the third act, therefore we can go over (rehearse) our scenes together. Don't be afraid—we shall get on very well; and as it is a race-night, the house will be full, and, as usual, on such occasions, very noisy; the chances of much of the play being heard will be very small, so you see there will not be much need for being over and above particular as to the 'syls,'" (syllables.)

With this assurance, I consoled myself. In due time, I arrived at the theatre, but not so the Mr. Stedfast—no, he had fallen in with some old acquaintance, had dined with them, and delayed his departure until the last moment; in addition to which, having indulged very freely in vinous fluids, he could scarcely walk steadily; and to speak intelligibly was quite out of the question.

"Well, my friend," said I, "this is a nice time to come, and go over our scenes. I have not been able to see the book *at all*, and I do not know one line. It is very unkind of you. What are we to do?"

"Do!—do, indeed! Why, do the best we can, to be sure; what else would you do, Master Particular." (Hiccup.)

"But the house is not full; and the audience are very quiet and attentive."

"More shame for 'em, I say. But never mind, you keep quiet; leave all to me; I know almost every line of the play. (Hiccup) I'll bring you through, don't put yourself into a fluster. We'll astonish the Warwickshire lads and lasses. Besides (hiccup), if they should hiss us, what matter? It will be of no consequence to me, I am so well known here, and a great favourite; and you can make it up in the farce, in Robin Roughhead. It's race time—it's very excusable; and (hiccup) allowances should be made."

"But you are not sober."

"Aint I!—stuff! I ran here, fearing I should be too late, and that has agitated me. (Hiccup.) I shall be quite correct when I get on the stage. Take care of yourself, and don't fret about me."

With this, I was obliged to be content. We were called to commence the act; up went the drop-scene, and on I walked, followed by my companion, who was, I found, reeling.

Henry Moreland is supposed to have just returned to England, from Quebec, having left his father and his betrothed, Caroline Dormer, in London. The scene commences with Stedfast's expressing his satisfaction at their being once more on British ground, and in London, "the grand reservoir of opulence," as he terms it. Henry Moreland is apprehensive as to the health, &c. of his Father and Caroline, and most anxious to see them, &c.

I very naturally expected my amiable *compagnon de voyage* would commence the scene, as set down by the author; but after waiting more than a reasonable time, and finding he did not, that he appeared to be thinking of anything, gazing upon nothing, the audience growing impatient, a few hisses finding their way to the stage, an apple or two following, I thought it high time to say something, or "leave the stage," therefore, being acquainted with the *subject* of the scene, I ventured an extemporaneous commencement, as follows.

"Well, Stedfast (Stand still, *aside to him*), here we are in England —nay, more, in London, its Metropolis, where industry flourishes and idleness is punished." I paused for a reply, but all in vain, and I was obliged to venture a little more of my extemporaneous. "Proud London, what wealth!" Another pause, and a hiccup from Stedfast. "What constant bustle—what activity in thy streets!" Another anxious and imploring look for some reply from my friend; but no, another disappointment, and on I ventured once more.

"And now, Stedfast, that I may find my Father and my Caroline well and happy, is the dearest wish of my heart, my inestimable friend."

I turned to my hiccuping companion, he kindly, and at some risk, turned to me, fixed his glassy eyes full on me, steadied himself tolerably for an instant, appeared to be in amazement lost, exclaimed, with a loud hiccup, "Amen," and made a reeling exit, I following, followed by hisses long and loud, accompanied by the fruits of the season in tolerable abundance.

On joining my companion, in our dressing-room, I asked him how he could serve me so cruelly? His reply was—"Cruelly! (hiccup) why you quite confounded me with your correctness. You told me you knew nothing of the play; and I'll be hanged if you were not perfect to a letter. So now, my boy, we will go over our next scene." (Hiccup.)

The following scene with Stedfast we omitted; I was afraid to venture another with my friend; and as the audience had not evinced any great delight when we were before them, doubtless they did not regret our absence. The Stedfast of this evening became a member of the Theatre Royal Drury Lane about the year 1823, where he remained several seasons, and is now engaged at one of the most popular theatres in town.

Our manageress had engaged, "at a very great expense," as the bills stated, a celebrated tight-rope dancer for the race nights, "to evince to the patrons of the *drama* (!) her earnest desire to contribute by every possible means to their amusement."

A rope-dancer, and *no band whatever!* We were worse off here for musicians than in Stratford; nor could we obtain any on any terms; for the few to be found in Warwick were engaged for the race ball, dances at various inns, &c., so that our lately despised fife and tamborine would now have been welcomed most heartily by us.

A man might sing without music—we had proved it in Stratford, where our comic singer entertained the audience nightly without the aid of any instrument, *the* fife and tamborine never playing, as they declared, "from notes, but all by ear," nature having made them musical, not art—but how could a rope-dancer shew his skill unaccompanied, except by himself on the castanets or tamborine? What could we do? Country actors were generally very inventive in those days; articles of dress were frequently made to answer several different purposes; and strange shifts were often resorted to when extraordinary costume was required. I have seen Rolla drest in a linen under-garment, with the sleeves turned up above the elbows, and the collar turned in, the whole being profusely decorated with gold-coloured tinsel, quite equal, in appearance, to anything ever seen in a theatre royal. I have seen Sir Peter Teazle in a barrister's wig, for want of a better, the tails hid in the silk bag; and the pall for Ophelia's coffin, being turned inside out, or vice-versâ, suffice for the covering of the king's throne, all answering admirably well, and to the satisfaction of the public, who were not then so much in the "secrets of the prison-house" as at present; "'tis true, 'tis pity; and pity 'tis, 'tis true."

"Dancing on the tight-rope," *and no music!* One of our gents, who could play a little on the violin, very generously offered to accompany the "celebrated rope-dancer," provided "There's nae luck about the house," "Away with melancholy," "Drink to me only," or "God save the king," would suit the steps of our star of the (balance) pole, as he knew no other, and not one note of music; and, in the event of his services being accepted, he stipulated that an instrument should be borrowed, as he did not possess one, having merely acquired his knowledge of the art from a gentleman in whose house he had lodged at Tamworth.

Alas, this kind offer was rejected, for the dancer could not dance to such airs, and the player could not play even those without the aid of the "hairs of the horse, and the bowels of the cat!" The candidate for Warwickshire applause said, he certainly should not come to the pole (balance) with such a decided chance of being pelted, and was determined to withdraw, unless a pledge were given as to his safe return, and he must also be furnished with a clown to the rope; but our manageress having already made many pledges, hesitated as to increasing the number—the chances of redeeming them being so very trifling.

The "new comer," Mr. Dendale, the gent with *the* nankeens, suggested a notable plan to extricate us from our musical dilemma. "I have just parted," said he, "from a very worthy fellow, with whom I became acquainted at Solihull. We lodged in the same house, for the town was full, being fair time, and I never was fastidiously proud; he is marvellously clever in his line—very respectable in his toggery; wears a sort of be-Frenchified cap, his collar thrown back à la Byron, a red plush waistcoat, velveteen coat, and smalls to match, white cotton stockings, and lace-up boots. He is now engaged professionally on the race-course; he had a capital day at Leamington yesterday, and has some idea of trying it again this evening. His name is Skaiff; he 'puts money in his purse,' and goes wherever he likes. I can, I think, bend him to our purpose; you are in a tight-rope perplexity—he's the man to free you; but you must pay handsomely for his services—he knows his value, but will not object to give you his talents in your hour of need. I unhesitatingly venture to state, before the company here assembled, without fear of contradiction, that his *barrel-organ* is the best ever heard; let me also inform you, he accompanies himself on the Pandæan pipes deliciously, and occasionally Triangles a little. He is an orchestra in himself, and a band complete—'when comes such another?' Shall I negotiate an engagement with my friend?"

The affair was discussed by the "powers that be;" the Wandering Minstrel sent for, and closely questioned by the rope-dancer as to what his organ could accomplish, and what his pipes. The dancer found he could contrive to caper to this grinding and blowing. An agreement was made with the organist; but there was still a difficulty as to the "Clown to the Rope." Where could one be obtained? Our invaluable "new comer," the borrower of our stock black smalls, again proved our friend, by stepping forward and volunteering to play "the fool" on this occasion, and "chalk the rope," as it was termed, for a trifling consideration, having *only* to act Doctor Pangloss in the play, and Old Snacks in the farce. His own head of hair answered for each character; the transformation of his dark locks, assisted by the tonsor's skill, was truly astonishing: in the Doctor he contrived to have them so arranged as to resemble the little powdered wig usually worn for the part; for the Clown, he had his hair freed from the powder, and frizzed out at the top and at the sides to its utmost extent; and for Old Snacks, by dint of pomatum and brush, with a little powder thrown in, he converted his locks into a good-looking, iron-greyish head of hair.

"I have no need of a wig-box," said he; "a comb, brush, pomatum-pot and powder-puff, are sufficient for me for every character; and in ten minutes my head can be ready for Hamlet or Caleb Quotem. I'm always ready to put my shoulder to the wheel, and throw my head of hair into the bargain."

Everything was satisfactorily arranged; the barrel-organ made its first appearance in any orchestra in due time, accompanied by its travelling companions, the Pandæan pipes and triangle; and it was a matter of doubt whose evolutions were the most rapid—those of the organist's elbow, or the dancer's legs.

The dancer danced—the piper piped—the organ sent forth a barrel of sweet sounds—the Clown clowned to the satisfaction and admiration of all, for "he was in excellent fooling." It was "neck and neck" as to the applause bestowed upon him and the dancer. The audience were delighted by the latter, and convulsed with laughter by the former; the antics of the one, and the boundless boundings of the other, drew forth "universal and reiterated bursts of applause from a crowded and elegant audience," as the bills of the following day stated.

On the next night of performance our orchestral arrangements were much better; for, as the Leamington Theatre, distant from Warwick only two miles, was then open, an arrangement was made with the manager for his band to come over at the conclusion of the play, and accompany our Ropy Star, which they were able to accomplish, as our performances commenced much later than those at Leamington. Of course, we dispensed with music before the play and between the acts. Our bills of the day stated, that "by the kind and liberal permission of Mr. Sims, the full and efficient band of the Leamington Theatre will attend this evening at the Theatre Warwick, and perform several most popular and favourite pieces of music." Nor was this the only loan granted us by the "Lessee of the Leamington Theatre," for being minus, even on our first night, an old woman, he generously "loaned" us, as the Americans say, a Deborah Dowlas; having no occasion for her himself that evening, as his letter to our manageress stated, "therefore we were quite welcome to her."

Little did I imagine when I saw our borrowed band ("double band") rush into the theatre, having hurried from Leamington to be in time for our dancer, that I should ever act in Covent Garden or Drury Lane, and still less that I should ever do so *in both on the same night, and under the same management;* and yet this did occur, in the year 1833, when Captain Polhill became the lessee of the two theatres royal, several of the company frequently appearing then at both houses on the same evening; and "a plague o' both your houses," we oft exclaimed, especially when having to finish the play at the one and commence the farce at the other.

Our second performance in Warwick was "The Cure for the Heart-ache," and "The Boarding House," with the wonderful performances of our "Wonderful Rope-dancer;" the "new comer," Mr. Dendale, acted Vortex and Peter Fidget, but he declined appearing again as Clown to the rope; he began to consider it infra dig., having been liberally jeered by the company, for his so sounding "the base string of humility," which he assured us he had merely done by way of a joke!

Our borrowed band vacated the orchestra at the conclusion of the rope-dancer's performance, their engagement being merely for that portion of the evening. But the "new comer," being firmly resolved to sing, favoured the audience with Fidget's song unaccompanied, save by an occasional whistle in the gallery, and a constant cracking of nuts in every part of the house.

"Never mind," said he, "I am too old a stager to be bothered by such trifles. I may not again have a chance of singing, and unless I am heard, who can judge of my capabilities? Only bring out an opera, and I'll astonish the natives! Young Meadows, Hawthorn, Hodge, or Justice Woodcock, 'whichever you like, my little dears;' for I am up to all, and ready for either—band or no band—whenever the interests of the theatre may require something out of the common. Here, hair-dresser, come and powder my raven locks for Peter Fidget; friz them into a bush, and don't forget the pomatum, my Dicky Gossip. I say, Old Quotem, my friend, I see by your looks (bless your benevolent countenance) you are going to oblige me with the loan of something in the shape of a pair of comic-stockings for the farce—my luggage has not yet arrived!"

Old Quotem replied, "'Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought.' I wear my hose myself, and I never lend—

'An oath—an oath, I have an oath in Heaven;
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Warwick.'

Borrowing is your constant 'custom always of the afternoon.'"

"Oh, bother!" said Dendale, "you must lend me a pair."

"On what compulsion must I? Tell me that!" said Old Quotem—

'By my soul I swear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me.'

Be quick in dressing, or you'll be too late; put on anything,

'And damn'd be he that first cries, HOLD, ENOUGH!'"

THE COMING TIME.

"What shall I do to be for ever known?
And make the age to come mine own."—COWLEY.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

WHAT thou shalt do to be for ever known?
Poet or statesmen—look with steadfast gaze,
And see yon giant *shadow* 'mid the haze,
Far off, but coming. Listen to the *moan*,
That sinks and swells in fitful undertone,
And lends his words, and give the shadow form;—
And see the *light*, now pale and dimly shown,
That yet shall beam resplendent after storm.
Preach thou their coming, if thy soul aspire
To be the foremost in the ranks of fame;—
Prepare the way, with hand that will not tire,
And tongue unfaltering, and o'er earth proclaim
The *Shadow*, the ROUSED MULTITUDE;—the *Cry*—
"JUSTICE FOR ALL!"—the *Light*, TRUE LIBERTY.

AN AUDIENCE WITH THE LATE FATH ALI SHAH.

BEING A FEW PAGES FROM MY PERSIAN JOURNAL.

BY THE HON. C. STUART SAVILE.

TEHERAN, January 6th, 1833.—This morning, we paid a visit to Meerza Abool Hassan Khan, the minister for foreign affairs, and formerly ambassador from his own court to that of Great Britain. He is a fine-looking, portly personage, very good-humoured and talkative, and apparently very fond of relating his adventures in England. Our visit was paid with great ceremony. My companions and myself were all mounted, and preceded by servants, carrying embroidered coverlets, ready to be thrown over our saddles when we should dismount. Behind each horse, walked several attendants; and some yards in advance of the party, marched several ferashes, whose duty it was to clear the path of any crowd who might cause any obstruction to our progress. In this order, we proceeded to the house of the Meerza, who received us in a splendid apartment covered with gilding and ornamented with carving and Mosaic work. Kaliauns and tea were ordered on our entrance, and the conversation commenced. Meerza Abool Hassan has very much forgotten the English language, and it was with great difficulty that he could complete a sentence without making use of Persian words. He professed almost unbounded adoration for England, and said he believed he had made some sensation among the fair sex of that country. "*Sahib*," he observed, "*your contry vare goot contry, my contry vare bad contry. Ven, Sahib, I was in yor contry, all de ladies fall in lof with me—may I eat dirt if dey did not. Dey cry ven I go vay; and I got lettars from dem when I com back to Persia.*" I believe the latter part of the Meerza's speech to be true, and that he has received more than one letter from some of my countrywomen, deploring his departure; I cannot help thinking, however, that he (the Meerza) has laid much more stress upon the circumstance than it was ever intended he should do by the fair writers.

Having remained about an hour with his excellency, we smoked a last kaliaun, and having quitted his residence, returned to the British palace with the same ceremony we had used in leaving it.

January Seventh.—This day, one of the most tremendous falls of snow ever known in the country commenced, and continued, without interruption, for two days, covering the plain of Teheran to the depth of several feet. We were, in consequence, detained prisoners in doors until the thirteenth, when a thaw having somewhat cleared the roads of their incumbrance, we rode out to one of the royal palaces, situated about a mile's distance from the northern gate of the city. It is called the Palace of Pictures—a most appropriate name. The garden in which the building is situated is very spacious, and full of trees. The palace itself consists of three contiguous summer-houses, in the largest of which is a representation of the present Shah of Persia, surrounded by several of his sons, giving audience to the ambassadors of many different nations. The painting, which is in fresco, is so constructed that the wall at the upper end of the apartment is occupied by the portraits of the shah and his sons. His majesty is seated upon his heels upon his throne, which, as well as the dress of the king, is covered with jewels. Upon either side of the chamber, to the right and left of the king, are the portraits of all the different ambassadors who have ever been presented at the court of Persia. The picture is supposed to represent his majesty as receiving all of them at the same moment. On one side are the portraits of the different English ambassadors,—Sir John Malcolm, Sir Harford Jones, and Sir Gore Ouseley,—but I am sorry to say that the Persian artist has not done our countrymen justice—indeed, the bare idea of the likenesses being meant for Englishmen would never have entered my head, unless I had been previously informed of the fact. They are, also, greatly out of proportion, and appear deformed. On the other side of the room, facing the English ambassadors, is a representation of General Giardine (the French ambassador), with two of his suite; they are even worse executed than their opposite neighbours. The other figures represent ambassadors from various Eastern courts, some of which are beautifully painted, as far as their costumes and features. The number of figures on the different walls are, in all, about a hundred and fifty. The portrait of Fath Ali Shah, is very well done, as well as those of his sons, particularly that representing the late Mahommed Ali Meerza, prince-governor of Hamadau. The *tout ensemble* has a pleasing and animating effect. In several of the other chambers are small fresco-paintings, not worthy of particular notice, representing some of the ladies of the regal harem. In one of the summer-houses, is a beautiful fountain, which throws up its waters to a great height. This, in summer, is a deliciously cool spot; it is, however, falling into decay, from want of proper attention being paid to it. The garden is surrounded by lofty poplars, and contains some beautiful cypress-trees. It is, also, full of plants and shrubs; among which, one very large genus of rose-tree appears to flourish very well, growing to the height of eighteen feet; during the spring, it is covered with roses.

On our return to the city, we met a great many women, who were proceeding to the cemeteries, outside the town, in order to mourn over the tombs of their departed friends. Speaking of the fair sex, in Persia, be it known, that they are by no means so strictly confined, as is generally supposed. On the contrary, they are permitted to walk out very nearly as often as they wish, and alone; they are, however, compelled, when abroad, to be closely veiled. From head to foot, the Persian woman is enveloped in a blue-checked covering, (termed *chauder*,) which entirely conceals every portion of their body, excepting the face; this is, however, hidden from the gaze of man, by a long white veil, with network over the eyes. The dress beneath the chauder is not unlike the Georgian. The Persian women are often very handsome, possessing large dark eyes and clear complexions. The ladies of the royal harem are not allowed the same liberty as others, as they are not permitted to go abroad, unless accompanied by a hideous black eunuch, and preceded by ferashes armed with sticks, with which they plentifully belabour any one who does not turn his head away at their approach.

January 21st.—We were detained in doors by the snow, till to-day, when we went on an excursion to the Kasserah Kudjar, (the Palace of Royalty.) It is situated about five miles to the north of Teheran, and appears, at a distance, to be several stories in height, which, however, on a nearer approach, prove to be merely a succession of terraces, and which, being built on the slope of a hill, gives the building the appearance of one solid pile. It is a summer residence of the shah, and is kept cool by streams of water running through it, and by fountains, with which each terrace abounds. The whole looks upon a spacious garden, of a mile in length and breadth, full of cypress and fruit trees. Having ascended to the fifth terrace, we entered the principal portion of the palace, on the walls of which are fresco-paintings of various Persian kings and heroes. There is, also, the portrait of a young Englishman, who accompanied Sir John Malcolm, during his embassy to Persia. The youth became, during his residence at Teheran, the theme of several songs, which were written in praise of his beauty, which is reported to have been most uncommon. I had seen a portrait of the same person in the Garden of Pictures. A very tolerable portrait of Rustum, and another of his father, Zaul, were among the collection, which was executed in fresco. In the Kusserah Kudjar, are a quantity of small rooms, which are made use of by the shah's wives, when they are on a visit to the spot, which occurs annually at the commencement of the summer season, before the shah proceeds to Sultaneah. On the very summit of the palace, is a small but magnificent apartment, the walls of which are covered with gilded Mosaic work, and inlaid with ivory, describing Persian letters. There are several enamel pictures, representing women; one was meant for an European, but the manner in which she was dressed, and the indecent way in which the bosom was exposed, evidently shewed that the painter had drawn it from imagination. From this apartment, we could see the whole of Teheran to great advantage. It is surrounded by a thick mud wall, battlemented at the top, and ornamented with a blue-glazed composition. I can say nothing in its praise, for the houses are almost all built of mud, and are, in many places, much dilapidated, while the suburbs are one heap of broken walls and *ruins*—of, however, a very modern date.

January 28th. — This was the day fixed for our having an audience of Fath Ali Shah; in consequence, about ten o'clock in the morning, we mounted our horses, and, accompanied by Mr. M'Neill,* the secretary of the English embassy, directed our course towards the royal palace. Having proceeded, with great ceremony, to a gate leading to the residence of his Persian majesty, we dismounted, and were conducted to an apartment, where we found several Persian khans assembled, among whom was Meerza Abool Hassan Khan, who was to present us to the Shah. The windows of the room looked upon a spacious court, where was assembled a vast concourse of people. We remained in this spot two hours; the time passed away very heavily; for, on account of its being during the fast of Ramazan, no kaliauns or refreshments were brought in, which circumstance marred the accustomed gaiety of our Persian friends. Meerza Abool Hassan was habited in a fine court-dress, and wore, as well as ourselves, red stockings and slippers, which is the usual costume for any one who has the honour of appearing before the "Shadow of God," as the Shah of Persia is termed by his subjects.

At length the welcome intelligence arrived that his majesty was ready to receive us, upon which Meerza Abool Hassan arose, and requested us to follow him; and we all proceeded together to a spacious court, at the upper end of which was the front of the royal palace, and seated at an open window on the ground-floor was the Shah, of whom we then had a side view. When we had arrived at about twenty yards from the palace, the Meerza shook off his slippers, and directed us to do the same. We then each made a low salaam, and began slowly to advance. We repeated the obeisances several times before we arrived before the entrance of the building, when the Shah turning round, called to us to enter; the words he used being "Bēauyeed balau"—literally, "Come up." We accordingly proceeded to ascend a broad flight of steps, and entered the apartment in which his majesty was seated. It was a spacious chamber, the walls and ceilings of which were covered with mirrors, in every part of it were ornaments of various descriptions, chiefly of European manufacture; I could not, however, help remarking the strong resemblance the spot bore to a large London china-shop. On our entrance, the Meerza conducted us to the corner most remote to that occupied by the Shah, who was seated on his heels on a beautiful nummud, and very plainly habited in a dress made of Cashmere shawl. In his girdle was a large dagger, ornamented with jewels, and on his head he wore a black Bokhara lambskin cap, on which was a string of pearls; but the most striking feature about him was his beard, which exceeded by its length even what I had expected. It conceals most of his face, and reaches to his knees; during the whole of the audience he continued to twist the ends of it round his fingers. When we had occupied the corner, his majesty exclaimed, "Khosh amedeed!" literally, "You are welcome," (*well-come.*) He then proceeded to ask us various questions concerning our travels, and shewed by his observations upon our answers, that he had, for a Persian, a very fair knowledge of geography. He then proceeded to question Mr. Mc Neill upon the affairs of Khorasan, (from which he, Mr. Mc Neill, had just returned,) and the late campaign; he spoke at the same time much in approbation of the conduct in that quarter of the heir apparent, (Abbas Meerza.) The audience lasted above an hour, and I had ample opportunity of observing the illustrious personage before whom we were standing. His majesty is still a very handsome man, and appears much younger than he is in reality, on account of the blackness of his beard, which is kept to that colour by the application of the Persian dye; his voice, however, and want of teeth, plainly indicate his very advanced age. He bears a great resemblance to portraits I have seen of him. On his arm, above the elbow, his majesty wore a large bracelet (in Persian, styled *bazubend*) as a mark of royalty. The bracelet consisted of stones set in gold. This was the article of most value amongst the few ornaments he wore.

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* Now Sir John M'Neill, G.C.B.

The manner in which the audience terminated, was by the Shah giving a nod with his head, and saying, "You are dismissed." We then made several low salaams, and retired, keeping our faces towards his majesty, and bowing, at intervals, until we reached the spot where we had left our slippers, which we put on, and then backed out of the court.

Thus ended the ceremony of our presentation to the Kiblah-i Auleem, the Shahee Shahu, and the Zil Illah, such being the titles by which Fath Ali Shah was addressed ; meaning, "Attraction of the Universe," "King of Kings," and "Shadow of God."

Fath Ali Shah, as well as the prince royal, Abbas Meerza, died in less than a year after our presentation at the Persian court.

THE FANCY CONCERT.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

They talk'd of their concerts, and singers, and scores,
And pitied the fever that kept me in doors;
And I smiled in my thought, and said, "O ye sweet fancies,
And animal spirits, that still in your dances
Come bringing me visions to comfort my care,
Now fetch me a concert—imparadise air."*

Then a wind, like a storm out of Eden, came pouring
Fierce into my room, and made tremble the flooring;
And fill'd, with a sudden impetuous trample
Of heaven, its corners; and swell'd it to ample
Dimensions to breathe in, and space for all power;
Which falling as suddenly, lo! the sweet flow'r
Of an exquisite fairy-voice open'd its blessing;
And ever and aye, to its constant addressing,
There came, falling in with it, each in the last,
Flageolets one by one, and flutes blowing more fast,
And hautboys and clarinets, acrid of reed,
And the violin, smoothlier sustaining the speed
As the rich tempest gather'd, and buz-ringing moons
Of tambours, and huge basses, and giant bassoons;
And the golden trombonè, that darteth its tongue
Like a bee of the gods; nor was absent the gong,
Like a sudden, fate-bringing, oracular sound,
Or earth's iron genius, burst up from the ground,
A terrible slave, come to wait on his masters
The gods, with exultings that clang'd like disasters;
And then spoke the organs, the very gods they,
Like thunders that roll on a wind-blowing day;
And, taking the rule of the roar in their hands,
Lo, the Genii of Music came out of all lands;
And one of them said, "Will my lord tell his slave,
What concert 'twould please his Firesideship to have?"

Then I said, in a tone of immense will and pleasure,
"Let orchestras rise to some exquisite measure;
And let there be lights and be odours; and let
The lovers of music serenely be set;
And then, with their singers in lily-white stoles,
And themselves clad in rose colour, fetch me the souls
Of all the composers accounted divinest,
And, with their own hands, let them play me their finest."

Then, lo! was perform'd my immense will and pleasure,
And orchestras rose to an exquisite measure;
And lights were about me, and odours; and set
Were the lovers of music, all wond'rously met;
And then, with their singers in lily-white stoles,
And themselves clad in rose colour, in came the souls
Of all the composers accounted divinest,
And, with their own hands, did they play me their finest.

Oh, truly was Italy heard then, and Germany,
Melody's heart, and the rich brain of harmony;
Pure Paisiello, whose airs are as new
Though we know them by heart, as may-blossoms and dew;
And nature's twin son, Pergolesi; and Bach,
Old father of fugues, with his endless fine talk;

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* "Imparadised in one another's arms."—Milton. The word is of Italian origin.

And Gluck,[†] who saw gods; and the learned sweet feeling
Of Haydn; and Winter, whose sorrows are healing;
And gentlest Corelli, whose bowing seems made
For a hand with a jewel; and Handel array'd
In Olympian thunders, vast lord of the spheres,
Yet pious himself, with his blindness in tears,
A lover withal, and a conqu'ror, whose marches
Bring demi-gods under victorious arches;
Then Arne,[‡] sweet and tricksome; and masterly Purcell,
Lay-clerical soul; and Mozart universal,
But chiefly with exquisite gallantries found,
With a grove in the distance of holier sound;
Nor forgot was thy dulcitude, loving Sacchini;
Nor love, young and dying, in shape of Bellini;
Nor Weber, nor Himmel, nor mirth's sweetest name,
Cimarosa; much less the great organ-voiced fame
Of Marcello, that hush'd the Venetian sea;
And strange was the shout, when it wept, hearing thee,
Thou soul full of grace as of grief, my heart-cloven,
My poor, my most rich, my all-feeling Beethoven.

O'er all, like a passion, great Pasta[§] was heard,
As high as her heart, that truth-uttering bird;
And Banti was there; and Grassini, that goddess!
Dark, deep-toned, large, lovely, with glorious bodice;
And Mara; and Malibran, stung to the tips
Of her fingers with pleasure; and rich Fodor's lips;
And manly in face as in tone, Angrisani;
And Naldi, thy whim; and thy grace, Tramezzani;
And was it a voice? or what was it? say—
That like a fallen angel beginning to pray,
Was the soul of all tears, and celestial despair?
Paganini it was, 'twixt his dark flowing hair.

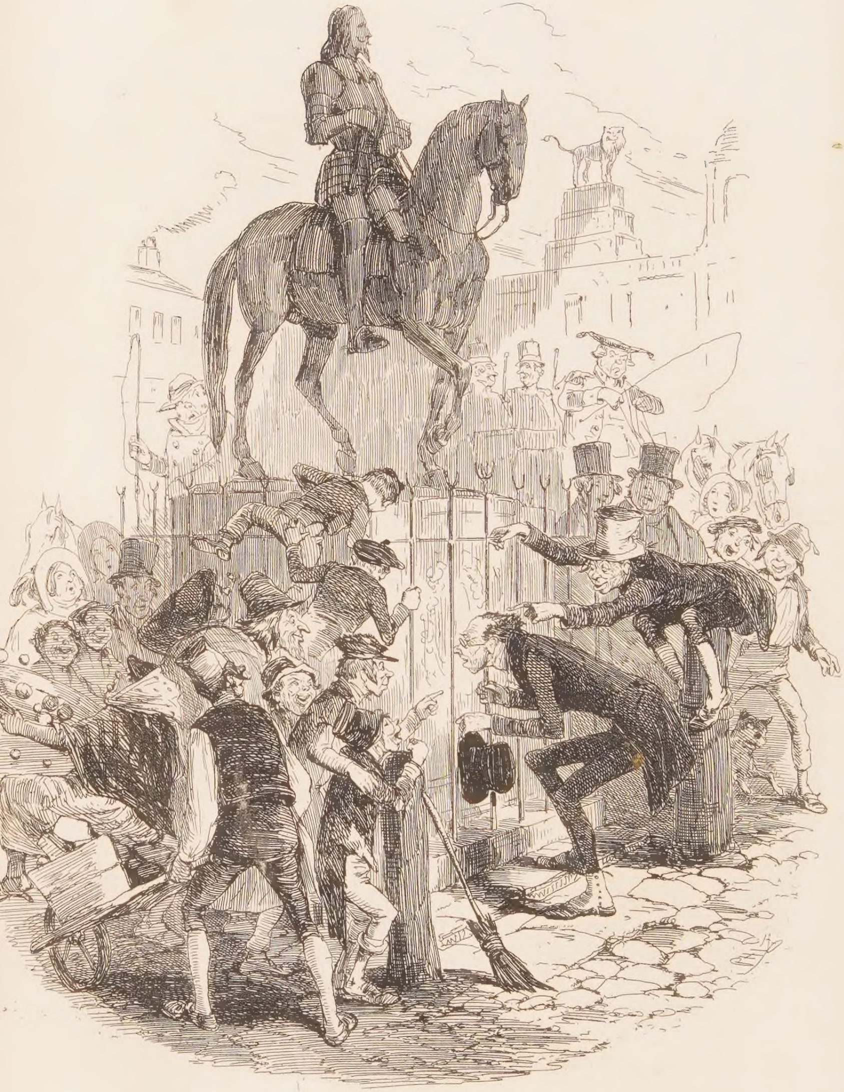
So now we had instrument, now we had song—
Now chorus, a thousand-voiced, one-hearted throng;
Now pauses that pamper'd resumption, and now—
But who shall describe what was play'd us, or how?
'Twas wonder, 'twas transport, humility, pride;
'Twas the heart of the mistress that sat by one's side;
'Twas the graces invisible, moulding the air
Into all that is shapely, and lovely, and fair,
And running our fancies their tenderest rounds
Of endearments and luxuries, turn'd into sounds;
'Twas argument even, the logic of tones;
'Twas memory, 'twas wishes, 'twas laughters, 'twas moans;
'Twas pity and love, in pure impulse obey'd;
'Twas the breath of the stuff of which passion is made.

And these are the concerts I have at my will;
Then dismiss them, and patiently think of your "bill."—
(*Aside*) Yet Lablache, after all, makes me long to go, still.

[†] "I see gods ascending out of the earth."—*Vide* the passage of "Saul and the Witch of Endor," in the Bible. A sense of the godlike and supernatural always appears to me to attend the noble and affecting music of Gluck.

[‡] It seems a fashion of late in musical quarters to undervalue Arne. His defects are obvious when contrasted with the natural recitative and unsought melodies of the great Italians, and with the rich instrumentation of Mozart and the modern opera; but may it be permitted an unprofessional lover of music to think that there are few melodies more touchingly fluent than "Water Parted;" and very few songs indeed more original, charming, and to the purpose, than his "Cuckoo Song," and "Where the Bee Sucks?"

[§] Pasta, who is not dead, is here killed for the occasion, being the singer of the greatest genius it has ever been my good fortune to hear. Her tones latterly failed her, and she may have always had superiors in some other respects; but for power to move the heart and the imagination I never witnessed her equal. The reason was, that, possessing both of the most genuine sort, she cared for nothing but truth.



The Antiquaries.

LONDON: JOHN MORTIMER, ADELAIDE STREET 1845

REVELATIONS OF LONDON.

BY THE EDITOR.

BOOK THE FIRST.

X.

THE STATUE AT CHARING CROSS.

If the statue at Charing Cross, like that of the commandant in Don Juan, could speak, what a history it might relate! For upwards of a century and a half it has stood there, and during that long space, the "full tide of human existence" has flowed around it, almost without an ebb. What varied scenes, what infinite diversity of characters, what spectacles of grandeur and misery, of triumph and abasement, has it not beheld! The noblest, the proudest, and the wealthiest of the land, have daily passed it by; and the poorest and most abased have crouched beside it.

On the right and the left, have come and gone, merchants and lawyers, generals, and great naval commanders. Processions on foot, gorgeous cavalcades, the lord mayor and his attendants from the city, the queen and her court from the palace—alike have passed it by.

Furious and rebellious mobs have likewise passed it, and state criminals on their way to execution.

At mid-day the mighty ocean of life rises to its highest mark. Great waves float up to the statue, beat against its base, roll off, and are succeeded by others. Around it and about it, whirls such a throng, that it would seem the turmoil will never cease. Nor does it cease till the latest hour of night, or the earliest hour of morning.

Behold the scene at its best—the occasion of the opening of Parliament. Dense masses line the street on either side, while a close circle invests the pedestal of the kingly statue. The bells ring out from Saint Martin's lofty spire, which is decorated with flags. Guns are discharged within the park. The Queen approaches!—what a waving of hats!—what shouts—what heartfelt blessings welcome her! As she passes by, she gazes at the image of her martyred predecessor, and it may be even at that moment of excitement, while joyous shouts are ringing in her ears, is saddened by the remembrance of his fate.

Take a quieter scene, and one of daily occurrence in the spring. The grand bustle of the day is over—the stream is full, but flows more tranquilly. Now every third man you meet wending his way towards Westminster, is a member of parliament. A great debate is expected—and all the forces are mustered for it. Still, to judge from the careless countenances of those who are to take part in it, you would think the affairs of the nation pressed lightly enough upon them. They go as unconcernedly to their arduous duties as to dinner.

Admirably placed is the statue, and glorious is the view it commands! On the right lie the Admiralty, where the lords who govern our navies (how well or wisely let the instructed declare)—the Horse Guards, where the business of our armies is transacted—the Treasury and offices of Government. On the left is the Banqueting Hall, sole remnant of the old palace of Whitehall, now used as a chapel, and in front of which the great original of the statue under consideration was butchered. We will not glance behind upon Trafalgar Square, its columns and terraces, for though we do not greatly admire the place, we shall not go the length that some persons have done, and pronounce its utter condemnation.

But we have now to do with a period before Trafalgar Square, with its faults or beauties, had been summoned into existence.

One morning, two persons took their way along Parliament Street, and Whitehall, and chatting as they walked, turned into the entrance of Spring Gardens, for the purpose of looking at the statue at Charing Cross. One of them was remarkable for his dwarfish stature and strange withered features. The other was a man of middle size, thin, rather elderly, and with a sharp countenance, the sourness of which was redeemed by a strong expression of benevolence. He was clad in a black coat, rather rusty, but well brushed, buttoned up to the chin, black tights, short drab gaiters, and wore a white neckcloth and spectacles.

Mr. Loftus (for so he was called) was a retired merchant, of moderate fortune, and lived in Abingdon Street. He was a bachelor, and therefore pleased himself; and being a bit of an antiquary, rambled about all day long, in search of some object of interest. His walk, on the present occasion, was taken with that view.

"By Jove! what a noble statue that is, Morse!" cried Loftus, gazing at it. "The horse is magnificent—positively magnificent."

"I recollect when the spot was occupied by a gibbet, and when, in lieu of a statue, an effigy of the martyred monarch was placed there," replied Morse. "That was in the time of the Protectorate."

"You cannot get those dreams out of your head, Morse," said Loftus, smiling. "I wish I could persuade myself I had lived for two centuries and a half."

"Would you could have seen the ancient cross, which once stood there, erected by Edward the First, to his beloved wife, Eleanor of Castile," said Morse, heedless of the other's remark. "It was much mutilated, when I remember it; some of the pinnacles were broken, and the foliage defaced, but the statues of the queen were still standing in the recesses; and altogether the effect was beautiful."

"It must have been charming," observed Loftus, rubbing his hands; "and, though I like the statue, I would much rather have had the old gothic cross. But how fortunate the former escaped destruction in Oliver Cromwell's time."

"I can tell you how that came to pass, sir," replied Morse, "for I was assistant to John River, the brasier, to whom the statue was sold."

"Ah! indeed!" exclaimed Loftus. "I have heard something of the story, but should like to have full particulars."

"You shall have them, then," replied Morse. "Yon statue, which, as you know, was cast by Hubert le Sueur in 1633, was ordered by Parliament to be sold and broken to pieces. Well, my master, John River, being a staunch royalist, though he did not dare to avow his principles, determined to preserve it from destruction. Accordingly, he offered a good round sum for it, and was declared the purchaser. But how to dispose of it was the difficulty? He could trust none of his men but me, whom he knew to be as hearty a hater of the Roundheads, and as loyal to the memory of our slaughtered sovereign, as himself. Well, we digged a great pit, secretly, in the cellar, whither the statue had been conveyed, and buried it. The job occupied us nearly a month; and during that time, my master collected together all the pieces of old brass he could procure. These he afterwards produced, and declared they were the fragments of the statue. But the cream of the jest was to come. He began to cast handles of knives and forks in brass, giving it out, that they were made from the metal of the statue. And plenty of 'em he sold too, for the Cavaliers bought 'em as memorials of their martyred monarch, and the Roundheads as evidences of his fall. In this way, he soon got back his outlay."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Loftus.

"Well, in due season came the Restoration," pursued Morse; "and my master made known to King Charles the Second the treasure he had kept concealed for him. It was digged forth, placed in its old position—but I forget whether the brasier was rewarded. I rather think not."

"No matter," cried Loftus, "he was sufficiently rewarded by the consciousness of having done a noble action. But let us go and examine the sculpture on the pedestal more closely."

With this, he crossed over the road; and, taking off his hat, thrust his head through the iron railing surrounding the pedestal, while Morse, in order to point out the beauties of the sculpture with greater convenience, mounted upon a stump beside him.

"You are aware that this is the work of Grinling Gibbons, sir?" cried the Dwarf.

"To be sure I am," replied Loftus—"to be sure. What fancy and gusto is displayed in the treatment of these trophies!"

"The execution of the royal arms is equally admirable," cried Morse.

"Never saw anything finer," rejoined Loftus—"never, upon my life!"

Every one knows how easily a crowd is collected in London, and it cannot be supposed that our two antiquaries would be allowed to pursue their investigations unmolested. Several ragged urchins got round them, and tried to discover what they were looking at, at the same time cutting their jokes upon them. These were speedily joined by a street-sweeper, rather young in the profession, a ticket-porter, a butcher's apprentice, an old Israelitish clothesman, a coalheaver, and a couple of charity-boys.

"My eyes!" cried the street-sweeper, "only twig these coves. If they aint green uns, I'm done!"

"Old Spectacles thinks he has found it all out," remarked the porter; "ve shall hear wot it all means, by and by."

"Plesh ma 'art," cried the Jew, "vat two funny old genelmen. I vonder vat they thinks they sees?"

"I'll tell 'ee, master," rejoined the butcher's apprentice; "they're a tryin' vich on 'em can see farthest into a mill-stone."

"Only think of living all my life in London, and never examining this admirable work of art before!" cried Loftus, quite unconscious that he had become the object of general curiosity.

"Look closer at it, old gem'man," cried the porter. "The nearer you get, the more you'll admire it."

"Quite true," replied Loftus, fancying Morse had spoken; "it'll bear the closest inspection."

"I say, Ned," observed one of the charity boys to the other, "do you get over the railin'; they must ha' dropped summat inside. See what it is."

"I'm afraid o' spikin' myself, Joe," replied the other; "but give us a lift, and I'll try."

"Wot are you arter there, you young rascals!" cried the coalheaver—"come down, or I'll send the perlice to you."

"Wot two precious guys these is!" cried a ragamuffin lad, accompanied by a bull-dog—"I've a good mind to chuck the little 'un off the post, and set Tartar at him. Here, boy—here!"

"That 'ud be famous fun, indeed, Spicer!" cried another rapscallion behind him.

"Arrah! let 'em alone, will you there, you young divils!" cried an Irish bricklayer; "don't ye see they're only two paiceable antiquaries?"

"Oh, they're antiquaries, are they?" screamed the little street sweeper. "Vell, I never see the likes on 'em afore; did you, Sam?"

"Never," replied the porter.

"Och, murther in Irish! ye're upsettin' me, an' all the fruits of my industry," cried an applewoman, against whom the bricklayer had run his barrow. "Divil seize ye for a careless wagabone! Why don't you look where ye're goin', and not dhrive into people in that way?"

"Axes pardon, Molly," said the bricklayer; "but I was so inter*est*ed in them antiquaries, that I didn't obsarve ye."

"Antiquaries be hanged! what's such warmint to me?" cried the applewoman, furiously. "You've destroyed my day's market, and bad luck to ye!"

"Well, never heed, Molly," cried the good-natured bricklayer, "I'll make it up t'ye. Pick up your apples, and you shall have a dhrop of the craiter if you'll come along wid me."

While this was passing, a stout gentleman came from the further side of the statue, and perceiving Loftus, cried—"Why, brother-in-law, is that you?'

But Loftus was too much engrossed to notice him, and continued to expatiate upon the beauty of the trophies.

"What are you talking about, brother?" cried the stout gentleman.

"Grinling Gibbons," replied Loftus, without turning round. "Horace Walpole said that no one before him could give to wood the airy lightness of a flower, and here he has given it to a stone."

"This may be all very fine, my good fellow," said the stout gentleman, seizing him by the shoulder; "but don't you see the crowd you're collecting round you? You'll be mobbed presently."

"Why, how the devil did you come here, brother Thornicroft?" cried Loftus, at last recognising him.

"Come along, and I'll tell you," replied the iron-merchant, dragging him away, while Morse followed closely behind them. "I'm so glad to have met you," pursued Thornicroft, as soon as they were clear of the mob; "you'll be shocked to hear what has happened to your niece, Ebba."

"Why, what *has* happened to her?" demanded Loftus. "You alarm me. Out with it at once. I hate to be kept in suspense."

"She has left me," replied Thornicroft—"left her old indulgent father—run away."

"Run away!" exclaimed Loftus. "Impossible! I'll not believe it—even from your lips."

"Would it were not so!—but it is, alas, too true," replied Thornicroft, mournfully. "And the thing was so unnecessary, for I would gladly have given her to the young man. My sole hope is that she has not utterly disgraced herself."

"No, she is too high principled for that," cried Loftus. "Rest easy on that score. But with whom has she run away?"

"With a young man named Auriol Darcy," replied Thornicroft. "He was brought to my house under peculiar circumstances."

"I never heard of him," said Loftus.

"But I have," interposed Morse;—"I've known him these two hundred years."

"Eh day! who's this?" cried Thornicroft.

"A crack-brained little fellow, whom I've engaged as valet," replied Loftus. "He fancies he was born in Queen Elizabeth's time."

"It's no fancy," cried Morse. "I'm perfectly acquainted with Auriol Darcy's history. He drank of the same elixir as myself."

"If you know him, can you give us a clue to find him?" asked Thornicroft.

"I'm sorry I cannot," replied Morse. "I only saw him for a few minutes the other night, after I had been thrown into the Serpentine by the tall man in the black cloak."

"What's that you say?" cried Thornicroft, quickly. "I have heard Ebba speak of a tall man in a black cloak having some mysterious connexion with Auriol. I hope that person has nothing to do with her disappearance."

"I shouldn't wonder if he had," replied Morse. "I believe that black gentleman to be——"

"What!—who?" demanded Thornicroft.

"Neither more nor less than the devil," replied Morse, mysteriously.

"Pshaw! poh!" cried Loftus. "I told you the poor fellow was half cracked."

At this moment, a roguish-looking fellow, with red whiskers and hair, and clad in a velveteen jacket with ivory buttons, who had been watching the iron-merchant at some distance, came up, and touching his hat, said, "Mr. Thornicroft, I believe?"

"My name is Thornicroft, fellow," cried the iron-merchant, eyeing him askance. "And your name I fancy is Ginger?"

"Exactly, sir," replied the dog-fancier, again touching his hat, "ex-actly. I didn't think you would rekilect me, sir. I bring you some news of your darter."

"Of Ebba!" exclaimed Thornicroft, in a tone of deep emotion. "I hope your news is good."

"I wish it wos better for her sake as well as yours, sir," replied the dog fancier, gravely; "but I'm afeared she's in werry bad hands."

"That she is, if she's in the hands o' the black gentleman," observed Morse.

"Vy, old Parr, that ain't you?" cried Ginger, gazing at him in astonishment. "Vy, ow you are transmogrified, to be sure!"

"But what of my daughter?" cried Thornicroft; "where is she? Take me to her, and you shall be well rewarded."

"I'll do my best to take you to her, and without any reward, sir," replied Ginger, "for my heart bleeds for the poor young creater. As I said afore, she's in dreadful bad hands."

"Do you allude to Mr. Auriol Darcy?" cried Thornicroft.

"No, he's as much a wictim of this infernal plot as your darter," replied Ginger; "I thought him quite different at first—but I've altered my mind entirely, since some matters has come to my knowledge."

"You alarm me greatly by these dark hints," cried Thornicroft. "What is to be done?"

"I shall know in a few hours," replied Ginger. "I aint got the exact clue yet. But come to me at eleven o'clock to-night, at the Turk's Head, at the back o' Shoreditch Church, and I'll put you on the right scent. You must come alone."

"I should wish this gentleman, my brother-in-law, to accompany me," said Thornicroft.

"He couldn't help you," replied Ginger. "I'll take care to have plenty of assistance. It's a dangerous business, and can only be managed in a sartin way, and by a sartin person, and he'd object to any von but you. To-night, at eleven! Good by, Old Parr. Ve shall meet again ere long."

And without a word more, he hurried away.

XI.

PREPARATIONS.

On that same night, at the appointed hour, Mr. Thornicroft repaired to Shoreditch, and entering a narrow street behind the church, speedily discovered the Turk's Head, at the door of which a hackney-coach was standing. He was shewn by the landlord into a small back room, in which three men were seated at a small table, smoking, and drinking gin-and-water, while a fourth was standing near the fire, with his back towards the door. The latter was a tall, powerfully-built man, wrapped in a rough great-coat, and did not turn round on the iron-merchant's entrance.

"You are punctual, Mr. Thornicroft," said Ginger, who was one of the trio at the table; "and I'm happy to say, I've arranged everythin' for you, sir. My friends are ready to undertake the job. Only they vont do it on quite sich easy terms as mine."

The Tinker and the Sandman coughed slightly, to intimate their entire concurrence in Mr. Ginger's remark.

"As I said to you this mornin', Mr. Thornicroft," pursued Ginger, "this is a difficult and a dangerous bus'ness, and there's no knowin' wot may come on it. But it's your only chance o' recoverin' your darter."

"Yes, it's your only chance," echoed the Tinker.

"Ve're about to risk our precious lives for you, sir," said the Sandman; "so, in coorse, we expects a perportionate reward."

"If you enable me to regain my daughter, you shall not find me ungrateful," rejoined the iron merchant.

"I must have a hundred pounds," said the Tinker—"that's my lowest."

"And mine, too," said the Sandman.

"I shall take nuffin but the glory, as I said afore," remarked Ginger. "I'm sworn champion o' poor distressed young damsils; but my friends must make their own barg'ins."

"Well, I assent," returned Mr. Thornicroft; "and the sooner we set out the better."

"Are you armed?" asked Ginger.

"I have a brace of pistols in my pocket," replied Thornicroft.

"All right then—ve've all got pops and cutlashes," said Ginger. "So let's be off."

As he spoke, the Tinker and Sandman arose; and the man in the rough great-coat, who had hitherto remained with his back to them, turned round. To the iron-merchant's surprise, he perceived that the face of this individual was covered with a piece of black crape.

"Who is this?" he demanded, with some misgiving.

"A friend," replied Ginger. "Vithout him ve could do nuffin'. His name is Reeks, and he is the chief man in our enterprise."

"He claims a reward too, I suppose?" said Thornicroft.

"I will tell you what reward I claim, Mr. Thornicroft," rejoined Reeks, in a deep, stern tone, "when all is over. Meantime, give me your solemn pledge, that whatever you may behold to-night, you will not divulge it."

"I give it," replied the iron-merchant, "provided always——"

"No provision, sir," interrupted the other, quickly. "You must swear to keep silence unconditionally, or I will not move a footstep with you; and I alone can guide you where your daughter is detained."

"Svear, sir; it is your only chance," whispered Ginger.

"Well, if it must be, I do swear to keep silence," rejoined Mr. Thornicroft; "but your proceedings appear very mysterious."

"The whole affair is mysterious," replied Reeks. "You must also consent to have a bandage passed over your eyes when you get into the coach."

"Anything more?" asked the iron-merchant.

"You must engage to obey my orders, without questioning, when we arrive at our destination," rejoined Reeks. "Otherwise, there is no chance of success."

"Be it as you will," returned Thornicroft. "I must perforce agree."

"All then is clearly understood," said Reeks, "and we can now set out."

Upon this, Ginger conducted Mr. Thornicroft to the coach, and as soon as the latter got into it, tied a handkerchief tightly over his eyes. In this state Mr. Thornicroft heard the Tinker and the Sandman take their places near him, but not remarking the voice of Reeks, concluded that he must have got outside.

The next moment, the coach was put in motion, and rattled over the stones at a rapid pace. It made many turns; but at length proceeded steadily onward, while, from the profound silence around, and the greater freshness of the air, Mr. Thornicroft began to fancy they had gained the country. Not a word was spoken by any one during the ride.

After awhile, the coach stopped, the door was opened, and Mr. Thornicroft was helped out. The iron-merchant expected his bandage would now be removed, but he was mistaken, for Reeks, taking his arm, drew him along at a quick pace. As they advanced, the iron-merchant's conductor whispered him to be cautious, and, at the same time, made him keep close to a wall. A door was presently opened, and as soon as the party had passed through it, closed.

The bandage was then removed from Thornicroft's eyes, and he found himself in a large and apparently neglected garden. Though the sky was cloudy, there was light enough to enable him to distinguish that they were near an old dilapidated mansion.

"We are now arrived," said Reeks to the iron-merchant, "and you will have need of all your resolution."

"I will deliver her, or perish in the attempt," said Thornicroft, taking out his pistols.

The others drew their cutlasses.

"Now then follow me," said Reeks, "and act as I direct."

With this he struck into an alley formed by thick hedges of privet, which brought them to the back part of the house. Passing through a door, he entered the yard, and creeping cautiously along the wall, reached a low window which he contrived to open without noise. He then passed through it, and was followed by the others.

XII.

THE CHAMBER OF MYSTERY.

We shall now return to the night of Ebba's seizure by the mysterious stranger. Though almost deprived of consciousness by terror, the poor girl could distinguish from the movements of her captor, that she was borne down a flight of steps, or some steep descent, and then for a considerable distance along level ground. She was next placed in a carriage which was driven with great swiftness, and though it was impossible to conjecture in what direction she was conveyed, it seemed to her terrified imagination as if she were hurried down a precipice, and she expected every moment to be dashed in pieces. At length, the vehicle stopped, and she was lifted out of it, and carried along a winding passage; after which the creaking of hinges announced that a door was opened. Having passed through it, she was deposited on a bench, when fright overmastering her, her senses completely forsook her.

On recovering, she found herself seated on a fauteuil covered with black velvet, in the midst of a gloomy chamber of vast extent, while beside her, and supporting her from falling, stood the mysterious and terrible stranger. He held a large goblet filled with some potent liquid to her lips, and compelled her to swallow a portion of it. The powerful stimulant revived her, but, at the same time, produced a strange excitement, against which she struggled with all her power. Her persecutor again held the goblet towards her, while a sardonic smile played upon his features.

"Drink!" he cried, "it will restore you, and you have much to go through."

Ebba mechanically took the cup, and raised it to her lips, but noticing the stranger's glance of exultation, dashed it to the ground.

"You have acted foolishly," he said, sternly, "the potion would done you good."

Withdrawing her eyes from his gaze, which she felt exercise an irresistible influence over her, Ebba gazed fearfully round the chamber.

It was vast and gloomy, and seemed like the interior of a sepulchre—the walls and ceiling being formed of black marble, while the floor was paved with the same material. Not far from where she sat, on an estrade, approached by a couple of steps, stood a table covered with black velvet, on which was placed an immense lamp, fashioned like an imp supporting a cauldron on his outstretched wings. In this lamp were several burners, which cast a lurid light throughout the chamber. Over it hung a cap equally fantastically fashioned. A dagger, with a richly-wrought

The Chamber of Mystery.

hilt, was stuck into the table; and beside it lay a strangely-shaped mask, an open book, an antique inkstand, and a piece of parchment, on which some characters were inscribed. Opposite these, stood a curiously-carved ebony chair.

At the lower end of the room, which was slightly elevated above the rest, hung a large black curtain; and on the step, in front of it, were placed two vases of jet.

"What is behind that curtain?" shudderingly demanded Ebba of her companion.

"You will see anon," he replied. "Meanwhile, seat yourself on that chair, and glance at the writing on the scroll."

Ebba did not move, but the stranger took her hand, and drew her to the seat.

"Read what is written on that paper," he cried, imperiously.

Ebba glanced at the document, and a shudder passed over her frame.

"By this," she cried—"I surrender myself, soul and body to you?"

"You do," replied the stranger.

"I have committed no crime that can place me within the power of the Fiend," cried Ebba, falling upon her knees. "I call upon Heaven for protection! Avaunt!"

As the words were uttered, the cap suddenly fell upon the lamp, and the chamber was buried in profound darkness. Mocking laughter rang in her ears, succeeded by wailing cries inexpressibly dreadful to hear.

Ebba continued to pray fervently for her own deliverance, and for that of Auriol. In the midst of her supplications she was aroused by strains of music of the most exquisite sweetness, proceeding apparently from behind the curtain, and while listening to these sounds she was startled by a deafening crash as if a large gong had been stricken. The cover of the lamp was then slowly raised, and the burners blazed forth as before, while from the two vases in front of the curtain, arose clouds of incense, filling the chamber with stupifying fragrance.

Again the gong was stricken, and Ebba looked round towards the curtain. Above each vase towered a gigantic figure, wrapped in a long black cloak, the lower part of which was concealed by the thick vapour. Hoods, like the cowls of monks, were drawn over the heads of these grim and motionless figures; mufflers enveloped their chins, and they wore masks, from the holes of which gleamed eyes of unearthly brightness. Their hands were crossed upon their breasts. Between them squatted two other spectral forms, similarly cloaked, hooded, and masked, with their gleaming eyes fixed upon her, and their skinny fingers pointed derisively at her.

Behind the curtain was placed a strong light, which shewed a wide staircase of black marble, leading to some upper chamber, and at the same time threw the reflection of a gigantic figure upon the drapery, while a hand, the finger of which pointed towards her, was thrust from an opening between its folds.

Forcibly averting her gaze, Ebba covered her eyes with her hands, but looking up again after a brief space, beheld an ebon door at the side revolve upon its hinges, and give entrance to three female figures, robed in black, hooded and veiled, and having their hands folded, in a melancholy manner, across their breasts. Slowly and noiselessly advancing, they halted within a few paces of her.

"Who, and what are ye?" she cried, wild with terror.

"The victims of Auriol!" replied the figure on the right. "As we are, such will you be ere long."

"What crime have you committed?" demanded Ebba.

"We have loved him," replied the second figure.

"Is that a crime?" cried Ebba. "If so, I am equally culpable with you."

"You will share our doom," replied the third figure.

"Heaven have mercy upon me!" exclaimed the agonized girl, dropping upon her knees.

At this moment, a terrible voice from behind the curtain exclaimed—

"Sign, or Auriol is lost for ever."

"I cannot yield my soul, even to save him," cried Ebba, distractedly.

"Witness his chastisement then!" cried the voice.

And as the words were uttered, a side door was opened on the opposite side, and Auriol was dragged forth from it by two masked personages, who looked like familiars of the Inquisition.

"Do not yield to the demands of this fiend, Ebba!" cried Auriol, gazing at her, distractedly.

"Will you save him before he is cast, living, into the tomb?" cried the voice.

And at the words, a heavy slab of marble rose slowly from the floor near where Ebba sat, and disclosed a dark pit beneath.

Ebba gazed into the abyss with indescribable terror.

"There he will be immured, unless you sign," cried the voice; "and, as he is immortal, he will endure an eternity of torture."

"I cannot save him so, but I may precede him," cried Ebba. And throwing her hands aloft, she flung herself into the pit.

A fearful cry resounded through the chamber. It broke from Auriol, who vainly strove to burst from those who held him, and precipitate himself after Ebba.

Soon after this, and while Auriol was gazing into the abyss, a tongue of blue flame arose from it, danced for a moment in the air, and then vanished. No sooner was it gone, than a figure shrouded in black habiliments, and hooded and muffled up like the three other female forms, slowly ascended from the vault, apparently without support, and remained motionless at its brink.

"Ebba!" exclaimed Auriol, in a voice of despair. "Is it you?"

The figure bowed its head, but spoke not.

"Sign!" thundered the voice. "Your attempt at self destruction has placed you wholly in my power. Sign!"

At this injunction, the figure moved slowly towards the table, and to his unspeakable horror, Auriol beheld it take up the pen, and write upon the parchment. He bent forward, and saw that the name inscribed thereon was EBBA THORNICROFT.

The groan to which he gave utterance was echoed by a roar of diabolical laughter.

The figure then moved slowly away, and ranged itself with the other veiled forms.

"All is accomplished," cried the voice. "Away with him!"

On this, a terrible clangour was heard; the lights were extinguished; and Auriol was dragged through the doorway from which he had been brought forth.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

THE DOCTOR'S FEE.*

BY F. F. B.

TOWARDS the conclusion of the London season of 184—, seated in a corner of the waiting-room of a certain fashionable doctor, named Pulford,—might have been seen, one afternoon, a little queer-looking man, with a countenance ordinarily most ludicrously solemn and pompous—on the present occasion, however, wearing an air, still ludicrous, of utter and perfect misery. There he sat, a picture of everything wretched, until one by one, the patients had all departed, and the doctor, having held his last consultation and given his last audience, entered the room, and, in a cordial and joyous tone, as if glad that his day's labour was at an end, said to the unhappy-looking personage, "Good morning, my dear Poppleton. A thousand pardons for having made you wait; but you know my time belongs to my patients first, and I trust you are not come to enrol yourself among their number?"

"The diseases of the mind are worse than those of the body," solemnly answered the little man, vainly endeavouring to suppress a sigh.

"Why, what on earth is the matter?" said the physician. "You look horridly miserable. Is Miss Poppleton ill?"

"My daughter is in the enjoyment of perfect health," replied the other, in a tone of great bitterness.

"Well, then, what *does* all this mean? If you wish me to minister to this diseased mind of yours, you really must explain yourself more clearly. Come, speak out, man! and tell me how I can serve you."

"My dear doctor," answered Poppleton, throwing himself on a chair, "we have known each other now more than twenty years. I look upon you as my best and dearest friend; and I have in you unlimited confidence."

"Come, come, no compliments!"

"These are not compliments. I speak from the bottom of my heart; and the fact of my pouring into your bosom my sorrows, and making to you the dreadful revelation which I am on the point of doing, will prove to you how highly I respect and esteem you."

"To the point—to the point!" interrupted the doctor, somewhat impatiently.

"Although the information I am about to give you," continued his friend, "is sad, and almost heart-breaking to *me*, to *you*, I fear, it will seem unimportant—nay, even ridiculous—and for this reason I scarcely know how to commence my tale. Promise me never to reveal to any one what I am about to tell you."

"The secrets of the confessional are not more sacred to a priest than the revelations of a patient to his medical adviser," said the doctor, assuming a solemn air, in hopes, that by humouring his friend, he should sooner bring to a conclusion a conference of which he began to be heartily weary.

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* Partly adapted from a story in a little work, published by "La Societé des Gens des Lettres," in Paris.

"Well, my dear friend," commenced Poppleton, with a deep sigh, though somewhat more reassured, "you know I have a daughter; you know that she is beautiful; you know that she is entitled, in her own right, to a fortune not far short of forty thousand pounds; and you further know, that I have set my heart upon her forming a noble alliance. From the time I nursed her in my arms, this has been my darling project. Young Lord Tiptop has just asked my consent to his paying his addresses to her; and now, at the very moment when all my fondest hopes were on the point of being gratified, comes a monster in the shape of a man, and casts them to the ground, blasts all Virginia's prospects, and drives her unhappy father to despair."

"Good God, Poppleton! what do you mean?" cried Doctor Pulford, who, during this recital, had become both interested and excited. "What has happened to Virginia—I mean, Miss Poppleton?"

"Nothing, as yet," was the answer of Virginia's papa.

"Then what *do* you mean? Who is this monster? And what has *he* to do with either your happiness or the prospects of your daughter?"

"You know Buffle?" replied Poppleton.

"I only know that he is a captain in the army—sanguine temperament—short neck—more shoulders than brains—very like a bull. I prophecied, a long time ago, that he would die of apoplexy."

"God grant it," said Poppleton.

"Why, I thought you were friends?"

"Friends!" he repeated, with indignant irony.

"Now, do just speak out, or be silent altogether," said the doctor, who had lost all patience.

"My dear Pulford, the simple fact is, Buffle is paying his addresses to my daughter!"

At this dreadful revelation the physician bit his lips until they bled, in order to avoid giving mortal offence to the little man by bursting out into a roar of laughter. When, however, he had recovered his gravity sufficiently to be able to speak seriously, he said—

"Well, my dear Poppy, I did not really think that Buffle had so much good taste. But are you quite sure of the fact? Papas are generally the last to hear of these matters."

"Alas! my friend, I am but too sure. I found it out in this way: Virginia is at present staying with an old aunt, who lives at Notting Hill. Happening to go into her bedroom yesterday, I observed (casually) that the key of my wardrobe fitted the drawer of her dressing-table. Mechanically, I opened it, and found at least a dozen letters from that dreadful man, breathing the strongest love and affection."

"Hum!" said the doctor. "It served you right for opening your daughter's drawer."

"From the tenour of these letters," resumed the unhappy papa, without noticing the doctor's observation, "I found that Virginia was entirely innocent—that she had never given him the slightest encouragement—all the blame rests on Buffle; and I feel that I never can forgive him—a man to whom I have opened my house—an old fellow soldier—in a word, a friend—at least, I thought him one."

"My good fellow, don't you know, that our friends always deceive us: no man was ever betrayed excepting by a friend."

"I went to him yesterday," resumed Poppleton—"I reproached him with his unworthy conduct. What do you think he said?"

"He denied everything, I suppose."

"He did, at first; but when I shewed him his own letters, he found that this course was useless, and, with the most impertinent air, said, 'My dear Poppleton, since I see you are so well acquainted with all I have done, I shall not take the trouble to tell you any lies. I love your daughter. I have told her so; and I wont promise you not to tell her so again, for in all human probability I should not keep my promise. I dare say this does not suit your book at all; so, as I always hold myself responsible for all that I do and say, if you consider yourself injured, I am at your command, ready to give you the satisfaction of a gentleman, *when*, *where*, and *how* you wish.' "

"That's what I call cool," said the physician, with difficulty preserving a grave countenance. "What was your answer?"

"That he should hear from me soon. I then walked away, for I did not wish to push too far a discussion of this nature."

Doctor Pulford took several turns round the room in deep thought, and then said to his friend, "What do you intend to do?"

"What would you advise me to do? I am at my wits' end."

"I should be very sorry," answered the doctor, "to see you go into the field against Buffle. He shoots well."

"Shoots well! I think he does, indeed. He is a regular duellist—a fire-eater. He passes all his mornings in a shooting-gallery, or at Angelo's; and fights a duel every three months."

"How many duels have *you* fought in your life, Poppy, eh?"

"Not one," said the poor man. "Duelling is contrary to my principles—the idea of shedding the blood of a fellow-creature is revolting to me. It is a barbarous custom, and has always appeared to me a monstrous anomaly in the midst of civilization."

"In a word, you don't wish to go out, and earn glory?"

"If I had received a positive injury—if I had to revenge a mortal wrong—then, without doubt, the voice of passion would speak more loudly than the voice of humanity; for when placed in certain positions, the wisest man cannot answer for his actions; but, in the present case, things have not been pushed to a hopeless extremity. Now, if Buffle, instead of using such an arrogant tone to me, had made some concessions and apologies, to which I think I was entitled, and had promised to change his line of conduct for the future, it appears to me that—in order to avoid an *exposé*—and—now—don't you think that it might have been possible and honourable——"

"For you to avoid fighting, certainly," interrupted the doctor; "for if you go out with this fire-eater, I'll wager ten to one that he will bleed you most copiously, and that would not be a very agreeable operation, I fancy."

"My dear doctor, you misunderstand me entirely."

"On the contrary, I understand you perfectly. You want to avoid fighting, and yet you wish to make Buffle apologize to you for having dared to love your daughter, and to promise that he will abandon all future designs upon her hand and heart. If you will place yourself in my hands, I will arrange this matter for you. Before the end of this week, the captain shall make you a formal apology, and shall swear never more to trouble your paternal repose. So far I can promise. Something, however, you yourself must do. To make a promise, and to keep it, are two very different things; and I should advise you to aid the captain in his observance of his oath, by taking a short journey into the country, and thus remove Miss Poppleton from the dangerous influence of his society. His regiment is stationed in London; he cannot leave it. You are free. What is there to prevent your going to the sea-side?—Torquay, for instance."

"My dear fellow, this will just suit me," cried the little man, rather ashamed, however, that the sharp-sighted doctor had been able to penetrate the depths of his cowardly little heart. "I have for some time been thinking of leaving town, and am delighted to find that you approve of the plan. But why do you mention Torquay particularly?"

"Because the climate is excellent, and the air good, especially for those who have a tendency to consumption."

"But *my* lungs are excellent—are they not?" said Poppleton, earnestly.

"I am not prepared to say that they are not," answered the doctor, with a serious air; "but precautions do no harm—prevention is better than cure."

"But *do* you think that I am threatened with disease?" said the poor little man, growing very pale.

"I have said nothing of the kind," answered Pulford, assuming a tone of self-reproach, as if he had said rather more than he intended. "My only reason for naming Torquay was a selfish one. I think of passing a few months there myself; and if you and Miss Poppleton are there, certainly my visit will be far more pleasant."

"Well, I do not doubt we shall be able to arrange it," replied Poppleton, as he left the doctor's house, far more unhappy than when he entered it; for now, in addition to the uneasiness caused by a duel in perspective, his mind was sadly disturbed with the fear that his lungs were not quite so sound as he had hitherto believed them to be.

Towards seven o'clock, the evening of the day on which the above conversation took place, Doctor Pulford entered the club of which he was a member, with full expectation of meeting Captain Buffle. Accordingly, the first person whom he descried on entering the dining-room, was the man himself, eating and drinking as if he had fasted for some days. Tall, and largely formed, broad square shoulders, small hips, a magnificent chest, (his tailor pleased him greatly by assuring him that it was the finest chest in London,) a firm eye, and high complexion, he was just one of those men of whom you would say, "If that fellow is not either a soldier or a prizefighter, he has mistaken his vocation." No wonder poor Poppleton was anxious to avoid a duel with so powerful an antagonist. The doctor and the soldier exchanged a mutual "How do you do," dined together, and then strolled out, arm in arm.

"My dear captain," commenced the former, "I have rather a serious matter to talk over with you. My friend, Poppleton, has commissioned me to deliver a hostile message to you."

"Do you call *that* a serious matter, my dear doctor," said the captain, bursting out into a horse-laugh. "Why, man, it will be fun alive."

"Every matter is to *me* serious," replied the doctor, "which may end in blood."

This answer rather increased than lessened the captain's fit of laughter.

"Oh, doctor! you will kill me with laughing. Poor Poppy thirsts after my blood; why, he is a very cannibal. What sauce does he mean to eat me with—sword or pistol?"

"He leaves to you the choice of arms," answered Doctor Pulford, with imperturbable gravity.

"It is all the same to me, as I told him. Let us see; to-morrow I dine at mess—we shall have a very jolly party, and I should not like to miss it; but the day after to-morrow, I'm your man."

"Very good. The day after to-morrow, at six in the morning, exactly, we will meet you at the Brecknock Arms—you know where it is; we can then proceed to some field between that and Holloway Church, and settle our little affair. Will that suit?"

"Perfectly," answered the captain. "But I always fancied that gentlemen of your profession prefer killing their patients themselves."

The doctor answered, after a moment's silence,—"In jest, and without being aware of it, you have placed your finger on a sore. A curious, and I may say, a horrible thought has just passed through my mind."

"Oh, let us have it, by all means," cried the captain.

"The dreadful wish that the result of your duel the day after to-morrow, might be fatal to Poppleton, occurred to me."

"But why?" demanded the captain, eagerly.

"Because if *you* do not kill him the day after to-morrow, in less than a year I shall have the credit of having done so."

"I confess," said Buffle, "I do not understand you. Speak a little more clearly. Are *you* about to fight a duel with Poppleton?"

"Not at all; but the fact is, that I am a medical man, and consequently—in the eyes of very many, who think that medicine ought to procure that health which nature has denied—responsible for the very life and existence of my patients. Now, our poor friend is one of my patients, and, as far as I can at present judge, he has not a year to live."

"Why, what is his disease?" cried the captain, opening both his eyes to their fullest extent.

"Consumption!" said the doctor, in an accent of pity; "his case is hopeless. I was about to send him into Devonshire. We, doctors, when we are at a loss to know what to recommend next, send our consumptive cases off, either on to the Continent, or into Devonshire. If nothing happens to Poppleton, the day after to-morrow, he will set out for Torquay."

"Do you, then, think him in great danger?"

"In the *greatest*. I look upon him as a lost man. In less than a year Miss Poppleton will be freed from all control by her papa's death, and a nice little fortune she will come into."

"Why, I thought she had a good fortune independently of her father."

"Yes," said the doctor, "some paltry ten or twenty thousand pounds; but unless her papa alters his will, at his death she is to have something like sixty thousand. By the way, my dear Buffle, you are a marrying man, why will not *she* suit you? You won't, however, be likely to succeed better in gaining her favour by shooting her father."

At this sally the captain affected to be greatly amused; but, unconsciously, a reflective cloud spread over his broad face, and our cunning physician seeing that he had attained his end, and that in his estimate of the inferiority of his friend's brains when compared with his shoulders, he had not reckoned without his host, pretended suddenly to recollect an engagement, and with a cordial shake of the hand, left our son of Mars to his meditations.

"Without being at all aware of it," thought the captain to himself, "Pulford has given me some very good advice. It certainly would not do to shoot the papa, and then present myself as a suitor for the hand of the daughter. No, no; let him die of his own accord. Happily, I have been making love to Virginia these three months, so she won't suspect me of mercenary motives when I propose to her."

The next morning early, Captain Buffle entered the drawing-room of Doctor Pulford, and after the usual greetings, said—"My dear doctor, what you said to me yesterday about poor Poppleton, has caused me to reflect seriously; and I have come to the conclusion that I cannot with honour go out with him. I have a very bad habit of always killing my man Now, suppose I only *wing* Pop—a wound which would heal soon with another man, might cause his death, situated as he is at present, eh? Did he tell you what we quarrelled about?"

"No," said the doctor, who, in his capacity of mediator, thought himself entitled to lie.

"Oh, it was a mere trifle; some foolish words passed between us. I dare say I was wrong; and although I am not in the habit of making apologies, I have been engaged in so many affairs of honour, that once in a way I think I may afford to appear to shew the white feather. Let us go to Poppleton's house directly, and get it over."

Poor Poppy received his two visitors with fear and trembling; his mind was, however, soon relieved, for the gallant captain made the most formal apology; and retired, after having cordially grasped the hand of his old friend, leaving him in a state of indescribable astonishment, not quite sure whether his friend the doctor was not either a sorcerer, or, perhaps, something worse.

Three days after the foregoing scene, Poppleton and Miss Virginia arrived at Torquay; and in less than six weeks, according to his promise, Doctor Pulford joined them.

* * * * *

Soon after the commencement of the London season of 184—, *Lucia di Lammermoor* was performed at the Italian Opera House. In the pit was our old friend, Buffle, who, much to his disgust, had been detained with his regiment during the greater part of the winter. According to established custom, the captain's opera-glass was taking a short tour amongst the boxes, when a sight met his eye which appeared to paralyse his every sense. In a box on the second tier sat three persons;—one, a little man with large blue spectacles, who busied himself with reading intently the book of the opera, and seemed to pay not the slightest attention to what was going on in the box;—the second person, was a young and excessively handsome girl, who, lolling back in her chair, was flirting alternately with a bouquet of purple flowers—whose dark hue contrasted with, and enhanced the brilliance of her complexion—and a man who was seated in the back part of the box, but quite sufficiently in sight to be recognised but too well by our captain.

"Why, bless my soul, Burton," said the latter to his companion, as soon as he had recovered from his state of excessive surprise, "there is old Poppy and his daughter. When did they come back to town?"

"Oh," was the answer, "they have returned more than a fortnight; and, by the way, there is the strangest tale about them which you can conceive. That fellow, Pulford, at the end of last season, found himself in love with Miss Poppleton; and besides this complaint, found that he had also a disease of the lungs, and that there was nothing left for him but a winter in the south. Well, you know Poppleton's country house is in the north, so what does our doctor do but persuade the little ass that *he*, Poppleton, is consumptive—frightens him out of his senses, and sends him off to Torquay, whither he himself followed at his leisure. There they have been all winter, and now everybody, but the poor papa himself, knows that Doctor Pulford and Virginia Poppleton will quietly walk off to Gretna Green before the moon is two nights older. He is a right down sharp fellow that doctor. Don't you perceive that he has made poor Pop wear spectacles, in order to prevent him seeing so easily the game that is going on? Now, is not this a good story?"

"Capital!" answered the poor captain, grinding his teeth with vexation.

His first impulse was to call out the cunning physician, and shoot him without compunction; but mature reflection shewed him that his best policy was to make as little fuss about the matter as need be, for if once the story got out, he knew he should never hear the end of it; and at the same time, though himself the sufferer, he could not help admiring the method whereby the "biter had been bitten." So he swore a good oath or two, and the matter ended, as far as *he* was concerned.

True enough, on the very same evening after the opera, the lady and gentleman, co-tenants with "poor Pop" of the box at the opera, having put the little man to bed, took an excursion into Scotland together. Pop was, of course, furious. On the return of the "happy couple," they boldly waited upon him, and sued for his forgiveness. The arguments usual upon such occasions having failed in appeasing his wrath, the doctor brought forward one which *he*, at all events, thought irresistible.

"My dear Poppleton, you once asked my advice on an emergency *to you* most pressing. I saved your life—can you complain if I have chosen MY OWN FEE.

LIFE AT HOME AND ABROAD.*

Rome and Naples are, according to the cold but brilliant cynosure of fashionable life, the alpha and omega of modern Hymeneal arrangements. The garlands of roses and marjoram, the saffron-coloured robe, and the torches, are now omitted; but they are replaced by mysteries, secret as the Eleusinian, in which property, and not propriety, is alone concerned. The Eternal City is sought for by fortune-hunters, of both sexes, on account of the facilities afforded, daily and nightly, of meeting, which do not present themselves in the chaos of London fashionable life. At Rome, in the Vatican, St. Peter's, the artists' studios, on the Monte Pincio, and in the Villa Borghese, encounters momentarily take place, tending, after a brief lapse of time, to establish a footing of familiarity which it would take an acquaintance of years to bring about in London, where so many different cliques exist, each and all with their separate and united claims on the attention of their votaries.

Hither, accordingly, the inimitable portrayer of the varying phases of fashionable existence assembles her chief characters, in groups as distinct as the chiselled wonders of the Vatican itself,—Mrs. Sydney, a lady of highly cultivated mind, "well prepared for the contemplation of the classic ruins with which the Eternal City abounds, and for the study of the glorious works of art so calculated to charm a person of fine taste," and Louisa Sydney, an heiress—beautiful, intellectual, graceful, and good. The second group is composed of Lord and Lady Wellerby, card-players, with two disposable daughters, the Ladies Olivia and Sophia, better known as the "Wellerby girls;" and, lastly, a glorious set-off to these aristocratic personages, in a Mrs. Maclaurin, whose history is one of the drollest conceptions of modern fiction. Originally an Irish nursery-maid, she was wooed and won by an aged mercantile Crœsus, for her songs, and who converted her notes into bank-notes, in order to secure her voice to soothe his solitude and old age, and which was soon after terminated by death, leaving the coarse uneducated Irish girl a rich widow, replete with finery and pretension.

The precincts of the Holy City contained, at the same time, a crowd of young scions of nobility and gentility, to be distributed among the ladies, three of whom may be briefly described as hunters—Lord Fitzwarren, a fox-hunter, and nothing more; Lord Alexander Beaulieu, a fortune-hunter, and nothing further; and Strathern, a *vertu* hunter, but, also, a perfect combination of all that is noble and gentle—proud, handsome, rich — of stainless character and reputation. With these must also be noticed Mr. Rhymer, a dyspeptic cynic, and Mr. Webworth, a lisping, simpering blank, so common to the lottery of fashion, both of which characters are drawn with unsparing fidelity and sarcasm by the gifted Countess, who has, no doubt, been bored to death by the originals.

The trio above described are immediate victims to the twofold charms of Louisa Sydney; but as younger sons seek heiresses, and heiresses seek elder sons, while elder sons seek love for love's sake, and heiresses disdain to be wooed for lucre's sake ; there is an arena, wide as that of the Coliseum, left open, for disappointments and disgrace, or for the ever-intruding and disagreeable reflections of the Rhymer genus. Lord Fitzwarren, not to lose a bet of five hundred pounds on the issue, withdraws without a declaration, while Lord A. Beaulieu, rejected by the daughter, is bold enough to make equally unsuccessful application to mamma, "still fair—touched but not faded, by sorrow." Strathern is the happy man, and the beauteous and harmonious union of two noble hearts and intellects is only interrupted by the dread, that it is not for self that each is loved—sad penalty of riches, and, according to Lady Blessington, sad penalty, also, of high station! The following sentiment is, or ought to be, universal:—

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* Strathern; or, Life at Home and Abroad. A story of the present day. By the Countess of Blessington. 4 vols. 8vo. Colburn. London.

> "Women with refined sentiments and proud minds are flattered by timidity in their suitors, and are much more disposed to bestow their heart on him who appears to doubt his chance of obtaining the gift than on one who seems sure of it. The generosity of the female character, too, is called into action by timidity, while its pride is alarmed by confidence and assurance in a lover."

The aristocracy is sharply dealt with. Certain it is, that some few among them consider supercilious taciturnity, lisping indifference, and fastidiousness, as the acme of good breeding, and as superseding in society the natural expressions of feeling, intellect, or sensibility, but the majority are persons of the easiest, most affable, and, at the same time, most polished manners.

Let us, however, glance at the parties themselves, assembled in the atelier of an English sculptor. Lady Wellerby and her daughters have just entered :

> "'Well met, Mrs. Sydney,' said the former. 'We have just left our cards and a note at your door, to request you and Miss Sydney to come to us to-morrow evening.' The invitations accepted, Lady Wellerby turned to Strathern, and exclaimed, 'Ah, truant ; so I have caught you at last. Where have you been hiding yourself? We have been to all the artists, to admire the beautiful works they are executing for you, and came here to look at the Nymph. Do pray, Mr. Gibson, let me see it.' From the moment that the statue was uncovered, Lady Wellerby and her daughters were loud in their praises of it. 'Beautiful!' 'Exquisite!' 'Charming!' 'So graceful!' 'So original!' were uttered alternately by these ladies ; while Mrs. Sydney and her daughter stood in mute admiration, much more flattering to the sculptor, as well as to the owner of the statue, than the affected enthusiasm displayed by the others. 'It is indeed admirable,' said Mrs. Sydney, after a long pause. 'Yes,' murmured her lovely daughter. And Strathern felt that never before had he heard that monosyllable so sweetly pronounced. 'Ah! Mr. Gibson, I see you have profited by our frequent visits to your studio,' said Lady Wellerby. The sculptor looked puzzled, and began to express his ignorance of her ladyship's precise meaning. 'Don't deny it ; I'm not at all displeased. You did quite right ; there is nothing like having nature to copy from.' 'I really do not comprehend your ladyship.' 'Why, it is as plain as possible that my daughter, Lady Olivia, has furnished a model, and realized your *beau ideal* for this charming Nymph. It is as like as possible—the same turn of the head, the unaffected ease of the attitude, the expression of countenance, and, above all, the exact resemblance of the face and bust ;—yes, it is the very image. I appeal to Mr. Strathern. Don't you think the likeness striking?' 'I cannot say it occurred to me,' replied Strathern. 'Nor to me,' observed Lady Sophia Wellerby. 'Why, Olivia has a long, thin face, and a——' Lord Fitzwarren now entered the *atelier*, bluntly saying he only came in because he saw Strathern's carriage at the door, and not knowing what to do with himself, wished to be told where to go. 'You are come in time to decide whether I am right or wrong in asserting that this statue bears a strong resemblance to Lady Olivia,' said Lady Wellerby. 'Lady Olivia!' exclaimed Fitzwarren. 'Not the slightest—not the least. No more like than my mare Fanny is

to Taglioni, Dullington's favourite mare. This statue looks like a regular thoroughbred creature—small bone, high condition, fine head, well put on; and Lady Olivia's head is large, and she is ewe-necked, and——' "

Now let us be introduced to the rich widow, in scarlet velvet, full trimmed with point-lace, a bandeau of precious gems encircling her head, and a broad and freckled forehead. The tyrant of her *dame de compagnie*, the slave of her *femme de chambre*, and possessor of a lap-dog, " that indispensable appendage for women who have no mental resources, and who are compelled to bestow their tediousness on some victim or other." The scene is at a fancy ball:

" And now all eyes turned on a lady who walked through the noble suite of rooms, costumed as Mary Queen of Scots, but who had found means to destroy the picturesque beauty of the dress, by the enormous quantity of precious stones with which nearly every portion of it was covered. Little was the figure of the wearer calculated to set off this costume. Coarse and ill-shaped, her movements were so awkward as to render her assumption of the character of the lovely Mary Stuart perfectly ridiculous; and the beholders seemed sensible of this, for they indulged in smiles rather too openly to be consistent with the politeness generally maintained in good society. 'How rude they are!' said the would-be Queen of Scots, to a lady on whose arm she leaned. 'And they call this fine company! One would suppose they never saw so many diamonds, pearls, rubies, and emeralds before. I wish I could have put on *all* my jewels, and then they would, I think, stare even more; and I would have put them on, only you persuaded me not.' 'Admirable!' exclaimed Mr. Rhymer; 'this Queen of Diamonds, rather than Queen of Scots, is no other than the dreadful widow of the stock-broker, whose vicinity drove me from the hotel, where, previously to her arrival, I found myself comfortably lodged. Never was there such a creature. The woman on whose arm she leans is her *dame de compagnie*, her *souffre douleur*, and the lord to whom she refers must surely be the Lord of Misrule. I wish some one would address her, for her conversation must be, I think, very amusing.' 'Suppose you speak to her,' said Lady Wellerby. 'I have no courage for the undertaking,' replied Mr. Rhymer. 'I will, for I like a bit of fun, provided Mr. Rhymer tells me what I had best say to her,' said Lord Fitzwarren. 'I suppose that unless I talk of bulls and bears, in the phraseology of the Stock Exchange, she wont understand me.' 'Just ask leave to present her to her sister, Queen Elizabeth,' whispered Rhymer, delighted at the notion of vexing Lady Wellerby, through the medium of her future son-in-law. 'By Jove, I will!' And off marched Lord Fitzwarren, *malgré* all the objections and entreaties of Lady Olivia, who still walked by his side, 'not to speak to that dreadful-looking person.' 'I hope your majesty is quite well, and that David Rizzio is flourishing,' said Lord Fitzwarren. 'I know no such person, and never heard his name before,' replied Mrs. Maclaurin. 'How strange!' remarked Lord Fitzwarren; 'for it has always been asserted that your majesty had a peculiar *tendresse* for him.' 'Ten dresses! Then a very great fib was asserted; for I put on no dress at all to please any such person, let alone ten,' said the lady, mistaking the sense of the word *tendresse*. 'You have been accused of being rather a harsh and stern wife to Darnley. People have gone as far as to say that you blew him up.' 'Then people told a very great story, for I never knew any one of the name. But what right have you to come and cross-question me about two men I never saw or heard of in all my born days?' 'Pray, madam, don't answer him,' whispered Mrs. Bernard. 'But I will, though. Why shouldn't I answer him? Haven't I as good a right to speak as he has?' "

The following scenes will now be understood. Lady Olivia and Lady Sophia are engaged, the one in drawing, the other in cutting out horses. Enter Lord Fitzwarren:

" 'Yes, this *is* better—infinitely better. By Jove! you improve amazingly.' 'Thanks to your instruction,' observed Lady Olivia, with a glance full of gratitude; 'oh! how I *should* like to have fine horses,' exclaimed she, with assumed enthusiasm, 'and go into the stable, and see the dear noble animals fed!' 'Would you, *indeed?*' asked Lord Fitzwarren, his face brightening up. 'Above all things in the world,' resumed the lady; 'except going out hunting. *That* has ever been my utmost ambition—*mais, helas!* I have no chance of such happiness!' and she sighed deeply. 'Who knows? Don't despair!' said Lord Fitzwarren. * * * *

'No; such happiness is not reserved for me. *I* shall never be able to go out hunting,' and she shook her head slowly, and looked with a melancholy expression at Lord Fitzwarren. 'Not until you are married,' replied he. 'So few men are really good riders, and only such could teach their wives to ride, that I have little chance of being so fortunate as to be selected by one;' and Lady Olivia sighed more deeply than ever. 'Don't despair. What wager will you bet me that before six months you are not married to a regular fox-hunter?' 'You are jesting, Lord Fitzwarren; I see you are,' and the lady pouted and looked more sad than before. 'By Jove, I am not! Never was more serious in my life. I'll bet you five guineas to two; I'd make it fifty, only that I know young ladies seldom have much pocket-money, and I don't want to win all yours.' 'I would take your wager,' said Lady Olivia, in a low voice, 'only that mamma would be angry, as she never allows us to make bets.' 'She need know nothing about the matter,' whispered Lord Fitzwarren, 'so take my wager.' 'Done,' said Lady Olivia; and she nodded her head knowingly, and held out her hand to him, saying, 'I shall be sure to win your five guineas; for, fond as I am of horses, and much as I should like to go out hunting, I don't know a single fox-hunter that I would marry.' * * * * Lord Fitzwarren looked perfectly astounded and crest-fallen as he gazed inquiringly on the unconscious countenance assumed by Lady Olivia, and, after a pause of a few minutes, exclaimed—'And so you don't know a single fox-hunter whom you would marry?' 'No,' replied the lady. 'Then, I suppose, you wouldn't marry me, eh?' 'But *you* are not a fox-hunter,' said the lady, looking most innocently—'are you?' 'Why, what the devil else have you taken me for?' 'You never *told* me you were, and I—I—' and she cast down her eyes, and raised her handkerchief to her face, in affected confusion, to conceal, not her blushes, but her want of them. 'Well, I did not take you to be such a simpleton,' said Lord Fitzwarren, his countenance brightening up. 'But now you know that I am a fox-hunter—ay, and a most determined one, too—what do you say to your wager at present, eh? Come, confess that you haven't much chance of winning.' Lady Olivia still kept her handkerchief to her face, and seemed speechless from emotion. 'What will you give to be let off, eh? But, hang me, if I can account for *your* not knowing that which every one of my acquaintance is aware of, namely, that Melton has not a more thorough-going Nimrod than myself. Well, is there now a fox-hunter of your acquaintance that you would marry? Don't keep hiding your face, but say, will you have me or not?' Lady Olivia extended her hand to him, and whispered, 'Oh! I am so happy; but *do* ask mamma, for I am so overpowered—so——'"

Lord Beaulieu sows seeds of suspicion between Strathern and his betrothed; and ultimately driven to extremes by the meagreness of his banker's account, wins over the widow's *femme de chambre* in an admirably told scene, and leads the widow herself to the Hymeneal altar, only to be for ever separated from her an hour afterwards, when a courier arrives to inform him that he is Marquis of Mountserrat!

One unfortunate moonlit evening, a time when effects are sought out at the Coliseum, Mrs. Sydney and her daughter become unintentional witnesses of one, which tends to corroborate all their previous surmises as to Strathern's real character. He is discovered walking, at that mysterious hour, with a very beautiful woman, who, though the wife (secretly) of a very old and dear friend, no explanations are allowed; and the Sydneys, a day or two afterwards, take their departure for England, on the way to which, Strathern saves his betrothed from drowning in Lake Como, but to no purpose; nor do the parties meet; nor is this incident, of a moment's explanation, cleared up, till within three pages of the end of the novel.

During this long interval, Miss Sydney loses her property, and afterwards regains it; and Strathern becomes involved in difficulties, only to receive an additional estate. Hundreds of thousands pass hands like half hundreds; and loans of a few thousands appear to be, at the clubs, an everyday occurrence. The lovers, by their anxiety to assist one another in adversity, and holding steadfastly by their faith in distress, become satisfied of the great fact, that each is loved for himself and herself, and not for base lucre.

Lord Fitzwarren has taken the Lady Olivia for better or worse, and obtains only the latter; after flirting with a French duke, the Lord Mountserrat is found by her husband at her feet; and both fall in the duel which necessarily ensues. The Marchioness of Mountserrat, and the Lady Fitzwarren, are thus left in the enjoyment of large properties and titles unencumbered.

Strathern and Miss Sydney (whose extreme pertinacity and ill-judged suspicions scarcely merited such a reward) are finally united, and thus a conclusion is brought to changes running upon the same ever-recurring topics—men's caprice and heartlessness towards the sex, women's sole regard for station, and the uses and abuses of wealth.

> "The fashionable world too,—that world comprised, for the most part, of the heartless scions of nobility, too proud to work, but not ashamed to borrow or beg; and of fortune-hunting mothers and their calculating daughters, longing to exchange the dull paternal roof and stinted pocket-money for a fine mansion and liberal pin-money, to be supplied by a rich husband."

These materials, other than which are not afforded by fashionable life, are, by the genius of the author, relieved by feeling apostrophes on the first heavy blows of experience which fall so crushingly on the young in all situations, by the cynic sneer and sepulchral smiles of the banker and poet, Rhymer, and by shrewd reflection. Lady Blessington has no peer in the power of portraying the feelings which influence, and the motives which govern aristocratic hearts. "Strathern" is her best novel.

THE BRIDAL OF AVENEYE

BY MRS. PONSONBY.

"Flowers are meet to deck the young—lily white and rose-bud red;
Flowers should grace the halls of joy—flowers should strew the bridal bed;
Here the winter time is dreary—but with us the flowers are bright;
And I have brought a blooming wreath to crown the bride thou'lt wed to-night.

Thus it was an aged crone bespoke the Lord of Aveneye;
Cold and piercing was the wind—frosty was the clear blue sky;
The winter time was very dreary—chilling blasts, and ice, and snow;
But the roses that she brought him bloomed with summer's crimson glow.

Proud is the Lord of Aveneye, his wealth is great, his lands are wide,
And he has wooed—and he has won; now to-night he weds his bride;
But the winter mocks at bridals; and that lady, passing fair,
Seeketh vainly flowers whose beauty still should twine in maiden's hair.

But before the haughty bridegroom stands that aged woman now:
"Lord, the maiden thou espousest lacketh roses for her brow;
Here the winter time is dreary—but with us the flowers are bright;
And I have brought a blooming wreath to crown the bride thou'lt wed to-night."

Glad was the Lord of Aveneye, when he beheld that rosy wreath—
Red with a southern sunshine's power, sweet with a southern summer's breath—
On the leaves, so soft, so glowing; brighter drops than diamonds hung
To the twining slender stems, the moss, so green and fragrant, clung.

"Tell me," said the happy bridegroom, "how shall I this boon repay?
I will give thee aught thou cravest for the flowers thou bring'st to-day."
"Little do I crave, my lord, for this wreath so bright and rare,
Only may the bride thou lovest twine it in her maiden hair.

"For methinks thou hast forgotten one whose face was once well known.
I had once a child, as fair as her so soon to be thine own;
'Tis *long ago*, but thou didst love her"—gazing on that roseate glow;
Carelessly the lord made answer—"Ay, indeed, *'tis long ago!*"

"She is gone; but I, my lord, lingering still, remember yet;
And I have brought this precious gift that thou, too, mayst not all forget;
I would have thee think—while braiding those bright locks with this bright bloom—
How the child of her who gives it sleeps in silence in the tomb!"

Little thought that happy bridegroom of the silence and the gloom
Where a heart that he had broken found sad rest within the tomb!
No, he only saw the roses—only thought how passing fair
She would be when those rich blossoms' bloom were entwined within her hair.

* * * * *

Was there ever such a bridal?—so much pomp and so much grace—
He, with such a stately bearing—*she*, with such a lovely face;
She, with roses in her tresses, shining in the gorgeous crowd,
Was there ever dame so lovely?—was there bridegroom ere so proud?

"Oh, my love," he said, "these roses—let this wreath thy brow entwine."
"Far above all gems," she answered, "will I prize this gift of thine;
Ah! how sweet the summer fragrance; see, the dew-drops linger yet—
I would not exchange my roses for a queenly coronet."

Now he leads her to the altar—solemn are the words they breathe;
And the maiden's cheek grows pale—pale beneath that crimson wreath.
"Courage, dearest—do not tremble;" thus the bridegroom whispers low;
But pale, paler grows the maiden, redder yet the roses glow.

"Oh, this wreath, how hot, how heavy! Take it—take it from my brow!"
Paler, paler grows the maiden; redder yet the roses glow.
"Oh, my love, untwine the chaplet;" vainly, Lord of Aveneye,
Would those hands with tender office that close-clinging band untie!

Lo! before the sacred altar, on the cold and marble floor,
Sinks the lady, shrieking wildly! Kneels the bridegroom—proud no more!
Terrible that parting anguish—redder yet the roses glow—
Mingled drops of fear and torment stain the damp and pallid brow!

From the high and Gothic window, floods of light are pouring down;
Sunset's rich and parting glory dyes more bright the crimson crown;
All around the snow is shining frosty is the clear blue sky—
Day is dying, and with daylight dies the Bride of Aveneye!

"Flowers are meet to deck the young—lily white and rose-bud red—
Dost thou thank me, happy bridegroom, for the wreath that binds her head?
I have brought this precious gift, that thou too mayst remember yet;
I—that linger still, remembering—would not have thee all forget."

So she spoke, that aged woman, ere she vanish'd from the crowd,
Where the weeping is so bitter, and the wailing is so loud,
None might see how she departed; and her voice, that mock'd at death,
Sounded hollow, as though rising from the charnel-vaults beneath.

Now the maiden, freed from torture, lies upon the marble floor;
From the brow, all scorch'd and wither'd, fall the roses, fair no more;
And the moss, so green and fragrant, and the leaves, so crimson red,
Fall in pale and scentless ashes from the forehead of the dead!

* * * * *

Long on earth he yet did linger, that sad Lord of Aveneye,
Watching wearily the moments as they pass'd so slowly by,
Longing for the rest that came not—lingering still, remembering yet
How *the mother* gave those roses that he too might not all forget.

THE PHANTOM FACE.

I.

HEAVEN knows how it came about, but it was so!

In the days of which I write, I had a terrible impression of being perpetually haunted by a human face. Sometimes, it would be peering at me from over my shoulder; at others, it would dart angry looks at me from the furthest corner of the room. If I walked, or ran in the open air, it would take up its position amongst the branches of the nearest tree, and wait to scowl at me as I passed; then, as I hurried on, or turned to fly, it would anticipate my steps, and I was certain of never losing sight of it.

It was not a pleasant face. God knows, if it had been, I could have loved to look at it; for in the sight of a human countenance, not distorted by passion, not saddened by sorrow or crime, there is a source of pleasurable emotion worth the promise of an Elysium, at least.

Nor was it always the same face. At times, it would be that of a young child—such children as work in factories, sallow from confinement, meagre from scanty diet, sad from deprivation of the luxuries of nature and the sports of childhood. It was a face to which no smile ever came; but on its infant brow there were sown premature wrinkles; and its eyes either lacked brilliancy or gleamed with an unnatural and terrible light.

At times, it would be the face of the young and cruelly overtasked sempstress, so haggard and dejected; albeit, it preserved the traces of unearthly beauty, that the iron entered into my soul whenever I beheld it.

At times, also, it would be that of the indigent student, as he sits plodding in his college rooms, his soul consuming herself with her own fire—plodding on, plodding on till the brain reels, and swims, and dances, in the hope of gaining some college preferment, that his aged mother might spend her remaining days in comfort.

At times, it would be MY OWN FACE!

Yes, my own face! but how altered from all I ever had been! Always older in appearance than the countenance of my real self—presenting a fearful index of how I should look, as years increased upon me—now the broken debauchée—anon the gambler and the drunkard—the honourable assassin, who kills you his man at twelve paces—the cheater at cards—the SUICIDE!

It always terminated with that.

And at such times, where the throat should have begun, there was always an awful smear of blood!

Before I saw this fearful phantom I was always conscious of its presence. Even now, as I write, I experience the shivering fits which assailed me when overtaken by this consciousness. I have walked miles, at night, on lonely heaths, to rid myself of it. I have cast my clothes from me, and plunged into the sea, with the same design. I have mingled in a vast crowd of people, and said as they said, and shouted as they shouted; but to no purpose. There have been times—but these, thank God! were rare—when every man in a mighty multitude has assumed the same features, and every throat has been marked with the same smear of blood.

II.

I remember once, when a youth, being seated in my solitary chamber, at the extreme end of a long corridor, far away from the apartments tenanted by the rest of the family. It had long been disused; but in one of my boyish humours I insisted on appropriating it. I was in a sullen mood, having quarrelled with my father, and being, as I considered, hardly dealt by. A book was lying at my elbow. It was Frankenstein.

It was a winter's night, and the season was unusually severe. Snow had everywhere drifted in masses; and frequent accounts had arrived during the day, of wayfarers, who, as people sometimes will in such weather, had grown weary on their road, making out their path with difficulty, and had seated themselves beneath some steep and shelving bank, fancying themselves comfortable at home, and so had perished. The fire sparkled in my grate. I quaffed a rather immoderate draught of mulled claret, and commenced thinking of the monster created by Frankenstein. Then the idea entered my brain that I would try and invoke such a monster myself. On the instant, they came in troops—troop upon troop, army upon army. The walls of my chamber grew transparent; and I beheld them, in the wintry night beyond, face after face, reaching for miles over the snow.

They were fearful things to see: hideous women—hags, with sea-green eyes and weazen bodies. As I looked upon them, one exclaimed —"I am the Witch Mara, and these are my companion nightmares!" And as the words yet sounded in my ears, they vanished on their errands. Others quickly supplied their places. Among them, were horrible features, and features also beautiful to see. And as I gazed, I knew they were the good and bad consciences of men. I looked for my own amongst them. It was at my side, sad and trembling. There was no dark stain upon its brow; but it wore an expression of hopeless and consuming melancholy that froze the blood that crept around my heart. Then I was seized with a strange and unlawful desire to look upon the Conscience of my father. I knew that it was amongst the hindmost of that innumerable throng, and that it tried to hide itself in the shadow of the others. I felt, as my glance penetrated to where it was, that it held its face averted, and seemed resolved not to be seen.

My father was one of those stern men who never smile, but walk the earth in perpetual hypochondria. I have a faint consciousness of his having once been otherwise. When I was a tiny child, and he was wont to take me on his knee and pat my head with fondness, I remember what happiness gleamed from his joyous countenance, and how his merry laugh made our whole circle festive. At the time I write of, it had long been different. Mirth fled before him. All companies into which he entered caught the contagion of his gloom; and friend took leave of friend, wondering whence came the depression that had stolen over him.

There was a movement presently amongst the band, and as they shifted to and fro—the Bad ever endeavouring to clutch and harass the Good—that which my father owned was gradually brought nearer to where I sat.

I see it all now,—how I rested my head upon my hand, and placed my feet upon the fender of the grate. I have it all before me,—the clothes I wore, and the furniture within the room.

There was a large old-fashioned bow-window, overlooking the garden, hung with curtains of a faded red. The wainscoting of the apartment was of oak, darkened by time. On the table were two wax lights, in massive silver candlesticks. The furniture was of an antique fashion. My grandmother had died suddenly in the arm-chair in which I was seated.

Nearer—it came nearer; but still it kept its face averted, and strove against any further approach. I saw how madly it longed to tear itself away, and plunge into solitude, and the darkness of the thickest night.

I know not whence came the horror that seized me, or why, after having sought to behold it, I cowered and shrunk from its presence. I remember how I thought myself a guilty and an accursed thing, to be thus set face to face with the unveiled secrets of my father's breast.

A terrible spell rooted me to my seat.

It came nearer. It stood opposite to me. It fixed its glance—its horrible, basilisk glance, full on my face. Shrieks rang in my ears. Lights danced before my eyes. Through the transparent walls of my chamber, I beheld the snow glow with fiery heat, and roll and heave like molten lava. I saw the clouded heavens mantled with blood.

It had its hair erect, and its face was dreadfully distorted. And I knew that my father had committed some horrible crime.

III.

It was summer. I had brooded six months over the terrible revelation of that night. The phantom face had never ceased to haunt me. It was no longer that of child, or desperate man, or famished sempstress, tempted by distress to fearful misery. It was no longer the face of the indigent and plodding student, nor my own features, and throat, red with the smear of blood.

It never once left me. I knew, when I had extinguished my candle, and laid my head upon my pillow, that there it was, on the same pillow, beside me. At times I have risen in despair, and fled into the moonlight, fording rivers, and scaring wild fowls from the reeds. But, wherever I went, by night or day, that face ever attended me. If I ran, it was as the face of a man who runs. If I threw myself on the ground, and closed my eyes, I saw it still, the features of a man who seemed to sleep. If I arose, and madly leapt some brawling torrent, I saw it preparing for the leap—plunge as a man plunges for his life, and await me on the opposite bank.

It was always my father's face.

The effect of all this was, to make me a misanthrope. I no longer loved my race. I no longer pitied the oppressed. I no longer grieved for those who pined in dungeons—for the slave in distant lands, or the white slave of my own nation. I grew sullen, and courted solitude. I longed to hide myself in some desert, where the foot of man had never pressed the soil—where my sustenance might be the wild fruit of earth, and the limpid water of the spring.

On one occasion, I was even in a more wilful mood than ordinary. I had been reading Lucretius. I love Lucretius, the stern enemy of superstition, who dared, in the face of knavish priests, to hold forth their mal-practices to withering scorn. Suddenly, turning an angle in the shrubbery, my father met me.

Since *that night* I had hated him. With terror to myself, I had hated him. Like a shaft of flame, scorching my brain with terrible heat, the hatred had taken possession of me. Immediately I saw him, I resolved to taunt him with his crime. He had long persecuted me; he knew, from the expression of my eyes, which were often riveted upon him, that I had learned his secret. I was sensible that he at once longed and feared to kill me.

"At length," I said to myself, "the time is arrived. The struggle commences."

I threw away my book, and encountered him with folded arms.

"How is this, Ernest?" said my father. "Why do you love to be alone? Why do you shun your brothers? Why do you not share in their amusements?"

"I am not as one of them," I answered. "The idle sports of youth become them well; but I have learned to read the human heart, and know that oftentimes brother hateth brother, and father hateth child."

"But you are not hated;—no one hates you, Ernest."

"I know better," I cried, passionately. "Every one hates me. You hate me—my brothers hate me."

"*I* hate you, Ernest!" exclaimed my father.

"Yes," I said, in a tone fearfully slow and distinct, "you hate me, and I know well the cause of your hatred. *My grandmother died suddenly in the old arm-chair that is in the apartment at the end of the long corridor.*"

I expected these words would have annihilated him. But to my astonishment, he was unmoved, except by surprise, and replied calmly,

"What is it you mean, Ernest?"

I repeated my words.

He seemed to reflect for a minute, then fixing on me a wrathful look, he twined his finger in his hair, and, with a half-repressed cry, hurried back to the house.

How that night passed—how I flew to the stable, and, heedless of saddle or bridle, mounted my horse, and dashed across the country—how every leaf that quivered in the moonlight became a phantom face, and every sigh of wind came laden with unearthly voices—I would fain not remember. It was a terrible night for us all; for, before the morning, my father had perished by his own hand.

In quiet seasons now, I often ask myself whether he was really guilty of the crime of which I had dared to accuse him, or whether all that had passed on that ill-omened night was but the offspring of a disordered brain. To be falsely suspected by the world is a lot terrible to endure; but to be wrongly accused by a son——

Years have passed since then, and I have gained repose and calm. I never see those phantom faces now. I love my race. I love the world again.

Oh, ye, wherever ye are, who are the victims of a morbid temperament, seek the society of temperate, reasoning men, and shun hypochondria as ye would shun the plague!

TALFOURD'S VACATION RAMBLES.*

Every one who has a heart to feel, and an intellect to enjoy these delightful reminiscences of rapid, but delicious journeys, must be deeply grateful to Mr. Serjeant Talfourd, that they were not, as originally contemplated, confined to the circle of immediate friends, but have been conferred, as a real boon, upon the public at large.

Severed, by an effort worthy of the cause, from the drudgery of the bar, and the feverish anxieties of the circuit, the author of Ion, when abroad, appears no longer as the spirit which once entertained and embodied dreams of heroic excellence in the chasm of a cliff at King's-gate; but as the amiable conversational traveller, full of social amenities, of the kindliest human sympathies, and of wise and happy reflections.

Incidents, description, and thought, are, indeed, so variously and so intimately blended in the narrative, that it is as difficult to choose from among them, as it is to separate the one from the other. Mingled humour and pathos characterize the first, and while the descriptions of home landscapes are sketched with the softness of a Claude, Alpine scenery is brought out with the sculptured boldness of a Thorwalsden; and amidst these there flows an under-current of quiet reflection on passing things, as well as on men and books, blending the whole into an harmonious unity, like a deep, yet clear sea, from which, ever and anon, fancies, like the luminous things of the ocean itself, sparkle to the surface.

Rouen, at the evening hour, is a characteristic picture:

> "The city, steeped in the evening light, looked more lovely than beneath the scorching sun: below the great stone bridge, vessels, peopling but not hiding the river, shot up their tall masts into the roseate sky; above it, the river spread itself out in rippleless crystal, between the tall buildings, and, far onward, between avenues of trees, amidst which lamps were beginning to sparkle; and along the quay, clustering to talk, or hastening into the fair-arched walks, were crowds of lightly-dressed and light-hearted lads and lasses, eager to enjoy the pleasure of contrast from their dark and cell-like homes."

Comparing the Seine with the Rhine, Mr. Serjeant Talfourd says:

> "Its uniform course is far fairer, and its body of water scarcely inferior, at least, as it expands to the eye. It has, besides, the three epic incidents of a beginning, a middle, and an end; in which last the Rhine lamentably fails."

Very true, and beautifully expressed; but as the traveller has twice progressed by Antwerp to Cologne, a fourth trip should decidedly be made by Rotterdam and Dordrecht. There is something in the old Dutch houses, and the remnants of their once mighty navy,—their interminable dykes and villages, like floating islands,—which leaves a lasting impression. As far as the mere matter of fact is concerned, we are two widths of the Seine at variance with Mr. Talfourd, when he says that writers who have represented that river at Paris as far inferior to the Thames at London "were very unworthy of the truth;"

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* Vacation Rambles and Thoughts; comprising the Recollections of Three Continental Tours, in the Vacations of 1841, 1842, and 1843. By T. N. Talfourd, D.C.L., Serjeant at Law. 2 vols. 8vo. Moxon, London.

and elsewhere, when beyond Paris, he describes it as "still a noble river, broader than the Thames at Chelsea."

The impressions of genius always possess a deep interest within themselves; but their charm is never felt so vividly as in the new lights or shadows which they are made to cast upon familiar objects. Notre Dame, for example, compared with the Madeleine:

> "We threaded our way, half blinded and quite stunned, to the front of the venerable cathedral; an open space, indeed, but more resembling a filthy inn-yard than the approach to one of the most famous churches in Christendom, where every kind of filth was allowed to accumulate, and rubbish might be cast, not in secret, but under the great eye of heaven. Not a trace of reverential care gave token of Christian piety or antiquarian sentiment; but the poor old majestic pile, neighboured by dirty cafés and bankrupt-looking shops, seemed left meekly to vindicate its claim of respect before Heaven, like Christianity in its earlier days, rising above the scorns and the abuses of the world. I was disappointed in the size of the edifice, having received a shadowy notion of an enormous building from Victor Hugo's great romance, of which it is the scene; but abundantly recompensed by the sense of dim antiquity which it conveys, with more hoary power than any pile which I recollect, not in ruins. Its square grey turrets are the haunts of innumerable birds, former generations of whom have shivered away the crumbling stones, for their posterity to 'make their bed and procreant cradle in;' and the low archways over the humble portals beneath them, seem carved out of wood which has been charred by the action of fire. The interior is naked and gloomy, and struck us with a vault-like chillness. How different from the pride of Paris—the Madeleine—which we visited the next day, elevated on broad platforms of steps, a huge Grecian building of white stone, like an Athenian temple without, like a gaudy music-room within! The interior is still unfinished; but all glowing with purple and gold, without shadow, without repose, shews that in its perfection, it will be a miracle of French art raised to French glory. For such a gew-gaw as this do the Parisians neglect their own holy cathedral; but no wonder! Self is ever rebuked before the embodied presence of ages! Notre Dame is the grave of vanity—the Madeleine will be its throne."

A wayside inn at Dôle:

> "It was a strange and vast place, lofty almost as one of the stables, which had been a church at Dijon in better days, with a cold stone floor; dirty deal tables occupying its length in the middle; a huge grate, large enough to roast an ox, redeemed only from icy chillness by dying embers, not holding fire enough to warm a blackbeetle; two dirty drabs of serving-maids, and two great tallow candles!"

Upon the subject of hotels and hostelries it is impossible to withhold a reproof, which, coming from a quarter of such unquestionable amiability and warmth of heart, may do good:

> "Our waiters, with some pleasant exceptions, are a surly, ill-looking, ill-conditioned race, moving about with airs of injured innocence while you stay, and scowling at you when you depart, unless you pay them twice as much as the profits which their master obtains on your bill. The garçons are generally lively, light-hearted fellows, on excellent terms with themselves, and disposed to be pleased with every one else."

Another must be added here, upon the principle that an abominable grievance cannot be too frequently exposed:

> "We had the opportunity of learning—in the miseries inflicted by our Lords Commissioners on foreigners landing in London—a lesson of more humiliation for our country than all we had seen abroad had taught us."

The first journey directed itself by Paris and Geneva to Chamouni; and from thence by the Tête Noire, (and on another occasion by the Col de Balme,) to Martigny; and thence by the Gemmi pass to Thun, Berne, and Basle, and down the Rhine.

The second journey also conducts us by the Rhine to Schaffhausen, and thence by Zurich and Coire to the pass of the Splugen, and the lakes of Como and Lugano. At Zurich, the curious incident happened, of mistaking a young German gentleman for a boatman, and employing him as such. Ascending the Rhine where it had dwindled to a shallow mountain stream, and approaching the confluence of the two upper branches of that famous river, they reached Reichenau—

> "Where Louis-Philippe performed the high and humble duties of a school-teacher, while his palace-home was made destitute by his father's death, and his mother's exile. It would be pleasant to know the princely usher's thoughts, when, after he had patiently endured the toil of contending with the levities and the dulness of school-boys, he retired to his own secret contemplations—more extraordinary than those of any one of his ill-fortuned class, except perhaps Eugene Aram."

Passing a gallows—"emblem of infant civilization, soon, perhaps, to be looked upon as a moral wonder,"—they entered the Splugen by the vale of Domleschg:

> "It is a wild scene; on the crags, which jut out from the mountains, are the remains of feudal holds more ancient, and which nested bandits more fierce, than those of the Rhine in its glory, while the vexed and furrowed earth attests the force of the huge torrent of the Nolla, which often lays it waste. You almost tremble as you look on this wild battle-field of nature and men! It is a small chaos."

Next comes that wonderful cleft in the mountains, which is traversed by a miraculous road, incorrectly, according to Mr. Talfourd, called Via Mala. Splugen itself had at first an "uneasy sense of Benthamism" about it, which was, however, dissipated by a nearer approach. A mere accident, relating to a voiturier's passport, determined the important question, whether the return from storm-swept Benacus, and blue Lugano, should be by the Simplon or St. Gothard. It fell, however, to the latter, and thus not only enriched the literature of the Alps with a delightful disquisition on the Ticino, and on the harmonies of nature generally, as contrasted with wild scenery, but also carried this tragic poet to Altorf, where those associations became legitimate which are otherwise, as when the gateway of Chiavenna is compared to a triumphal arch at Covent Garden Theatre, sometimes rather profusely made use of.

There are, indeed, in combination with rich and prolific beauties, many peculiarities deserving of notice, as characteristic of the tenacity of genius. Father Mathew and Satan, for example, decidedly trouble the poet. The former was for a moment in favour, just before reaching the Grands Mulets; but à propos of the Marriage at Cana in the Louvre, he calls it, with truthful energy, "that divine miracle, before which tee-totalism should stand aghast, as unchristian as it is unkindly."

Why the devil's name has been given to that masterpiece of ancient daring and skill which spans the turbid waters of the Reuss, he says it would be hard to conjecture, "unless, on the questionable authority of Milton, whose fallen angels construct the fatal bridge over Chaos, the Devil must be regarded as the first engineer, as well as the first Whig."

Elsewhere, speaking of the Höllenthal, he says, "The Devil takes all the most beautiful places, as the late Mr. Rowland Hill said he took all the pretty tunes."

At the Splugen and at St. Gothard, an impenetrable voiturier still shook his head, like Lord Burleigh, "without Mr. Puff to interpret for them;" and the zodiac, whose distance from Capricorn is lamented at the inn bearing that sign, at Coire, is positively said to be frozen when at the Capricorn of Lauterbrunnen. Wine, and plays, and bon-mots, are introduced repeatedly, "by particular desire, and for that night only:" and the "hero of a hundred cocked hats" reminds us that the idea has been graphically represented.

Altorf led to Lucerne, of whose lion the poet speaks in appropriate language:

> "There is surely no image in stone or marble of stricken power and beautiful resignation—of fidelity imparting sweetness to death—of true heroic suffering, beyond relief but above despair, so eloquent as this!"

Imperishable monument to Thorwalsden's genius!

Lucerne led to Basle; and Basle, again, to the Rhine; and the Rhine, to the sea, which girted the home of the ramblers. The instinct of progress, the mere idle desire of getting on, which more particularly marks the English traveller, is well characterized "as an instinct which shews that our rest is not to be found even in the most blessed passages of this life."

But the poet remained dissatisfied. He had crossed the Tête Noire, the Gemmi, the Splugen, and St. Gothard, yet had not grown familiar with icy pinnacles. "I had seen," he says, when at Airolo, "little more of ice or snow than you may discern throughout the summer streaking the great summit above Glencoe or wreathed among the north-eastern declivities of Ben Nevis."

Chamouni, with its giant guest, had also taken a deep hold of his newly awakened alpine sympathies and ambitions:

> "If one might suppose Nature studious to exhibit some favourite object, with all possible advantages of position, and the happiest attendant circumstances, I should believe she had prepared the Vale of Chamouni for the perfect exhibition of Mont Blanc."

Accordingly, the Third Vacation was devoted to the one of all the places he had seen abroad which left the most vivid impressions on his memory—a valley, compared with which, he elsewhere states, that of Rasselas is unhappy; and the Belgian railroad and Rhine steamers soon led the happy party to Basle; and thence, by Berne, and the Lake of Geneva, to the City of Calvin and Voltaire itself, from whence is a brief but beautiful trajet by the wild pass of the Cluses to Chamouni. The prison of Chillon is presented to us in a new and interesting light, by the way.

Arrived at Chamouni, Mont Blanc held forth promises of satisfying the wish so ardently entertained of wandering among glaciers and icy wastes, and of satisfying an ambition, which experience has shewn may have many other manifestations, besides that of ascending the perilous steeps of a snow and ice-clad mountain.

An ascent of the mountain was accordingly determined upon; the chief of the guides was consulted; the season was favourable; and the weather, at the moment, also suitable. Preparations were accordingly made, in the shape of guides, clothing, and shoes, "rough, with more hob-nails than the senior alderman who has not passed the chair counts in her majesty's Court of Exchequer." The originators, consisting of Serjeant Talfourd and his son, Frank, were joined by several volunteers, among whom was a Mr. Bosworth, who had previously made an unsuccessful attempt. The night before the ascent—

> "The kitchen of the hotel was the scene of activity only paralleled on similar occasions; half a hecatomb of chickens, at the least, who had been sacrificed to the Genius of the Mountain, took their turns on the unresting spit; hams and legs of mutton simmered in huge pots; and other viands were preparing for our entertain-

ment in the upward regions, and the preliminary breakfast of the guides; all was bustle, as if a rent audit or a borough election had been in prospect. It is the policy, perhaps the sentiment, of universal Chamouni, to invest the ascent of Mont Blanc with all sorts of adventitious importance—it is an event in the valley's history; the guides look abstracted; porters step with a solemn air; and even the stable-boys, who harness the mules, assume a dignity."

The intrepid serjeant-at-law looked in upon the guides at breakfast. They all rose to drink his health, and begged him to take a glass in return. He thus chronicles his anticipatory feelings with captivating modesty:

> "I did so, with a careless air enough; but touched parched lips with a brimming glass, and hurried off to be for a moment alone. I felt a resemblance in my position—sharing the glory and the terror of imaginary heroism—to Conachar, in the 'Fair Maid of Perth,' clothed in all the attributes of chieftainship, fêted and dressed, and arrived, as if for combat, but having the fearful consciousness within of a spirit unequal to its office—one of the boldest and most affecting creations of novelist or poet. With me, however, as with him, it was 'too late;' retreat was, or seemed, impossible; so I kept up the show of bravery with a sort of desperate hope that something would turn up to help me to the summit, though what that something was I did not inquire.

And now Julien, the guide, knocked at the chamber-door, and told him all was ready. On descending, a picturesque crowd filled the space before the inn: adventurers, with huge straw-hats, and long spiked poles, guides with poles and knapsacks, porters bending beneath the weight of their loads, and spectators of all classes and kinds.

The cottagers, at every farm they passed, came out, and waved their good-wishes; and the pretty girls dropped their prettiest curtseys without wishing to be paid for them. They passed the pine-woods, and soon gained the blazing open hill-side. Here a prickly furze-bush saved the record of this attempted ascent of Mont Blanc, by preserving its narrator over an awful declivity, into which he had been thrown by his mule.

Rocks and loose stones rendered the climbing very fatiguing, and many of the party were well worn out before they gained the glacier, which, however, afforded a delightful and invigorating change from the previous stony wilderness up which they had to labour.

The glacier was in a most favourable condition. Its surface presented a huge waste of the purest frozen snow, spread amidst enormous rocks, tending upwards at a steep but not dangerous elevation, and riven in parts by irregular crevices, which alone remained to justify the terrific descriptions of former aspirants.

The party was brought to a dead stop by the channel of the central stream, which, happily, only presented a jagged slit of about seven or eight yards in width, at the opening, narrowing as it slanted downwards, while, from a hundred fathoms below, the sound of the sub-glacial river was heard. This was passed in safety; but a long path of toil still lay before them, till, at length, when nearly wearied out, and "I thought I could proceed no further, a shout of welcome rang through the snowy field, and resounded in echoes from the lofty tops; and our rocks of refuge, the Grands Mulets, all manned by our friends, rose black and cheerful before us."

> "The Grands Mulets are (or at least *were* when I sojourned upon them) a narrow chain of dark granite rocks, which break out from the mantle of snow that clothes the exterior of the mountain, terminating in an abrupt declivity, directly opposite to the valley of Chamouni; which have, on their western side, ledges sufficiently level and protected at the back to serve for a traveller's rest. Their name is said to have originated from a fancied resemblance of their aspect as surveyed from the

valley to a team of mules; to me they appeared from the same point of vision, rather to resemble a set of projecting attic-windows, fixed in a steep shelving roof; but here, bristling with unequal splinters, they seemed to resemble a line of immense fir-apples, with the cones occasionally broken; but no words can give any adequate idea of the awful contrast of their dark isolated range of pinnacles with the dazzling fields of ice and snow above, around, and beneath them. The most capacious ledge is on the north-western side of the first rock of the range; of irregular width, being, perhaps, seven feet at the broadest, backed by the summit of the rock rising about twenty feet above it, and protected at its edge partly by natural projections of the rock itself, and partly by inserted stones, which the guides place and renew on their expeditions. When I approached these rocks of refuge, the chief ledge was occupied by my son and three or four of our fellow aspirants; while the guides and porters were dispersed in smaller ledges or fissures of the range, so that the crags were all animated with mortal life; 'a fortress built by nature for herself,' not 'against infection or the hand of war,' but far beyond the reach of either, had been stormed and manned through all its rough battlements; while the piled poles gave hints of an armoury of lances, and the waving handkerchiefs of various colours, which floated in the thin air, streamed like its festal flags. Almost in front rose the huge Dôme du Gouté—here surveyed in its full grandeur—a vast cupola of stainless snow; to its right, the Aiguille du Gouté, a bulk of rock rising out of a belt of snow; to the left, the highest summit, scarcely here looking larger than from the valley, but cast further back in a more solemn seclusion from its subject domes and spires; all beneath these, the greatest summits, was well-sunned but unspotted snow; broken only by a few reddish rocks on the right of the top; ascending on every side from the basin out of which our rock arose, aud thence floating downwards, till lost to the sight in the steepness of the descent, except that here and there, at the rim of the downward view, a rock projected out, as if overhanging the unseen abyss, in shape like the tusk of some gigantic animal. The lower snow was, however, illustrated by the track of the party—deep-imprinted steps of some twenty of 'us fools of nature,' which gave a human interest to the waste. Beyond, far below, almost as at the bottom of a well, the broadest part of the valley of Chamouni gleamed with its bits of yellow fields and white baby-houses, above which the top of the Bréven stood out in blackness; and, beyond that, the far mightier rock of the Aiguille Varens crouched like a lion in the deep blue sky. To the left, the huge round top of the Buet walled in the prospect; which was, although thus so mighty in objects, yet limited in extent; admitting no distance, except a gleam of blue of the Lake of Geneva, with a faint outline of hills—the line of the Jura beyond it—which also I thought might be traced to the left of the Bréven, at the extreme verge of the horizon. Having recovered sufficient strength to crawl round the buttress, which towered above our resting-place, I looked down into the other great snow valley which it overlooked, and divided from that which we had made ours; it was not so vast, but still more fearful: bordered by heights more abrupt, between the Aiguille du Midi and the summit, precipices which the chamois can never scale. Our rock on this side was far more precipitous than on that by which we had ascended; and, therefore, I contented myself with one glance, and crept back to my place in the safer eyry."

Here the physical man was refreshed—the manner of dining belonging, according to the best authority, "more to the romantic than to the classical, there being no unity of place, although there was plenty of unity of purpose."

Next follows a magnificent description of sunset.

"Soon after I had thus 'set up my rest,' the grand process of sun-setting began; and solemn as have been many sunsets to me, I never saw one—I will not say merely equal to this—but one resembling it; for the difference was not in degree, but in kind. Above and around there was not a cloud—not a speck to dim the deepening azure of the sky, nor a fleecy breath of mist wafted or lingering about the towers or domes of the mountain. These glowed for a few minutes in deeper rose-colour than that which appeared to clothe them at this hour from below; the summit, as usual, retained it last; and when it faded, it left them in the cold whiteness of the dawn. Thus far—with the grandeur above us—all passed in its usual procession of glory; but while I watched those receding tints, flocks of clouds arose below, and filled up the valley of Chamouni to the brim with tissues waving greyly, like floating shrouds. They were then seen creeping up within the folds of the valley beyond, till that also assumed, as far as it was revealed, the same spectral veil—while the top of the Bréven, the Aiguille Varens, and the head of the

Buet, stood out like islands in that solemn sea. But beyond—in the expanse to the right of the Bréven top, what glory was disclosed!—a heaven-tinged cloud-land, not to be gazed at from below by a subject-mortal, but to be looked down into as from a purer seat—a subjected enchantment spread beneath us—as if from some pinnacle of heaven, the eye were permitted to gaze upon its lower glories, the habitations and the array of angels. The first appearance of this vision was that of a celestial city, all of sapphire, circling a lake of azure, while far away in measureless distance, legions of angelic hosts—shapeless as those of Rembrandt, descending on Jacob's slumber, but giving like them the sense of winged glories, were ranged, while tents and pavilions of violet and gold behind them, seemed to bespeak a martial array. Presently these splendours became all confused; and then a sterner grandeur reigned; a scene of huge purple caverns and golden rocks, but beside a sapphire sea studded with islands of deeper gold; and then the colours blended, and faded, and nothing but one heap of purple clouds filled the place of the gorgeous vision; and I was alone with the rock, the snow, and the stars."

At midnight, the party started again:

"There was no moonlight—the only elemental felicity wanting to our enterprise—but the stars and the river relieved the darkness, which was also broken by numerous lanterns, which were already lighted, and shone among the bristling cornices of the rock below me, like huge dull glow-worms."

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"When we began to ascend the snow was found so hard and so steep, that we were obliged to pause every ten paces, while the guides, with hatchets, cut steps. Every one, I believe, performs some part well; at least, few are without some grace or power, which they are found to possess in a peculiar degree, if the proper occasion occurs to rouse it into action; and I performed the stopping part admirably. While we stood still, I felt as if able to go on; and it is possible, that if the progress had always been as difficult, and consequently as slow, and as replete with stoppages, I might eventually have reached the summit—unless first frozen; but, unluckily for me, these occasions of halting soon ceased, for the snow became so loose, that, by only sinking to the knees in it at each step, you could advance without an obstacle."

Bad symptoms soon began to manifest themselves:

"The rarity of the atmosphere now began to affect us; and as the disorder resulting from this cause was more impartial than the distribution of muscular activity, our condition was, for a short time, almost equalized; even Mr. Bosworth felt violent nausea and headach, while I only felt, in addition to the distress of increasing weakness, the taste or scent of blood in the mouth, as it were, about to burst from the nostrils."

They thus reached the Grand Plateau—a long field of snow in the bosom of the highest pinnacle of the mountain—which, being nearly level, was much less distressing to traverse than the previous slopes; but just before the commencement of the next ascent, which rose in a vast dim curve, Mr. Bosworth turned back to say, that Mr. Talfourd, jun. was so much affected by the elevation, that his guide thought it necessary he should return. The young gentleman himself was anxious to proceed, quite satisfied, if he might only rest for a very little time, he could go on; but the guides shook their heads; and as the father could not proceed without the son, the further prosecution of the adventure was abandoned. Serjeant Talfourd, with his usual modesty, declares that he should not have had muscular pliancy left to raise a foot up a step of the long staircase, which the guides are obliged to cut in its frozen snow; but he remained to be tried. It is astonishing, when the last point to be attained is within the grasp, what will be undergone rather than fail. Mr. Bosworth and a single other member of the party reached the summit, while the gallant Serjeant, shrinking from the gaze of the peasants, who no longer waved hands and handkerchiefs or dropped curtseys, thought, as he dismounted unobserved at the hotel, of the feelings with which Napoleon must have shrunk into Paris from Waterloo.

DESCENT OF THE RIVER.

BY W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH.

(SECOND PROGRESS.)

The steamer aground.—The black Manbij, or Magog.—The Roman and Arabian passes of Euphrates.—A skirmish.—Arab encampment.—Ruins and traditions of Ba'lis.—Hunting park of the Persian satraps.—Gigantic lizards.—Anizah Arabs and their chieftains.

On the 31st of March, the steamer dropped down the river, a distance of about five miles, to a point which Colonel Chesney considered to approximate nearest to the site of Hierapolis, a city which took precedence for its riches and sanctity over all others in this part of Syria, and which we made an excursion to the same day.

A due observance of the 1st of April was not omitted, although so far away from our native land; for we had not prosecuted our descent many miles, on the following morning, ere the steamer, from a deception caused by the reflection of the sun, ran directly upon a shallow bank, and that, unluckily, at a moment when the waters were falling rapidly. It was in vain that the paddles were backed, that anchors were carried out astern, and that every possible effort was made to extricate her; there we stuck irrecoverably, till a fortunate rise in the waters should come to our rescue.

The bank on which the steamer had grounded lay nearly mid-channel; and the deep waters were found to have at this point as much as four hundred and twenty yards in width, and were separated from the Syrian side by a small island.

The spot where we were thus fixed was not, however, void of interest; it possessed some scenic beauty, ruins of a bygone city not far off, and historical associations that were attached to the immediate neighbourhood.

On both sides, were level grassy plains, covered with greensward, enlivened, at this season of the year, by innumerable flowering plants, and tenanted by pastoral Arabs and their flocks. These rich lowlands were encompassed on all sides by hills of slight elevation, but which were more lofty to the south, where a range, several hundred feet in height, advanced in a west and east direction across the river.

It was in the dark and narrow ravine, by which the Euphrates forced its way through this range, that there occurred traces of a bridge and causeway without the slopes; and in another ravine close by were the ruins of a station, now called Kárá Manbij, or the Black Magog, in contradistinction from Manbij, or Hierapolis itself, and of which renowned city it was at once the port and harbour and the point of passage of the Euphrates.

The ravine in which these ruins were situated, yawned with open mouth upon the river-side, but narrowed gradually towards the mountain, having also a lesser chasm, which branched off to the north. The ruins were of a very fragmentary character, consisting chiefly of the remains of dwelling-houses enclosed within a rude rampart, which crossed the rocky chasm at its mouth, then clomb the broken outline of the encompassing heights, and swept along the rest of the hills, to meet again at the inner termination of the ravine.

A peculiarly characteristic feature was further imparted to the spot by tiers of caverns, some of which were sepulchral, but the greater part old rock-dwellings, and which everywhere dotted the terrace, that rose like a dark wall above the stone and ruin-clad acclivities beneath.

There were no inhabitants, nor were there any traces of its ever having been tenanted since the Muhammadan era. But there were plenty of wild animals; real Asiatic reynards in abundance, and who, no doubt, by their greater sagacity and marvellous speciousness, thus held their homes amid the more noisy and numerous troops of idle, playful, and wayward jackals. At all times, these denizens of the "black port" were sure to be met with; but while the jackals tumbled away among the stones, with an admirable mixture of fun and fear, reynard, of whom the old poet so justly observes, that he cannot see right without looking askance, stood with ears erect, at the mouth of his caverned home, watching the intruders, with the usual passionless obliquity of his nature. There were, also, plenty of rock-partridges, birds which puzzle the English sportsman on his arrival in the East, by running with great swiftness behind stones, and seldom taking to wing.

This ancient Zeugma and pass of the Euphrates, although unknown to modern geography till the arrival here of the expedition, was of considerable importance in ancient times, as well, also, as during the middle ages. Strabo (xvi. p. 748) says the merchants, going from Syria to Seleucia and Babylon, cross the Euphrates in the parallel of Anthemusia, in Mesopotamia. Four schæni from the river is Bambyce; and when the river is passed, the road leads across the desert to Scenæ. The passage here alluded to as being at a distance of four schæni from Bambyce, or Manbij, would appear to correspond with the one now in consideration. The site of Anthemusia remains to be discovered; but it appears to have been situated between the Euphrates and the Bilecha River, because it is not noticed by Isidorus of Charax as being on the latter river, with the sites of Alama, a fortified place with a royal mansion, and Ichnæ, infamous for the defeat of Crassus, and because Strabo notices it as being κατα, or " near to," the Zeugma in question. The province of same name was of considerable extent. Pliny (v. c. xxiv.) and Tacitus (vi. c. xli.) notice Anthemusia and Nikephorium together; Strabo extends the province to the banks of the Khaboras; and Ammianus (xiv. c. ix.) places Batnæ, or Saruj, in the same municipality. The Scenæ of Strabo appears, from the distances given, to have been at the site of Takrit, and the Cænae of Xenophon at Sann, to either of which places this passage would lead, by crossing the heart of Mesopotamia.

There are few spots throughout Anterior Asia which are so promising in discovery, within a small space, as the lower part of the course of the Bilecha and Khaboras rivers. Within this limited tract, travellers may find vestiges of Anthemusia, Polytelia, Diosphage, Stratonice, Alama, Ichnæ, Zenodotium, Eleia, and Bethammaris, which, with the Apammaris of the table, were near the Euphrates, between Cecilia and Eragiza.

The ignorance which has hitherto existed regarding the true position of this Zeugma on Euphrates has led to unavoidable confusion in history. Thus, Zozimus (lib. iii. c. xii.) having said that the Emperor Julian, in his Oriental progress, arrived in five days at Hierapolis, where he had ordered all the boats to be assembled, created a real difficulty in the way of accurate criticism and commentary. " *Quis non existimet*," says the intelligent Cellarius, " *ad Euphraten Hiera-*

polim sitam, ut naves ibi convenire potuerint? Sed longe a flumine reduxit Ptolemæum: Strabo quatuor Schænis." The Theodosian tables are more accurate than Strabo in the distances given of the Zeugma from Hierapolis, which they place at twenty-four Roman miles, corresponding precisely to the existing distance.

These facts leave little doubt, then, that the Black Manbij was the port at which Julian assembled his fleet, which consisted of eleven hundred vessels; and that it was also the point at which he passed the river, according to his historian, Ammianus Marcellinus, by a double bridge of boats fixed by iron chains to the rocks.

What is more amusing is, that D'Anville rates Bayer for having misquoted Strabo in the passage previously alluded to, and having placed Edessa at a distance of four schæni from the Euphrates; errors which lead him to remark that Bayer is "*un savant que l'erudition n'a point rendu habile en geographie*," while he himself applies the distances given by the Amasiyan geographer, of Bambyce from the Euphrates, to that of Anthemusia from the same river. The mistake as to Edessa is made by Strabo himself, who says (xvi. 515), "*Βαμβύκη, ἣ καὶ Ἔδεσσαν καὶ Ἱερὰνπόλιν καλοῦσιν*"—Bambyce, which is also called Edessa and Hierapolis.

The Arabs were familiar with what they designated as jisr, "the bridge," *par eminence*, in this neighbourhood; but as no distances are given, it is difficult to determine whether this bridge was at the Castle of the Stars, or at the black Manbij; considering, however, that the former was a favourite residence of the Abasside and Ayubite sovereigns, while the latter presents no Muhammadan remains, we must incline to the site of the castle. The bridge in question is noticed by Golius, in his notes upon the astronomy of Al Fargani (Alfraganius), who resided with the Khalif Al Mamun in the castle itself, and it is also noticed by Schultens, in the geographical commentary attached to the Life of Salah-ud-din.*

It is to be remarked, that the Saracenic Castle is nearer to Hierapolis than the black Manbij, and is the more direct way to the district of Saruj, being that which is now daily used by the Arabs. If identified with Thilaticomum, it would be only, according to the Theodosian tables, ten Roman miles from the city of Atergatis; and Viscount Pollington only made it twelve English miles from the Sajur, which is some distance northwards of it, to the same town. Thus, it would appear that the station and bridge frequented by the merchants in Strabo's time, and, probably, in a more remote antiquity, and at which Julian collected his fleet, twenty-four Roman miles from Hierapolis, was, by the Muhammadans, removed further up the river, to the more open and agreeable site of the Castle of the Stars.

It was also in this tract, between the two passes, and in the hill-encompassed plains by which we were surrounded, that Belisarius assembled his motley hosts of Illyrians and Thracians, Heruli and Goths, and Moors and Vandals, to oppose the progress of Chosroes (Kúsrá Anúshíriwán.) On these same plains he received the Persian ambassador, in his tent of coarse linen, while his well-mounted horse pursued their game, in apparent indifference to the proximity of an enemy.

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* The remains of a bridge at Kara Manbij are also in a more dilapidated state than at Kal'eh Nesjm, where the slopes still exist which served as landing-places at different heights of the river. The Jisr Manbij is noticed by 'Idrisi. (Jaubert's 'Idrisi, p. 155. Paris, 1840.)

The neighbouring plains, we have previously observed, were covered with greensward and flowering plants, chiefly Adonis, chrysanthemum, chamomile, erysmium, and other tetradynamous species. The luxurious Arabs disdained to remain where these gifts of nature were perishing or withered. We had, during our detention, many opportunities of seeing them move their tents the moment the grass around began to diminish, and that for a very sensible reason; and thus they were perpetually changing from one bed of flowers to another.

The adjacent hills were void of wood, and could only boast of a flowering almond shrub, and, on the highest parts, of a dwarf plum, or sloe; but there was abundance of the pretty little Mimosa agrestis. Considerable quantities of ground potatoes, or edible fungi, apparently a species of subterranean lycoperdon, or rhizopogon, were also obtained from these hills. They were found by the Arabs at the foot of the hills, and at a depth of about five inches. From the Mesopotamian side we also obtained a crocus, the bulb of which was as sweet as an almond.

Attempts had been made, during our detention, to establish communications with the steamer Tigris: a messenger had been sent, and Durwísh 'Ali had come to inform us that she lay in a similar predicament with ourselves. Fitzjames, who had gone down the river with the raft, accompanied by Sayyíd 'Ali and a seaman or two, also joined us, with the news of his having been upset in a rocky pass; that some of the heavy weights had fallen in deep water, and, indeed, that they had had considerable difficulty in saving themselves and crew.

During the same interval, amicable relations were established with the Arabs, and Colonel Chesney did everything in his power to conciliate the opposite tribes, between whom there was a blood feud, but in vain. The Mesopotamian Arabs were especially wild and uncouth, and they were several times troublesome and threatening towards parties ashore, and particularly so to the surveyors. Since the death of Serjeant Sym, Lieut. Murphy had an assistant in the person of Corporal Greenhill, a man of infinite simplicity of mind, strictly attentive to discipline, and a careful observer. "Please, sir," said the corporal one day to Murphy, who was making vain endeavours to level his theodolite, every now and then jostled against by some rude, sneering Arab—"please, sir, may I charge these people?" But this was considered too abrupt a mode of proceeding, although many, who, at home, simper sentimentally concerning aboriginal protection, are little aware of the trials to which persons of refined manners and educated sensibility are subjected to, when placed in contact with the fierce insolence and reckless cupidity of savages.

The Sheïkh of the Syrian Arabs had placed us under great obligations by his kind supplies of milk, eggs, fowls, &c., and he was one day invited on board by the Colonel, and presented with a single-barrelled gun, which was, at his particular request, loaded with ball. On his return, the boat, under charge of Mr. Hector and four seamen, was obliged to take the Mesopotamian side, in order to get beyond the island, and no sooner did it reach the shore, than the Arabs opened a desultory fire at the Sheïkh, totally regardless of our party, who, being unarmed, were forced to shelter themselves in the bottom of the boat. The Sheïkh, however, used his new fowling-piece with effect, for, firing into the crowd of his assailants, he hit one of them in the arm, breaking the bone above the wrist. At the same time, the transaction being observed from the ship, a carronade was fired over the heads of the crowd, which had the effect of dispersing it at once, and of relieving our men from their awkward position. When, afterwards, we went to see the wounded man, the grief for his misfortune was entirely absorbed by the prospect of revenge. "Inshallah!" he said, "I shall get well, and have my turn!"

The month of April was now fast going by, and the swallows were actually beginning to build in our paddle-boxes; but this did not discompose us, as we knew full well that this was a good sign; for all antiquity is familiar with the fact, that those houses, and even cities, which the swallow did not frequent, were doomed to misfortune. At length, a slow but steady rise in the waters manifested itself, and one fine morning the steamer began to move, anchors were again carried out, the steam was got up, and after a little anxious exertion, to our infinite satisfaction, the vessel was liberated, and floated away.

Joyfully we proceeded down the river, bidding farewell, as we passed them for the last time, to the "iron gates" of the black Manbij, nor stopping till we came to another narrow pass, which had been the scene of the raft's misfortunes. Here, however, we were soon joined by the Tigris steamer, which had been set free by the same fortunate rise in the waters, and which, being the lightest of the two vessels, was left to assist in the recovery of some of the lost objects, a task which was hopeless with regard to the major part; for the waters were swift and deep, and the rush through the rock-bound channel was quite irresistible.

We, on our part, sped onwards to where the valley of the river began to widen, the banks being occupied by stony and pebbly plains, upon one of which we observed, on the Mesopotamian side, a large isolated mass of rock, apparently hollowed like a monolithic temple. Beyond this, the river took a long westerly bend, between low ranges of chalk hills, which terminated, on the Syrian side, in a tal, or mound, with a Muhammadan saint's tomb on the summit, and which was designated as that of Sheïkh 'Arudí. This was the site of Eragiza of Ptolemy, and Erachiha of the Theodosian Tables, which place it at a distance of twenty-five Roman miles from Hierapolis, and sixteen from Barbalissus; but we did not stop to explore the traces of this ancient site.

At this point, the country lowered on both sides into extensive open grassy plains, which stretched away as far as the eye could reach; and these were occupied, on the Mesopotamian side, by the encampment of the Beni Fakhal Arabs, which, from its great extent and populousness, presented a scene such as we not only had not hitherto witnessed, but had never anticipated, and which filled us with wonder and astonishment.

The encampment extended, in fact, for several miles continuously over the plain. It was like the assemblage of a vast army, living in a city of tents, while all around the plain, on every spot to which the eye directed itself, were groups of camels, or herds of cattle and sheep.

The bustle which the sudden approach of the steamer occasioned, added, in no small degree, to the strangeness of the scene. Men, women, and children were observed, as we came nearer, to stretch in lines the whole length of the encampment: we could not form an estimate of the many thousands that there must have been; but the warriors were hastening, some to their horses, others apparently to the tent of the Sheïkh, while a few were already mounted, and cantered along the banks of the river, brandishing their spears, as if in defiance.

The ordinary residence of the Beni Fakhal is at Ba'lis, on the Syrian side; but they had fled, before the exactions of Ibráhím Páshá, to the Mesopotamian territory, and had thus withdrawn themselves from his rule. This was the main cause of the anxiety exhibited at our appearance; for they thought that the Pasha had found some new means of reaching them.

The extent, the populousness, and the mobility of one of these great encampments of Arabs cannot be easily conceived. It is more like an assemblage of birds or animals than a congregation of human beings and their dwellings. It is a black moving expanse, full of life, but with nothing that one would not fancy that an inundation of rain, or a blast of the desert wind, would not sweep away at once from the surface of the earth.

After passing the Arabian camp, the steamer brought to in a narrow, but deep channel, which was separated from the main stream by a wooded island. This was immediately below some chalk cliffs, which extended thence, in a southerly direction, past the ruins of Ba'lis, to approach the river again, at a distance of about ten geographic miles, and, therefore, at or near the site of the Athis of Ptolemy, and of the Peutingerian Tables.

The river itself wound in a south-easterly, and then southerly direction, thus leaving between it and the high ground an extensive tract of low lands, which were covered with greensward, flowering plants, and jungle, and which were once the site of the hunting-park of the Persian satrap, Belesis, devastated and destroyed by the younger Cyrus.

The ruins of the town or port of Ba'lis were distant a little more than two miles from the station where the steamer brought to; and from the same point a canal formerly took its departure, to pass by the town itself, the cavity of which, about a hundred feet in width, being not only quite evident, but still in places containing water. This canal appears to correspond to the Daradax of Xenophon, which that historian describes as being a plethrum in width at its origin, and which, from that circumstance, could hardly have been a spring; besides that, on another occasion, the same author describes another and similar derivative from the river, by a particular name, as in the case of the Masca. This canal is alluded to by Golius, who quotes the authority of Yákút, that in his time—that is to say, the eighteenth century of the Christian era—the Euphrates had insensibly left Ba'lis at a distance of several miles.

Ba'lis is the port of Aleppo, from which city it is distant about fifty miles, and as we had to enter into communication with, and receive stores from that commercial centre, we remained at this remarkable site for a short time.

The ruins of the old town of Ba'lis were partly Roman and partly

Muhammadan. The chief remnant of the former epoch was a square tower, with a wall twelve feet thick, but gradually falling to pieces. One side had completely given way; but it was afterwards repaired, and provided with a door-way by the expedition under Lynch and Campbell, and was made a depôt. The ruins of Muhammadan times were more numerous and conspicuous; among these was a handsome Mínár, an octagonal tower of three stories, rising from a square base of seventy-five feet, and having an interior staircase, several saints' tombs, Saracenic arches, and fragments of other edifices and structures.

The name of Ba'lis, as well also as the classical rendering of the name of the Persian satrap, Belesis, appears to be derived from the well-known Ba'l or Baal, Lord, &c.; and for which we have the equally familiar modifications of Bel, in the Scriptures, Jupiter Belus in the Roman mythology, and Beal in the Druidical or Helio-Arkite worship. The learned editors of Pancoucke's Pliny (Notes to Book vi. p. 318,) attached so much importance to this place, from its name, as to advocate its being the site of the temple of Ba'l, which the Roman historian alludes to as existing long after the destruction of Babylon; but the distance of the temple alluded to from Babylon identifies it more probably with that of Borsippa, the ruins of which are now designated as the Bir's Nimrúd.*

By some curious permutation, the origin of which is not readily perceived, Ba'lis is designated by the name of Barbalissus in the Theodosian Tables, and Barbarissus by Ptolemy. The Ayubite prince and geographer, Abu-l-fada, notices the town under the name of Ba'lis, as a station for the vessels intending to descend the Euphrates, in order to reach Irák 'Arábi. This was in the latter part of the thirteenth century, (Abulphedæ Tabula Syriæ, p. 65, 130,) and Muhammadan tradition attributes its downfal to a church schism, that led to most disastrous consequences in the sixteenth century.

A certain dissenter from the received versions of the Kúrán being expelled from Lesser Asia for his unorthodox tenets, took refuge at this spot, where he offered to prove the accuracy of his doctrine to the Wuzír of Aleppo, by the usual Shibboleth of a miracle. For this purpose, a manuscript copy of the Kúrán, and a virgin book were buried in a certain place, where they were carefully shut up, and the place sealed. After forty days' assiduous prayer, the books were reproduced, and the blank pages were found to be occupied by a version of the Kúrán, with such alterations as the dissenter advocated. Henceforward he was known by the name of Shaïtán Kúlí, which may be politely translated as the servant of Satan; but great dissensions sprang up between his followers and the Múlláhs and Káźileh, the ecclesiastical authorities of Aleppo, and which terminated in a terrible slaughter of the latter at morning prayers. The Emperor Sulamán I. was so enraged at this act, that he ordered an army to be sent to Aleppo and Ba'lis, to put all the inhabitants, without distinction, to death; and a part of those of Aleppo were only saved by the influence of the Wuzír, who was a hump-backed son of the Sultan's, and hence designated as Aï-'anjir, "the bearer of the world." The Oriental idea of an Atlas being apparently much more simple than the long disputed ἀμφὶς ἔχουσι of the father of poetry. Ba'lis, however, fell irrecoverably; and as the seeds of dissent were only smothered, but not extinguished, and a double slaughter had not either proved or disproved the commentary, the "Bearer of the World" was poisoned in the campaign of 1553.

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* The Ba'lis and port of the Syrians was also the Baalitz Pthora of Baalin. (Benjamin of Tudela. Translated by Asher. London, 1840.)

Rambling among the ruins, I one day stumbled upon a cave, in which a holy man was buried, and which is an unusual mode of sepulture. A number of old Roman copper coins had been placed as votive offerings at the head of the corpse, and as (had this even been the tomb of Shaïtan Kúlí himself) I was not troubled with scruples as to refined points of Muhammadan ecclesiastical law, I took them away with me for further examination. It was quite a ready-made museum of Balisian antiquities.

We found ourselves at Ba'lis getting into quite a new world, in what regards the objects of nature, by which we were surrounded. Here the tamarix, with its fine pointed leaves and deep green tinge, and which afterwards constituted the chief part of the jungle along the banks of the river, made its first appearance. Twenty-three new plants were also met with, which followed us for upwards of a hundred miles down the river. The circumscription of a peculiar vegetation to different spots was remarkable. Some tracts were covered with cochlearia; others solely with pansies, or heart's-ease; others again with sedges and grass. Many of the flowers of spring, belonging to families rich in beautiful forms—as the Amaryllidæ, Asphodeliæ, Liliaceæ, and Melanthaceæ—were also marked by a gorgeousness of colour which spoke of a climate becoming more strictly Oriental.

Animals and birds were equally abundant, and appeared by their numbers to vindicate to the plain its claims to be considered as the hunting-park of the Persian satraps of old. Lynch alone stumbled upon a specimen of the monarch of the forest; but wild boars, jackals, and foxes, especially the former, were extremely numerous. Almost immediately after our arrival, a boar, sow, and a young pig were driven out of the little island close by, and took to the water, but the men gave chase in a boat, and all three were captured and killed. On another occasion, being out shooting with Colonel Chesney and Charlewood, we turned up fourteen pigs in a single spot, one of which was shot, while an old sow, making directly towards me, who had only small-shot in my fowling-piece, put me in a state of great trepidation.

A marked feature was given to the same place also by the first appearance of that beautiful game bird, the francolin, (*Tetrao francolinus*,) of the same size, and very like our own pheasant. Landrails and quails were also met with. Nubian geese, cormorants, and pelicans occasionally sped their way up the river. Large flocks of storks assembled at the pools formed by the subsidence of the river. Numerous hawks frequented the cliffs, and owls moped among the ruins, or sat blinking at the gambols of the young foxes. There were, also, numerous doves, larks (two species), several finches, the beautiful bee-eater, and the green crow:

> "The green birds that dwell
> In radiant fields of asphodel."

But by far the most curious animal that we now first met with was a gigantic lizard, of the genus *Ameiva*, or Monitor, which dwelt in holes on the banks of the river. This animal was well known to antiquity. Pliny (lib. viii. cap. lx.) notices them as *Lacerti Arabiæ Cubitales*, upon which Cuvier remarked, that the Monitor is known to surpass that length. Indeed, we found them nearly two cubits in length; for one, which was dug out of its hole at Ba'lis, measured two feet six inches; and at Rakkah, I saw one still longer.

One day, during the navigation of the river, Serjeant-Major Quin of the artillery came running to me hastily, to see a gigantic lizard, which had all the appearance of a crocodile, and which was at that moment taking to the water from off a sand-bank, at least half a mile distant. For the time, I felt assured that this was a crocodile; but as no reptiles of that description were met with during the descent, nor could we ever ascertain the existence of such in the river Euphrates, there appears every reason to believe that it must have been a large Monitor.

That carnivorous and fierce reptile, of the turtle tribe, peculiar to this river, and hence designated by naturalists as the *Trionyx Euphratica*, abounded at this place, especially in shallow offsets from the river.

While at Ba'lis, we were occasionally troubled by the Badawín Arabs of the Syrian desert, or 'Anízah, as the collection of Syrian tribes are called, to distinguish them from the Shamár Badawíns of Mesopotamia. The Beni Fakhal, and most of the tribes living on the banks of the river, do not, however, belong to either of these great divisions.

On one occasion, two of these bold marauders sprang out of the grass close to the ship, and captured the person of Corporal Greenhill, who not having his officer by, to ask permission to defend himself, was accordingly quietly bereft of the regimental buttons of his coat, and which, no doubt, the Arabs mistook for gold.

On another occasion, we turned out from an alarm given of Anízah in the neighbourhood, and gave chase in the adjacent hills, where Cleaveland stumbled upon a party whom he was not at the moment sufficiently well supported to attack. The same day, while running playfully down a hill, Fitzjames fell, and broke the small bone of his leg, close to the ankle. This was not more serious than the intermittent fever, which the confinement necessarily resulting from such an accident entailed upon him. The interpreter, Yúsúf Sa'adá, was also robbed by the Arabs on his way to Aleppo.

An interview was, however, brought about, through the medium of Durwísh 'Ali, who went on a mission to the Anízah, protected by his disguise, and induced some of the more powerful sheïkhs to pay us a visit. These Arabs, like most that I have seen that were of noble Badawín blood, were slim and fair, and exceedingly effeminate and delicate. Their hair was plaited, like that of females; the expression of the eye and brow was clear, open, and pleasing. There was nothing of that scintillating fierceness which gleams from beneath the long black elf-locks and the contracted brows of the experienced robber of the desert. Their manners were refined, and full of Oriental repose and dignity, but at the same time attended by no small portion of dissimulation, as was more particularly manifested on the occasion of firing the carronade for their amusement and instruction, and which they begged might not be repeated, they were so terrified by it. The hypocrites! who are almost born with spears in their hands! The demands for aphrodisiacs were very urgent, and were as constantly refused. These demands were generally made through a second person. A treaty of peace, amity, and good-will was written and signed by these chieftains, on one side, and by the colonel, for his sovereign, on the other; but all endeavours to persuade them to entertain friendly feelings towards the Shammár, or Mesopotamian Badawíns, were vain. "Our fathers have left us that blood feud to fight out," they would say, "and we cannot desecrate their beards."

THE WITCH OF SKERRIEVORE.

A LEGEND OF THE HEBRIDES.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

"We were sisters, sisters seven—
The fairest women under heaven;
One was calm, serene, and fair—
One had locks of auburn hair—
One had lips like parted cherries—
One had cheeks like autumn berries—
One had eyes where pity glow'd—
One a smile where love abode;
Comely, ruddy, graceful, tall;
And I the fairest of them all.

Oh, my sisters, sisters sweet,
Dancing with their nimble feet,
Mingling voices all the day
In a happy roundelay.
Wreathing flowers to bind their hair,
With their smiles dispelling care,
Scattering pleasures as they went,
To the world's enravishment.
Oh, my sisters! oh, their fall!
Love destroy'd them one and all!

Fairest blossoms of our clime,
They were blighted ere their time:
One was seared by slander's breath—
One, too loving, pined to death—
One, deceived and smitten low,
In her madness lost her woe—
One, we thought a maiden mild,
In her frenzy slew her child—
One, with hopes and passions strong.
Lived for vengeance, but not long:
I alone escaped their fall,
I alone, amid them all.

Never have I loved a man;
Never will I—never can;
Smile, nor tear, nor passion-word
Never yet my heart has stirr'd;
Never shall they: Hate is free—
Love abides in slavery.
I have other joys than this—
Hotter pleasures, fiercer bliss,
As upon the winds I go,
Flying, floating, to and fro!

Up in the air! up in the air!
In foul weather and in fair,
I have made a compact free
With the sprites of air and sea,
To do my bidding willingly.
I can ride the fleetest wind,
And leave the lazy clouds behind,
Or swim the surf where breakers roar,
Amid the rocks of Skerrievore,
Working mischief as I go
Floating, flying to and fro!

Up in the air! up in the air!
Before the watchman is aware!
I love to rattle the chimneys down,
And rock the belfries of the town;
Oh 'tis sweet o'er field and copse
To rush from the barren mountain-tops,
To strip the garden of flower and fruit—
To scatter the pine-trees branch and root—
To loosen the wreaths of drifted snow,
And roll the avalanche below.

Oh, 'tis sweet to ride the blast,
To rend the sail from the creaking mast—
To dash the billows amid the shrouds—
To hide the moon in the driving clouds—
To sweep the sailor from the deck,
And cast his ship on the rocks a wreck,
And drown his last expiring cry
In the howl of tempests rushing by.

Up in the air! up in the air!
I avenge my sisters fair,
On mankind I vent my wrath,
Strewing dangers in his path.
For this I've made a compact free
With the sprites of air and sea,
That I shall rue eternally!
But hate is joy—and this is mine.
To ride the wind, to sail the brine,
And work fierce mischief as I go,
Floating, flying to and fro!"

Ye that sail the stormy seas
Of the distant Hebrides,
By Scarba's rock, and Colonsay,
And Old Iona's minster grey,
By far Tiree, the flowery isle,
And Staffa's wond'rous cave and pile,
By Jura, with her double hills,
And Skye, far looming, seamed with rills,
By barren Mull and Ulva's shore,
Beware the Witch of Skerrievore!

THE VICTIMS OF BOKHARA.

Whatever may be the opinions, as to the possibility of averting the humiliating blow inflicted upon the national character throughout Central Asia, by a judicial murder, tacitly acquiesced in, and by a silent submission to the treacherous fanaticism of the now infamous Amír Násr Ulláh, there can be only one opinion as to the extraordinary and inexplicable supineness with which the transaction and its results have been viewed by the British government.

It appears from the Rev. Mr. Wolff's enthusiastic and thoroughly Christian mission in search of our suffering countrymen, that the sanguinary Amír defends his conduct upon the plea that they were not acknowledged by the British government—an excuse to which further countenance was lent by the late Governor-General of India having so far exerted himself in the cause of two British officers, as to claim them from the Amír as "gentlemen travellers" who had got astray.

But it could be easily shewn that the said officers were in actual political correspondence with her Majesty's embassies at Tíharán and Constantinople; and the high honour and integrity of both are too well known to admit, for a moment, the doubt, that when one of them held out the anticipation of his receiving the necessary vouchers, sufficient reasons had been given to him to entertain such anticipations.

This semi-diplomatic position of the unfortunate Englishmen left, however, an excuse for government, under the apparent difficulties of the case, to disavow them; a proceeding, the generosity or humanity of which few will be found to readily admit. Further, the sufferers still remained British officers, and as such alone they were entitled to a greater amount of official exertion than was made in their favour.

A very remarkable account of the country of Bokhara, of its Amír and people, has lately been published. It is a minute, statistical work, and contains every possible information that can be desired, as to the resources and productions, and all that concerns the history and proceedings, and actual condition of this interesting territory.* The account given therein of the prisons has eminent claims to our interest, from the fact that those places were most probably made the scene of the fanatical tortures inflicted on our countrymen to shake their religious constancy.

The palace of the Amír, which is called the Ark, is, it appears, built on a mound, and around it are the houses of the ministers and grandees, as well also as several mosques; "likewise, the Ab-Khanah, with some dark apartments to preserve water for the Amír during the summer heats, but which are more especially appropriated to state prisoners, when they happen to give offence to their masters; such were, for instance, the Kush-baghi and Ayaz-bay. From hence, to the right of the entrance, a corridor leads into another prison, more dreadful than the first, called the Kana Khanah, a name which it has received from the swarms of ticks which infest the place, and are reared there on purpose to plague the wretched prisoners. I have been told that, in the absence of the latter, some pounds of raw meat are thrown into the pit to keep the ticks alive. This institution of refined cruelty has, probably, given rise to the fable of the pit of scorpions, of which I have repeatedly heard accounts given at Orenburg."

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* Bokhara; its Amír and its People. Translated from the Russian of Khanikoff. By the Baron Clement A. de Bode. London. Madden and Co.

With all deference to Khanikoff, such dungeons, in such a climate, would not be without scorpions as well as ticks. This latter animal is the Riciinus of naturalists, and belongs to the family of Ornithomyses—apterous, or wingless and parasitic insects. They are common in many parts of the east, and of Africa. Some idea of their savageness may be formed from the account given by Pallme in his "Travels in Kordofan," (p. 47,) where he relates that whole villages are carried away when this insect infests the neighbourhood, and renders residence there insupportable. Even the camels stand in great awe of it, immediately take flight, and cannot be made to stop in a place where it is to be met with.

If it can thus inflict such pain through the thick hide of a camel, what must have been the tortures experienced by prisoners, who, according to Khanikoff's testimony, are chained and barefooted?

A very erroneous notion is commonly entertained in this country, of the unapproachable barbarity of some of the Muhammedan nations. It is an error which is so fertile of untoward results, that it cannot be exploded in too strong or too forcible language. All countries that are under the control of the Kúrán, and many also of other persuasions, are more or less open to the interchange of the most refined civil or diplomatic relations. Sir Henry Pottinger created a great sensation, not only in this country, but also on the Continent, when he spoke of a Chinese Imperial Commissioner as a person in every way qualified for the amenities of the most cultivated society, and the confidence and integrity of the utmost refinement of international law. If this is the case in so remote a country as China, how much more so is it amongst the Muhammedan princes and chieftains of Anterior and Central Asia? Even Akbár Khan himself only repelled an intended treachery by open violence.

When Captains Grant and Fotheringham fell under the swords of Kurdish robbers, (Malcolm's "Persia, vol. ii. p. 438,) signal satisfaction could have been obtained, and our honour have been vindicated, by sufficiently energetic representations at the Court of Tiharán; for it has come out since Baron de Bode's visits to the same countries, (Travels, vol. ii. p. 238,) that the chieftain, Kalb Ali Khán, by whose orders the deed was perpetrated, was *yaghi*, or in open rebellion against the authority of the Shah, who would, probably, have rejoiced in an excuse to effect his submission.

When Mr. Taylor, brother to the late Resident at Baghdad, was slain by the Sinjár robbers, the energetic representations of the British Resident roused the Osmanli government to summary proceedings. The tribe was punished, and their chieftain, Khalifát, taken away prisoner to Constantinople. His ruined, tenantless castle, still remains, a monument of Muhammedan justice.

If when, upon a recent occasion, the Osmanlis overran the country of the Chaldean Christians, inaccessible to themselves, by means of subsidized Kurdish mountaineers, a government agent had been authorized, in connexion with the Patriarch,—the temporal as well as spiritual governor of an independent country,—to co-operate with her

Majesty's consuls in Turkey, there can be no doubt but that thousands of lives might have been saved, and hundreds of poor Christians preserved from slavery. In one town alone, Dyár-bekr, Mr. Guys, the French Consul of Aleppo, wrote, in the "Annales de l'Institut d'Afrique," (No, 3, 1844,) four hundred Christian boys and girls, of from nine to fifteen years old, were sold to the Turks, and that fifty miles from a French and English consulate!

It appears, from what Mr. Wolf relates, that, to have acknowledged the officers sacrificed in Bokhara, or to have sent an authorized mission in their defence, might have saved their lives. This being now too late, it is highly desirable that such an insult given to this country should not be passed by unnoticed, especially if, as the rev. gentleman states, an ambassador from the Amír is on his way to England.

Nothing can be more impolitic—to say nothing of the national humiliation contained in such a proceeding—than to allow a gross outrage committed by Muhammedan fanaticism upon Christians, to pass by without indignant remonstrance. The omission o such, by any supposed powerful Christian nation, endangers the life of future travellers, impedes the progress of civilization, and hurts Christianity itself; and it will always ultimately recoil upon ourselves, by the commission of some outrage of far greater magnitude than the first. The silence observed upon this occasion, and the total indifference to the murder of the British officers, are calculated materially to affect the property and lives of all Christians in Central Asia, as well also as infinitely to lower the estimation in which Great Britain has been hitherto held in these countries, which may one day form the bulwark of our Indian empire; and which, to use the words of the learned Professor Lassen, on the high road of Asiatic commerce and Asiatic conquest, have ever been, and will always be, the battle-field of every tribe or nation that has risen, or that shall rise, to dominion in the East.

THE SEVENTY-THIRD REGIMENT OF FOOT.*

The seventy-third regiment was one of the small brigade which, under the command of General Gibbs, was despatched to act in concert with the Crown Prince of Swedish Pomerania, in reinforcing the Allied Sovereigns, immediately before the decisive battle at Leipsic. Very soon after their arrival at Stralsund, this regiment was distinguished from the others, by being selected to advance, by forced marches, to the Elbe; whither a strong French corps had been detached by Davoust, to clear the left bank of that river, and to open a communication with Magdeburg.

The regiment arrived in Hanover, just in time to co-operate with Count Walmoden, who, commanding a body of the allied troops on the lower Elbe, had crossed the river on the 14th of September, 1813, near Domintz, brought the enemy to an action on the 16th, and entirely defeated and dispersed them, with the loss of 2000 killed and wounded, 1500 prisoners, and eight pieces of cannon. The part which the seventy-third played in this engagement, is thus related:—

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* Recollections of Military Service, in 1813, 1814, and 1815, through Germany, Holland, and France; including some details of the battles of Quatre Bras and Waterloo. By Thomas Morris, late Serjeant of the 2nd battalion of the 73rd Regiment of Foot. James Madden, London.

> "As soon as we heard firing, we were hurried on to assist, and went double quick through the wood; in which we passed a delightful country seat, the property of George III., as Elector of Hanover, and soon afterwards, emerging from the wood, a most extraordinary sight presented itself to us.
>
> "On our left was the French army, drawn up, with their right near the wood. On their right centre was a hill, on which some cannon, with a strong body of infantry, were placed. On their extreme left was a solid square of French infantry; and as we entered the field, the latter were attacked by some of our cavalry, consisting of the 2nd and 3rd German Hussars. The attack was not successful; the cavalry was repulsed with considerable loss.
>
> "As soon as Walmoden perceived us, he rode up with a couple of aides-de-camp. His appearance, for a general, especially for a general commanding in a field of battle, was the most extraordinary I have ever seen. He was actually smoking one of the long German pipes, the flexible tube passing round his body, and the bowl deposited in a pouch, by his horse's side. Addressing our commanding officer, he said, 'Colonel, I am glad you are come; I want that hill taken!' pointing to the one with the two pieces of cannon, and about a thousand men on it. 'Will you charge them, colonel?' 'Yes, sir,' was the answer. 'Well,' said the German, 'I shall send an Hanoverian regiment to assist you.' On which our colonel observed, 'Let us try it ourselves, general, first; and if we fail, then assist us.' Then addressing the regiment, he said, 'Now, my lads, you see what we have to do; we are the only regiment of English in the field: don't let us disgrace ourselves!' A hearty cheer from the men was the assurance that they would do their duty. The colonel, calling the quarter-master, told him to endeavour to get us a supply of schnaps, by the time we had done the job; and then he led us on to the foot of the hill. As we began to ascend, the enemy fired one volley, which, being ill-directed, passed over us harmless, or nearly so; and then they abandoned their position, and retreated, on perceiving the English colours, which an officer had just unfurled; previously, they were rolled up in oil-skin cases."

So much for the gallant seventy-third; who, alone, and almost unaided, except by "two or three of the rocket brigade," decided the fate of the first and only engagement the British were concerned in in this campaign.

The English brigade was not engaged in the affair of Leipsic, the results of which were to transport the men into the midst of the frosts, inundations, and fortifications of Holland. On the road thither, an attack is made upon Lieut. Dowling, which it is difficult to say whether it was most ill-judged or imprudent. Even the Duke of Clarence is not let off free. Upon the occasion of the first unsuccessful advance against Antwerp—for there and at Bergen-op-Zoom the operations were at the commencement little better than a repetition of the Duke of York's previous campaign—the duke, to witness the operations, obtained a seat in the belfry of the church of Merxem; "and he remained there until a shot from the enemy struck the steeple, and gave him an intimation that his royal person was not exactly safe; he immediately descended, mounted his horse, and rode off to the rear."

The English having obtained possession of Fort Frederick Henry, they were placed within two miles of fort Lillo, held by the French, and the advanced sentinels, protected by chevaux de frise, were within hearing. One night a "mad captain" took it into his head that he could prevail on the French sentries to abandon their post, and come over to the English. One of them advanced to meet the captain, but taking up his musket took deliberate aim at him, and fired. Luckily his ball did not take effect; not so that of one of the English sentinels, a rifleman, who, observing the transaction, and a gesture of insult by which it was followed up, on the part of the Frenchman, pulled his trigger, and, hitting him at the very moment, caused him to bound about a yard in the air, and then fell heavily on the ground, whence he was carried away.

Napoleon's deposition brought the brigade forward into Belgium, where they first occupied Ghent, and then Tournay. At this latter town some of the "aristocratic officers of the foot guards" made the astounding discovery, that the uniform of the officers of the seventy-third, was exactly like theirs. A communication to that effect was forwarded to the commander-in-chief in England, and the next despatches contained an order for the officers of the seventy-third, to divest themselves of two slips of gold lace from the skirt of their regimental jackets.

Of tales made up for the nonce—

> "One of the old French guard was dangerously wounded, and attended by an English surgeon, who, while probing for the ball, endeavoured to elicit from the man an acknowledgment that he was tired of his general. 'No, no,' said the veteran, 'cut on—cut deeper yet, and still you'll find the emperor!'"

The tale is very good, but it is extremely unlikely that a surgeon would address his patient at such a moment. Again, surgeons do not probe with a knife; and lastly, the narrator must have had his story second-hand, for he did not understand French. He calls the village of Passy, near Paris, Passe.

The surgeons are not exempt from the disparagement cast on all in a superior situation. At Tournay, the men were attacked by disease of the eyes, and accordingly—

> "The surgeons began to operate on them; and whether it was their ignorance of the nature of the disorder, or their bungling manner of applying the lancet, they managed to deprive some men of the use of both eyes, and others of one."

With regard to the battles of Quatre Bras and Waterloo, was every soldier who survived those engagements, to write a brief and concise narrative of his own personal experiences on those memorable occasions, a British public would not weary of them, for each would contain something new and some individuality. Every man, as the French would say, was a hero. Serjeant Morris relates of one of our life-guardsmen the following Shaw-like exploit:—

> "I noticed one of the guards, who was attacked by two cuirassiers at the same time. He bravely maintained the unequal conflict for a minute or two, when he disposed of one of them by a deadly thrust in the throat. His combat with the other lasted about five minutes, when the guardsman struck his opponent a slashing back-handed stroke, and sent his helmet some distance, with the head inside it. The horse galloped away with the headless rider, sitting erect in the saddle, the blood spouting out of the arteries like so many fountains."

The serjeant did not understand his position at Quatre Bras and Waterloo. The first was a surprise, and it was lucky for the allies that they were able to keep their ground. The next day, the 17th, saw them on their retreat to Waterloo. A curious circumstance occurred here of an English officer who had just joined, and was most anxious to earn laurels, being accidentally killed by one of his own men. At Genappes, the position of the rear became truly critical; but the squares formed on the morning of the 18th, by the 33rd and 69th, and by the 30th and 73rd, sheltered by the foot-guards at Hugamont on the side, and by the allied troops at La Haye Sainte on the other, and the long time that these two bodies of troops, without relief or assistance, supported the repeated shock of the French cuirassiers, assisted by a murderous artillery, is a great leading event in the battle of Waterloo. Upon their keeping their ground, the Duke had relied for his bringing up his other forces, and for all his after movements. So great was his anxiety upon this point, that at the most critical moment he threw himself personally into one of the squares in question. The unflinching valour, and the distinguished bravery of the regiments, in which so much confidence had been placed, as well as the tremendous losses which they experienced, are now matter of history, and such is the best answer to the serjeant's querulousness concerning the supposed upholding, by history, only of regiments whose officers were of high birth and aristocratic connexions.

FEBRUARY.

SONNETS.

BY EDMUND OLLIER.

I.

THE trees are bare and brown, and not one bud
Has burst with emerald face into the light;
Yet never saw I a more lovely sight
Than that which now sets dancing all my blood.
The sky is blue and fervid; and a flood
Of sunshine is pour'd down with gentle might;
And pale, thin cottage smoke in wayward flight
Is hovering in the sky, like bird o'er wood.

The soften'd winds, lapsing with tranquil flow
O'er the revivèd meadows, seem to make
Earth brighter as they pass, and man more glad:
And hark! outbursteth, as they onward go,
A choral sound (with sparkling trill and shake)
Of new-awaken'd birds for joy half mad.

II.

Winter grows faint; and the late storm-scourg'd deep
Placidly slumbers. All immensity
Seems open'd in the far-upstretching sky,
Where sight is lost. The loosen'd fountains leap;
Life is renew'd in things that walk or creep,
Or swim or soar; and green woodpeckers cry
Deep in some forest-avenue hard by,
Startling the lazy silence from its sleep.

'Tis a heart-stirring time, to which e'en Spring
Must yield in beauty. Who that views this scene,
With its blue arch bridging a sea of green,
Its calm soft sunshine, and its birds that sing
Soul-thankful carols, but would from him fling
Hatred and malice, and all passions mean?

MODERN DANISH DRAMA.

HOLBERG.—NO. II.

BY THOMAS ROSCOE.

It is not the least triumph of a true dramatic writer, to preserve intact his delegated trust of a public teacher of manners, and ever to convey some moral meaning—some fresh elucidation of life and truth, even in his comic incidents and most festive scenes. Of this peculiar and distinctive power of genius as contrasted with mediocrity or imitation, Holberg offers a happy example; and his originality and strict adherence to the study of human nature, and the interpretation of the passions in all their phases, have given rise to the charge of having invested his characters from low life with a burlesque dress, representing them in ludicrous points of view, so as to flatter the self-love and prejudices of the great. This imputation, however, is denied by his admirers as altogether unfounded. Holberg felt, like a genuine poet, that he belonged to no particular station; that his wit was of no caste, but of universal influence—that his vocation was to picture society in all its grades—diversity of character in all its manifold relations—and man as he found him, without any views of exclusiveness, or deference to rank.

A still more conclusive answer to his fastidious and over-refined detractors, is to be found in the very dramas they impugn; and it is enough to refer to the successful representation of those scenes from his "Jacob von Tybo," his "Don Ramido," and his "Ulysses von Ithacia," as a proof of the universality of his comic powers, which exhibit the foibles of the noble and the wealthy as characteristically as the coarser follies and absurdities of the inferior ranks. It is by the skilful use of this analytic faculty of shewing human character as it really thinks and acts in different circumstances, and impelled by opposite motives, that he succeeds in eliciting truth and humour by one and the same process; conveying, as in his "Jeppe vom Berge," a high moral meaning—an admirable lesson to man in all stations, while depicting extreme absurdities — all the extravagances of conduct in the individual, incident upon a change of condition and removal into a new sphere of action.

Holberg is not unmindful of the Horatian precept, which teaches how to wield the satiric weapon so as to heal while it wounds. The *circum precordia ludit*, has seldom been more happily exemplified than in a few of those scenes from which we now propose to borrow a few additional specimens. Omitting some less characteristic portions, we find his new lordship, in the third act, advancing with his secretary (the real baron), his chamberlain, and suite, from the castle gardens, where he has been taking the air to whet his appetite for breakfast. Imagine an elegant room, with a table spread with the dainties of the season, rich wines, &c.

Enter JEPPE, *his* SECRETARY, CHAMBERLAIN, *and suite.*

JEPPE. Ha, ha! a very pretty sight to begin the day with! Dine so early, eh?]

CHAM. Your lordship's breakfast—everything in readiness. Your lordship has only to command.

(JEPPE *seats himself. Attendants take their station behind his chair, suppressing their mirth.*)

JEPPE. Breakfast, by Jove! is it?

CHAM. What wine does your lordship prefer?

JEPPE. Surely you know what wine I generally take?

CHAM. Your lordship, I think, generally takes . . . . Hockainer in a morning.

JEPPE. Do I? Your Hock is too sour for me. Mix me something sweet with it—put plenty of honey in it.

CHAM. Here is abundance of other kinds, your lordship—of all flavours—fine strong Canary.

JEPPE. Ay! that is glorious! Some of that! Quick—quick! Here's a health to you, my good fellows! (*As he drinks, music strikes up. He stops, and starts; then empties his glass.*) That's the sort of stuff! It sticks to one, like birdlime. Here, fill up again! Do you hear, knaves? (*Addressing his secretary.*) I say! who gave you that ring, my good fellow?

SEC. Your lordship himself. You were pleased to present it to me.

JEPPE. Did I? "His lordship was pleased"—(*Reflecting deeply.*) I must have been pleased—with a vengeance! I don't recollect it at all; or it was done in mere fun! So give it me back again. You had better! Rings like that are never *given.* I will have an inquiry. Varlets should only have wages; and those not too large. I swear I never gave such a mark of favour as that! Why should I? It would not be fair to the other servants; and I wont believe a word of it! Why, it is worth lots of dollars! Harkye, now: it is a very wicked thing to make away with your master's property. When in my cups, perhaps, I might give away the very shirt off my back; but a sober man will fain have it back again. I once got into a scrape of that kind . . . . and my wife played the very . . . . but stop! What! am I raving about that accursed dream again? Give me some more Canary! Shall I forget who I am? Come, arouse!—another bumper to your healths; and let the trumpets blow till they crack again. And mark me, ye knaves!—I warn ye, once for all, before I have any more, that whatever I may give you in a merry mood, I shall expect to have back again in the morning. What are *your* wages, sir?

SEC. Your lordship allows me fifty pounds a-year.

JEPPE. Fifty pounds! I will see you *pounded* fifty times first. Just like the ring! It must have been done in some drunken frolic. What can *you* do with fifty pounds? Why, *I* must work like a horse from morning till night, and yet scarcely . . . . What, that hateful thing again! Fill up! I'll see if I cannot drown it. (*He drinks, and the band strikes up.*) Fifty pounds, did you say? That is downright waste. Harkye, my fine fellows!—I am not lord and master here for nothing. The moment I have done breakfast, I'll tuck some of you up, like foxtails on a barn-door, as a warning to the rest. You shall know there is no joking about money matters! You shall dance upon nothing!

CHAM. Nay, my good lord! We are willing to give everything back you gave us. You are our gracious master.

JEPPE. Ay, ay! it is "gracious master" now. Compliments and cat's-paws cost nothing—they are always at hand. I can see a pikestaff as plain as any of you. You want my money; and when you get it, you will be *my* "gracious masters," I suppose. Gracious lord sounds right glibly on the tongue; but in the heart it is gracious ass. Now I love plain speaking—it is a gem. But you are like the priest, that came to Roland's with a "Hail, brother!" upon his lips, and a dagger in his belt. Jeppe is no fool!—pshaw! I mean, my lordship will make you swing. (*Here the* SECRETARY, *and other attendants, kneel and beseech his lordship's mercy.*)

JEPPE. It's of no use. You may get up, and stand till I have finished my breakfast. I can then see who shall be hanged, and who not; but now let us be merry!

(*Eats and drinks. More music.*)

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter ERICH, *in the character of the Steward.*

JEPPE. Zounds! now I think of it, where is my steward?

CHAM. He is just at hand, my lord.

JEPPE. Let him come in.

Enter STEWARD, *well dressed, with silver buttons on his coat, a boar-spear in his hand.*

STEW. Has your lordship any commands?

JEPPE. Only that you are to be hanged!

STEW. Hanged! Heavens! What for? What have I done?

JEPPE. Are you not a steward?

STEW. I confess, I am, my lord.

JEPPE. And can you ask why you should be hanged?

STEW. Gracious master! I have served you faithfully! Indeed, you have often held me up as an example to my fellow-servants!

JEPPE. And you shall be held up again—for swing, you shall. Silver buttons, too, I see! Pray, how much is your income?—How many thousands?

STEW. Only fifty pounds a-year, my lord.

JEPPE. Fifty! Yes, you shall certainly be hanged.

STEW. Think of my long service, my lord! Indeed, I could scarcely receive less. I am not *very* high, compared with——

JEPPE. (*Interrupting him.*) But you shall be higher soon. You shall hang for that very reason—because you have only fifty pounds, forsooth! Silver buttons, and fine sleeves! Silk and satin next, I suppose. How could you do all this, without robbing your poor master? Does money grow in the streets? Does it rain money?

STEW. Ah, my gracious lord, have mercy, for the sake of my wife and children! Do not hang me!

JEPPE. Have you many children?

STEW. My lord, I have seven—all to provide for.

JEPPE. Have you really seven alive? Write him down, number one, Mr. Secretary; he shall hang first.

STEW. My gracious lord, I am neither a thief, nor a murderer!

JEPPE. What you are not yet, you might soon become—better to prevent it. I don't like your looks at all. When you have hanged him, Mr. Secretary, I will hang you myself.

SEC. I am no executioner, my lord. I cannot *hang* others, though I may be hanged. Spare our lives!

JEPPE. I'll be hanged if I do! I will see if I cannot teach you both how to hang others and to be hanged yourself. Nobody knows what he can do till he tries. (*Rises, and walks about in great anger.*) Fifty pounds! a wife and seven children! Why, if I can find no one else, I will hang you with my own hands. I know too well what you stewards are, and how you treat us poor hard-working men. But it is my turn now. . . . Lord help us! . . . What am I saying? I meant to say, that I understand your business so well, that, were I not a lord, I would be a steward. It is you who skim the cream of everything, and leave the sky-blue for your betters. If the world lasts long enough, it will see some of you made lords too, I suppose, for you make sponges of your masters; and when they are full of the poor people's blood, you squeeze them, and set to work filling them again. But if the tenant can afford to bribe you high enough, you then say to his lordship, "Oh, he is a hard-working fellow, and would pay well, had he not been so unfortunate. His things are not worth much; and we may safely trust him." But be assured, Mr. Steward, I shall not let you so lead me by the nose, for I am a hard-working man, and the son of a hard-working . . . Whei-eugh! (*A long whistle.*) Again at my old crankums—cannot get off it! I say, I am the son of hard-working parents; for tell me, sir, were not Abraham and Eve—our first parents, and all the family—a kind of hard-working people, eh?

SEC. Then pray, gracious sir, be merciful to the steward, for the poor man's wife's sake. How will she support all those children?

JEPPE. Who says she will? Cannot we hang *her* as well?

SEC. Ah, my good lord! but she is so sweet and fair a creature. Would it not be a pity? . . . and her children!

JEPPE. Sweet and fair! Let her be brought in. (*To the* BARON.)

SCENE III.—*The same.*

The STEWARD'S *wife, who is introduced by the* SECRETARY, *who had been deputed to bring the lady in.*

JEPPE. Are you the steward's wife, pray?

WIFE. At your service, my gracious lord!

Jeppe. That is as may be. (*Taking her hand.*) You are a brave-looking wench! Will you stop, and spend the day with me?

Wife. If your lordship so pleases.

Jeppe. (*To the* Steward.) Are you agreeable?

Stew. I thank you for the honour, my lord, you are pleased to bestow upon our humble house.

Jeppe. Here, fellows, set a chair! Her ladyship shall feast with my lordship. (*She is seated.* Jeppe *casts a jealous and furious look at the* Secretary, *whom he addresses.*) You shall catch it shortly, my fine fellow! You had better not look at her. (*The* Secretary *turns his eyes another way;* Jeppe *breaks out into a song. He then rises, leads out the* Steward's *wife, dances with her in great glee, falls, and recovers himself three or four times; but at the fourth lies perfectly still.*)

Baron. Now his lordship is over—he is dead asleep; and we must prepare for the next move. We have succeeded to admiration; but we have had a narrow escape, had he had two or three stout rogues like himself at his elbow. A few more like him to deal with, and we should certainly have—half of us, at least—been hanged, by this time. What a lesson for the many, suddenly raised to a change of station, and the performance of a part unsuited to them! What horrible pride and tyranny even in the lowliest station! What ignorance—what love of arbitrary sway—and how few, I fear, who would prove more moderate than Jeppe, or be able to resist the combined influences of rank, wealth, and *power!* A little more of the last, and I should have played a part still less pleasant, and far more ridiculous, in the eyes of the world, than Master Jeppe's own part. When he has slept a little, we will dress him again in his old boor's costume.

Erich. We may do it safely now; he is as senseless as the clod to which he belongs. Hit him as hard as you will, he has no feeling. See—see! (*Shakes him.*)

Baron. Carry him out, then; and let the comedy go on. If I don't read him a lesson, and teach him to shun the tavern in future, like a scalded dog cold water, never believe me again. (*They drag him out. Exeunt* Baron *and all.*)

The fourth act brings our boor-lord back to the identical spot where he was found; and waking, at length, out of a sound slumber in precisely the same circumstances he had at first fallen asleep, all that had subsequently passed has the effect of a strange dream. This is delineated with admirable truth and knowledge of the human mind; while the new characters are developed with genuine comic powers in the subsequent scenes; the mock trial and execution give fresh interest to the progress of the piece. Like a Nero, or a Phalaris, the simple clown displays all the characteristics of absolute power in low minds suddenly elevated, shewing that the despotic principle inherent in man is by no means of such rare occurrence as is generally supposed. It is still as strong in Jeppe restored to his rags, as in the imaginary lord of the castle surrounded by his humble vassals. Holberg knew this, and makes his hero speak and act in perfect harmony with this truth, however sad and humiliating it may be. We might suppose we were listening to a monarch seated on his throne instead of a poor unhappy boor.

ACT THE THIRD.—SCENE I.

Jeppe, (*awaking from his trance.*) Ho, there! Ye varlets—secretary—chamberlain, fill me up another glass! (*Gazing round him, and perceiving his old boor's dress.*) Ah! What! How long was Abraham in paradise? Who is it, I?—my old dream again! Where are the doctors—where is my castle—my plate and jewels—those gold goblets, and splendid glasses full of Canary? And where is my pretty lady? I was hopping it with her just now after breakfast—such a breakfast in that glorious-looking room!—and those poor villains of stewards and lacqueys, begging at my feet for their paltry lives. Jacob's vision was nothing to it, if it was a vision, or a devil's delusion, or a real thing, or a dream, while I was sleeping here all the time. Alas—alas! that such a dream cannot last! Was it not "Gracious lord," and "What would your lordship choose?" And to exchange all my grand state, titles, rich apparel, with orders, rings and ribands to spare, for these vile accursed rags! Then, that beautiful soft bed, and sweet linen sheets, that made me sleep like a top, all gone in a moment! Poor enchanted fool that I am! I thought I should see all my fingers, when I woke, covered with gold rings. And am I only Jeppe?—and must I go to work—and trudge to market—and find nothing but Nelly and hard knocks when I go home? I thought I was clutching a glass of Canary just as I roused up, and it was a handful of dirt. Ah, Jeppe! thy visit to paradise was a short one! But stop, who knows—I have it; I'll shut my eyes and go to sleep again, and next time I may chance to waken in my castle, as I now wakened in this plight here. Lucky thought! Heaven only grant, in its mercy, that it may be so! (JEPPE *lies down to sleep.*)

SCENE II.—JEPPE'S *Wife enters.*

WIFE. Surely, surely, no accident can have happened! No, he is at his old tricks. The evil one has overcome him, and he is sotting all my market-money away with some tricksters or other, the wretch!—simpleton as I was to trust such a drunken beast. But what do I hear?—that is his snore, I dare take my oath; ay, and there he lies in the mud. Oh! unhappy wife that I am! But I'll be revenged—I'll teach him to do it again. (*She lays upon* JEPPE *lustily with a huge cane for some time.*)

JEPPE. Oh! oh! oh! What! Mr. Secretary—steward!—No, no! Who am I? Who hits so?—why? Where are my lacqueys?

WIFE. I'll teach you who I am. And who are you, eh? (*Strikes harder.*)

JEPPE. Oh, oh, my dearest dear! not so hard—not so hard. You don't know what has happened to me—you don't.

WIFE. Happened! you drunken swine; and time for it, too. Where have you been? Where is the soap—(*hitting*)—and the starch—(*hitting*)—and the soda, and salt, you villain? (*Hitting harder.*) Speak, you wretch?—why don't you speak?

JEPPE. You wont let me. You kill—you murder—help! Leave off, and I will confess all....I have no tongue when you strike so!

WIFE. Make haste then—confess!

JEPPE. I never got to market at all. I was surprised and taken up into paradise as I went along....I——

WIFE. To paradise, eh?—(*caning him*)—to paradise—to paradise—to paradise—(*striking each time*)—was it, eh?

JEPPE. Oh, Lord—Lord—Lord! every word is as true as gospel; as sure as I was a right honourable baron.

WIFE. What is true?

JEPPE. That I have been in paradise, all the time.

WIFE. In paradise! Are you in paradise now? (*Hits.*)

JEPPE. Ah! my sweetest, prettiest, dearest Nelly! not so hard—so hard. I will tell you all.

WIFE. Quick, then; confess!

JEPPE. First, swear you will not strike.

WIFE. Well, go on.

JEPPE. Then, as I was a true nobleman, and am now Jeppe again, I have not only been in paradise, but have seen things that would make you open your eyes. (*She beats him, till at last he lies perfectly still.*)

WIFE. There, you besotted hound! Try if you can find paradise again. I'll cure you of all your crotchets, for you shall take your turn in purgatory next. I'll find you work that will make you envy the poorest four-footed drudge upon the farm! Get drunk at my expense, indeed! Leave me without a bit of soap or candle; but I've enough to light thee at both ends, and burn thee till both meet. I'll make firewood of thy bones.

SCENE III.

Enter three of the BARON'S *servants, disguised as* POLICE.

POL. 1st. Tell me, good woman, does there a man live here of the name of Jeppe?

WIFE. What if there does?

POL. 2nd. Are you, madam, his wife?

WIFE. The more the pity.

Pol. 3rd. We require to speak with him.

Wife. Speak with him, forsooth; he is speechless. He is dead—as a door nail. I have finished him.

Pol. 1st. Finished him!—dead?

Wife. Yes; *dead drunk!*

Pol. 2nd. Oh, that is all! up, he must away with us. He is our prisoner.

Jeppe. Ah, good people, you see what a wife I have got.

Pol. 3rd. And you deserve her well, and more than that. (*They seize him.*)

Jeppe. What have I done? Who accuses me?

Pol. 1st. That you will soon learn, when you see the judge.

SCENE IV.

A sham Hall of Justice; the mock Judge *seated in state; two* Advocates. Jeppe *brought in bound, and placed at the bar.*

Law. 1st. The facts of the case, my lord, are in a nutshell. The prisoner at the bar, my lord—that man—that desperado, I might rather say—stands accused of the—(*hesitating*)—of the—grave crime of having broken into, or slid, or twisted, or otherwise conveyed himself—instigated, doubtless, by the devil—into Baron B.'s castle. Not only that, my lord, but into his wardrobe; assumed his dress, style, and equipage; and, vi et armis, savagely domineered over, and threatened to hang the whole household. I call, my lord, for an exemplary visitation of justice upon so manifest an outrage, as a warning to other evil-doers. So glaring an offence is almost without a precedent.

Judge. Speak, prisoner, is the charge a true one? Or what defence have you to offer? We condemn no one unheard.

Jeppe. Alas! unlucky dog, that I am—what can I say! I confess that I deserved a good flogging, and I got it (*laughter*), for spending all my wife's money at the ale-house, instead of bringing home a whole load of odd things—soap, salt, soda, starch, stout, stir-up, and stockings; but how could I, when I never got to market; and how could I get to market, when I was taken up into paradise; it's all true, I was at the castle, sure enough. Who I was when——

Law. 1st. There, my lord, we have his own confession, he was at the castle; and, I dare say, as he so emphatically states, it *was* paradise to *him*. The only doubt—and of which he ought not to have the benefit—that remains is, whether any degree of inebriation can be pleaded in extenuation of such a crime? If it can, then, I say, let red-handed murder—let night-masked, dark adultery, walk free as light or air, and insult and outrage us upon our very thresholds. The evidence is irresistible—drunk or sober, matters not a hair; or, anyhow, the sober man must pay for the drunken man's crimes. There is a case in point, only not so strong a one: an offender was brought to justice for simply allowing himself to be represented as a lord. But this man boldly usurped all the aristocratic functions, even to hanging, seduction, adultery, &c., had he only been allowed time to perpetrate his barbarities. Ignorance and stolidity cannot avert from him the just punishment of death. For his atrocities would fill a history which I abstain from giving, lest I should disturb the propriety and gravity of the bench.

Law. 2nd. My lord judge, permit me in the first place to observe, that the offence of which the prisoner at the bar is accused appears so extraordinary, that I must refuse to give credit to the evidence of witnesses, were they even more numerous, and more respectable. That a poor, harmless countryman, should think of daring to kidnap himself, as you may say, to smuggle his person into a lord's castle, to assume his name, costume, manners I say nothing about—but his full authority and rule over his household vassals! How could he gain access to his sleeping apartment, overhaul his wardrobe—and assume his state, without the baron's attendants being aware of what was going on? No, my lord; it rather appears evident to me that this poor man's enemies have done this—have conspired together to rob him of his honest name and peace of mind; in short, to ruin him. But I trust your lordship will do him justice.

Jeppe. The Lord for ever bless thy pretty tongue, that runs so glibly! Well put; let them answer that. Here is a whole screw of tobacco, take a chew; it will do you good, for it's the true smack. (*He offers it to his counsel.*)

Law. 2nd. No; keep it for yourself, Jeppe. I have not taken up your defence from any interested views, but out of pure compassion, that you may have justice.

LAW. 1st. Depend upon that.

JEPPE. Beg your pardon, my lord advocate, I did not think you were so honest-minded. Pity, there ain't more of your sort.

LAW. 1st. The defence, my lord, set up by my learned friend, cannot stand for a moment. It is grounded upon a mere tissue of probabilities—I might add, of absurdities. We are not here to inquire what might, or what might not happen; but to prove that it has happened, by the evidence of unanimous witnesses, in addition to his own confession.

LAW. 2nd. What confession? That is an argument with a vengeance, for it is "argumentum ad absurdum." Talk of a confession extorted by fear and threats, forsooth; what honest judge would regard it? Besides, allow the man time to collect himself; he is not himself, evidently.

JEPPE. Yes, I am now; but not when I was in paradise.

LAW. 2nd. You hear him, my lord. I tell you what, Jeppe, think well what you say; or else hold your tongue. You don't admit what this man accuses you of?

JEPPE. To be sure not. Leave me to catch a knowing wink as well as the best of them. I'll take my born oath that every word I spoke was a lie; for I was not "himself," as that blessed-tongued man said, my lord, when I swore to it; but that "other self," that *was* in paradise—it is enough to bother a saint to come back again.

LAW. 1st. I am of opinion, my lord, that the prisoner cannot be permitted to take another oath in a matter of his own, when evidence, moreover, has been amply given, and he has himself confessed to the commission of the crime.

LAW. 2nd. I believe, nevertheless, that——

LAW. 1st. Believe! Your faith is mighty, but wont save you here. It is not Judgment Day—to decide by faith, but by evidence against bad works.

LAW. 2nd. But in a case of this extraordinary kind——

LAW. 1st. Neither ordinary nor extraordinary, can destroy the force of evidence and confession. It is plain the man must be condemned, and hanged; the sooner society is rid of him——

JEPPE. I wish to Heaven they would tear each other's eyes out first. I think I should be a match for the judge.

LAW. 2nd. Confession or non-confession, brother, the man is not liable to punishment. He committed no outrage in the castle, that we hear of; neither theft nor murder.

LAW. 1st. That makes no difference. "Intentio furandi," is exactly the same thing, you know, as theft with intent is all "furtum in furtum."

JEPPE. Speak out plainly, you black-mouthed dog; none of your gibberish; and then we can answer you.

LAW. 1st. For instance; if a man going to steal gets into a trap, a thief is caught—is he not. That is Jeppe's own case.

JEPPE. Hear the hound, my lord judge! I will consent to be hanged, if you will order that foul-mouthed toad to hang along with me.

LAW. 2nd. Let him say what he will, Jeppe. You only hurt your own cause. You will only injure yourself, I say. Who pleads his own cause, has a fool, you know——

JEPPE. Then, why don't you answer him, eh? (*Aside.*) See, there he stands, as dumb as a door post! Poor me!

LAW. 2nd. How do you prove that the case falls within the "furandi propositum?"

LAW. 1st. Quicumque in ædes alienas noctu irrumpit, tanquam fur aut nocturnus grassator existimandus est, atque reus hic ita, ergo.

LAW. 2nd. Nego majorem, quod scilicet irruperit.

LAW. 1st. Res manifesta est, tot legitimis testibus exstantibus, ac confitente reo.

LAW. 2nd. Quicumque vi vel metu coactus fuerit confiteri.

LAW. 1st. Sheer nonsense. Where is the "vis"—where the "metus?" Miserable quirks—wretched shuffling!

LAW. 2nd. It is you who quirk and shuffle. Teach your——

JEPPE. Ay, teach his grandmother to suck eggs!

LAW. 1st. (*In a great fury.*) No man shall say that! I will not stand here to be insulted! (*The two lawyers attack each other.* JEPPE *makes a snatch at the first lawyer's wig, which he flourishes in triumph. The police interfere.*)

JUDGE. Gentlemen—or rather, no gentlemen—I insist that you respect the court, while I deliver the judgment in this important case. You, Jeppe, son of Nicholas, grandson of Jeppe vom Berge, of that ilk, have been convicted, as well upon evidence as by your own confession, of having slily and secretly introduced yourself into the castle of Baron N——, arrayed yourself in his apparel, ill-used his household, and usurped his authority; and you are therefore condemned for the said burglary, outrage, and delinquency, to suffer death—to die by poison, and afterwards to have your body hung by the neck on a gallows, as a terror to all evil doers.

Jeppe. Oh, my gracious lord judge! pray recommend me to mercy.

Judge. By no means. On the contrary, I will see the execution done upon you in my presence, that there may be no mistake.

Jeppe. What an honour! and pray, my lord judge, allow me to share it with the lawyers.

Law. 1st. Thanks, Jeppe; we will not deprive you of a jot of it. In what form would the prisoner like to take it?

Jeppe. A plague upon your form and you! Give me a good glass of brandy first, if you wish to see me die like a man. Pray, my lord, grant my last prayer; or let *him* have the poison, and *me* the brandy.

Judge. Yes; you may have what you please before you die. Bring some in. (*The attendants hand him a glass of brandy; he calls for another, and a third; then, drawing a long breath.*)

Jeppe. Excellent!—glorious! No pardon, my lord?

Judge. None whatever, Jeppe. Besides, it is too late now—you have taken your departure in the last cup.

Jeppe. My departure!—what is that?

Judge. Only poison, Jeppe. You have only to be hung now.

Jeppe. Oh, my lord judge, it is never too late—to go, I mean. *Un*judge me, my gracious lord, as fast as you can, that the poison may not work, and I will never drink a drop of brandy again. Pray judge me over again; it is done every day, and nobody is the worse for it. Think! we are all men.

Judge. Nay, in a few minutes *you* will only be the dead body of a man. It is too late—you are poisoned.

Jeppe. Then the Lord have mercy on me, for it begins to work! Farewell, my old vixen, Nelly! You will never thwack me more. I am still sore with that last—and you hardly deserve that I should bid you good bye. But fare-you-well, Nick and Christy, and my little daughter Martha, dear as the apple of my eye. Good bye, too, my old Dobbin, and thanks for many a ride through rough and smooth; I loved thee next to my little ones, but I shall never mount thy back again. Ah! and my old trusty dog—good-bye, Jock, thou didst guard us all well; and my poor black Tom, the famous mouser; and who will feed the sheep, the cow, and the pigs? Thank ye all, for the pleasant days we have spent together! Farewell! for now I am at my last. How the poison works! I feel so odd—so weak—so——(*He falls into a sound sleep.*)

Judge. All goes well, my lord—he sleeps like a top! Now let us hang him, my lads, and then he'll have had enough. Only take care of his neck; slip the rope under his shoulders, and so hoist him up. We shall see what he will say when he wakens on the gallows; we'll teach him to avoid strong drink and Paradise as long as he lives. (*They bear* Jeppe *away.*)

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.—Jeppe *hanging on the gallows, his wife followed by the sham judge.*

Wife. Alas—alas! wretched that I am, to live to see the day! My own dearest husband, like a common thief, hanging from the gallows! Oh! forgive—forgive that I ever beat you so shamefully, so often, and every time worse than the last! But my conscience pays me back again now, blow for blow. I am well paid off for handling so kind, so good a husband, so hardly—all for loving a drop too much! Yet how hard he worked for us all when he was sober! and then, so merry when he *had* a wee drop in his eye! Was it so mighty a sin, that I should kill him with a broomstick, and then see him hanged! Oh, cruel Nell!—oh, cruel Nell! (*She wrings her hands and weeps.*)

Jeppe. (*Waking up, and hearing his wife's cries.*) Softly—softly there! Not so fast!—what is the use? You had better knock under quietly, and go home, boil the pot, and attend to the children. And hark'ee, Nell—be sure you never tell them their poor father was hanged. Say as how I am hard up for a time—for so, i'faith, I am—that is, I mean put up for a small debt! though none so small, for it's the last and biggest I ever had to pay! But paid it is! and Jeppe is a dead man! But never mind! work away, and turn my Sunday coat into a new suit for Jocky, and let little Malty have what is left, for a cape and hood. And don't forget the poor *hanimals;* and I would say a great deal more if I wasn't hanged.

WIFE. Oh, Lord have mercy! what was that I heard? Poor soul—poor soul! Can a dead man speak, and speak so fair and softly? What a good creature it was!—and only to think of using it so! Hard-hearted beast that I was! He may well come back and talk to me, miserable sinner! Let him haunt me as much as he likes!—kick me with his hob-nailed shoes!—I don't care. Nothing shall provoke me to strike his sweet ghost again. Only I wish it would just say he forgave me.

JEPPE. Don't fear, Nelly; I will not do thee any harm.

WIFE. Ah, my dearest dear! how come you to speak now you are dead?

JEPPE. It is the Lord's doing; for I am certainly hanged—as dead as a dog. Yet I have still that infernal thirst. I wish you'd just go as far as Jacob's, and fetch a quartern of his double proof, for this poor wretched body; I might perhaps waken in Paradise.

WIFE. Oh, you drunken beast—do I hear right? You most unconscionable sot! Haven't you had brandy enough in your life time, but must still hanker after it when dead? This is too bad—too bad—too——

JEPPE. Stop that unruly evil of thine, thou good-for-nought! and run for the brandy, I say. If dost not, I will haunt thee, and kick up the d—l's own dust all through the house, day and night. Dost hear? I am no ghost if I am afeard of Master Erich and his gambols when I am away, any longer! No, not I; for I am a savage spirit, and will make him shew me a pair of heels.

WIFE. (*Brandishing her cudgel.*) You are not so high, but I can manage to reach you. I'll bring you a peg or two lower before I have done with you.

JEPPE. Would you kill me over again? Oh, Lord have mercy! Oh, my poor ghost! Don't hit so hard!

JUDGE. (*Coming forward.*) Cease, woman!—are you not ashamed? Leave him in peace, will you; or I will judge him over again, and restore him to life, as a punishment upon you. How like you that?

WIFE. Oh, my good lord—anything but that! Pray let him hang where he is! It is too good for him—he does not deserve to live.

JUDGE. Did I ever hear such a Jezebel! You hard-hearted wretch!—no wonder if the poor man hung HIMSELF. Off, I say—off, lest I hang you too! (*She runs off.*)

SCENE II.—JEPPE; *the* JUDGE.

JEPPE, (*is helped down from the gallows.*) Ah, my good lord, is it true that I am to be *un*judged, and judged back to life? What an honour! It is better than hanging here—much better than being buried.

JUDGE. To be sure. Don't you understand? It is only reversing the sentence—it is the same—it is only saying it backwards. You were judged—now you are *un*judged; you were hanged—now you are *un*hanged again. Don't you feel alive?

JEPPE. Yes, I feel I am something, but I can't understand what I am and I am not. I was in Paradise, then in Purgatory—where am I now?

JUDGE. Why, you ass, if I take a thing from you, think you I cannot give it you back again?

JEPPE. Would my lord judge, then, let me try my hand, and tie your lordship up in order that I may have the satisfaction of restoring your life again?

JUDGE. No; that would not do at all, Jeppe.

JEPPE. Then how did *you* manage it? Am I alive, or not?

JUDGE. Certainly.

JEPPE. Am I no longer a ghost?

JUDGE. No;—none.

JEPPE. Am I the same Jeppe as I was before?

JUDGE. You are; neither more nor less.

JEPPE. No frightening! No scarecrow—no spirit?

JUDGE. None in the world.

JEPPE. Dare you take your oath now—it is true?

JUDGE. To be sure—I dare swear you are alive.

JEPPE. Dare you say, "May the devil fetch me, if every word I have spoken is not true?"

JUDGE. Take the word of an honest judge, and be thankful for your life! Bless the giver; and don't grin like a booby in the gift-horse's face!

JEPPE. Why, I don't know, if you had not first tucked me up, I might thank you for cutting me down. But as it is, I don't feel so very grateful.

JUDGE. Try your best, and go in peace, Jeppe. If your vixen of a wife lays hands upon you again, summon her; and we will deal with her. But be civil with her, and quiet and sober. And see, here is a dollar for you to drink the judge's health; but drink it at home, and don't dream of getting into Paradise before your time. (JEPPE *falls on his knees, and thanks the* JUDGE, *exclaiming,* "*A whole dollar! a whole dollar!*") [*Exit* JUDGE.

SCENE III.

JEPPE. (*Alone.*) I have lived above half a century, but never lived so long in all my life as in the last two days. Each minute was as full of wonders as an egg is full of meat. First, a poor besotted clown; then a great baron, and then a clown again; now dead, and now alive; now in Paradise, and now in h—ll; now hung up, and now unhung; now judged, and now unjudged! What to think; I am so infernally puzzled! Oh, I have it! Perhaps, when they hang a man alive, he dies; but if they hang a dead man, he comes to life again! Whatever it be, I am sure a comfortable glass can do me no harm. And here I am at friend Jacob's. Ho, Jacob Schuster!—ho! (*Knocks.*)

SCENE IV.

Enter JACOB; JEPPE.

JACOB. Who knocks so loud? Ha! is it, indeed, friend Jeppe, from the City? What luck?—How goes the market?—Where are your good housewife's traps?

JEPPE. Not so fast, friend! Do you know who you are speaking to? Don't think to play off any of your new rigs upon me. It will not do.

JACOB. Were it any other but Jeppe, that word would go hard with him. But you are an old customer, and a good one; and you shall have rope enough, so you don't hang yourself.

JEPPE. Hang! No more of that, if you love me! But doff your bonnet, like mine humble host, to your betters. Though I *have* been hanged as dead as a dog, since I saw you, you see I am all right and tight—something to jingle in my pocket yet.

JACOB. Hanged! Well, I don't envy your luck! But I see how it is—you spend all your money as well as your wit in other places, and come here sober, to talk riddles, and make sport of honest folk. Why, if you were hanged, after that, you had only your deserts.

JEPPE. Ah, my old boy! do you hear that sound? Ay, prick up your ears, like an old hunter! You know it—it stirs the heart deeper than the loudest trumpet. Though it has but a low ring, it is money!

JACOB. The devil! money? Where could it spring from?

JEPPE. From my own estate, you Sawney!—Where else? From my barony, Jacob! Why, man, I was Lord of the Manor—as far as you could carry a keg of smuggled brandy—as far as—Ay, as far as Paradise!

JACOB. Oh, my lord! (*Doffing his cap, very obsequiously.*) I was not aware. . . But you are heartily welcome.

JEPPE. Get me a glass of pure Canary; I am too proud to drink that vulgar brandy at present. Then I will make you open your eyes, when I tell you all that has happened since we parted. (*They go in.* JACOB *seats himself, after placing an arm-chair for* JEPPE, *before he hands him his glass.*)

JEPPE. That will do! It has a smack for a lord! Now my courage is coming, and words will soon follow. You shall have it—all cut and dry—as true as Gospel. That brandy you gave me took hold of me, and laid me down as dead asleep as ever man lay. I woke, and found myself a great baron, in a great castle, at the head of everything you can imagine. I had lots of rascals dressed like gentlemen, for my servants, whom I cuffed about and abused as I pleased. I should have hanged some, if I had lived longer; for there were too many of them. Then such wines—such a feather-bed—such feasts—and such fruit and gardens, just like paradise! I was dancing with my steward's wife, missed my footing, and lost myself. Then I awoke in my old clothes—in the very place I first fell asleep. I went to sleep again, thinking to wake in paradise; but the trick wouldn't do, for I awoke in h—ll, with my wife laying on me like a fury! She had not the least respect for my barony; and the villains of officers came and carried me before the judge. I was condemned to death; I was poisoned; and when dead, I was hanged. I was then a spirit—I was my own ghost, till the judge came and unjudged and unhung me; ay, as easily as you can say Jack Robinson. Such is part of my adventures; and what do you think of them?

JACOB. Think! Why, that you were all-seas over, and had a glorious dream, like a huge comet with a fiery tail to it.

JEPPE. I should think so, too, were it not for these dollars; I have got them sure enough. And to cut matters short, Jacob, I will puzzle my head no more; but take a good swinging draught of——

JACOB. That's right, my lord. Ha—ha—ha! How good—how——

JEPPE. What! you cannot swallow it, eh?

JACOB. No; if I were to stand on my head instead of——

JEPPE. And yet it is all true, as you are standing there. You are wanting both in faith and understanding!

SCENE V.—*Enter* MAGNUS.

MAG. So glad to catch you; such a joke. Ha—ha—ha! How shall I tell you for laughing! No, I cannot. First, know there is a man—no; a clod-hopping ass and dolt—a drunken beast—one Jeppe vom Berge. He was found dead drunk in a ditch, and a party passing carried him to the Baron's castle; they dressed him up, like the lord, and made the wretch believe he was master of all around him, and had wakened, as he said, in paradise. Who can refrain from laughing at the tricks, they say, he played. I would willingly give a dollar to get a sight of such a fool. Can you tell me where he is to——

JEPPE. What have I to pay, Master Jacob? I'm in a hurry.

JACOB. Twelve kreutzers, that's all. (JEPPE *pays, and sneaks out.*)

MAG. What made that man take himself off so slily?

JACOB. Why, well he might; that is the very man you wanted to see. Indeed, they have fooled him to the top of his bent. I never saw a man so befooled.

MAG. Is that possible? I must—Halloa, Jeppe, a word with you! How are things going on in the great world? And you have been in Paradise——

JEPPE. Let me alone, I say.

MAG. Why didn't you prolong your stay a little?

JEPPE. You had better not ask me any questions.

MAG. But I want to hear something of your travels.

JEPPE. Do you allow your guests, Mr. Jacob, to be thus insulted?

MAG. Nay, I wished to congratulate you upon your promotion. Was it a glorious affair? (*Detaining him.*)

JEPPE. Watch!—help!—murder!

MAG. Did you see any of my acquaintance there?—in Paradise, was it?

JEPPE. (*Bursting away.*) No, they were all in h—ll, where I hope you and all yours will soon follow them.

SCENE VI.

Enter the BARON, *his Secretary, Chamberlain, and train.*

BAR. Ha! ha! ha!—how good! Jeppe is a changed man. We have reformed him, I think, at last. Oh, Erich, if you can often furnish me so rich a treat, you shall have a theatre built in which to play new comedies.

ERICH. Suppose, my lord, he had turned the tables upon us, and hanged us. It would have been a dear sport that.

BAR. What of that? Sport is paid for quite as dearly every day. See how men venture their lives and fortunes hourly, rather than forego the least tittle of capricious humour that seizes them. Eating, drinking, jesting, hunting, sailing, duelling, &c. &c., have each and all their votaries to the very death. In Turkey, the greatest sport is to catch a bowstring.

THE COUNTRY CURATE.

BY CHARLES OLLIER.

CHAPTER VII.

A SURPRISE.

While thus musing and struggling to keep down her feelings, lest their manifestation should alarm her children, the unhappy mother heard a rattling sound of coach-wheels in the street, which suddenly ceased opposite her house, and a carriage drew up. This was immediately followed by a pealing " rat-tat," such as never before had saluted our curate's door. The approach at so rapid a pace, the quick stoppage, the instantaneous and peremptory knocking, were all significant, and might, in other days, by so violent an announcement, have caused a flutter of expectation, either of good or evil, in the breast of Mrs. Westerwood. Now, however, they came unheeded on her ear. She was past hope, and even beyond fear. Evil had done its worst; and she and her husband were so utterly destitute of friends, that to cherish any favourable anticipation—to indulge in building castles in the air (that perilous refuge of the destitute)—would be only to delude themselves with vain thoughts, and thus render more terrible a return to their real and stubborn misery.

Under an impression that the owner of the carriage had mistaken her house for another's, Constance opened the door, in order to undeceive the applicant, when a gentleman in half-mourning alighted, and, raising his hat, and bowing, said, "I believe I have the pleasure of addressing Mrs. Westerwood?" The poor lady was too much surprised to speak; but her curtsey assured the stranger that he was right in his conjecture.

"Is Mr. Westerwood within?" he asked.

" Yes, sir."

" Then," added the stranger, " do me the favour, madam, to give him this card, and say the bearer of it would intrude for a few minutes on his time. But, first of all, let me ask how the little invalids go on."

Though Mrs. Westerwood's surprise was great, she found just voice enough to thank the stranger, and say her children were convalescent, though still very weak.

" They must have change of air," observed the stranger.

Constance smiled mournfully, as much as to say change of air was impossible.

" We'll see to that by and by," resumed the gentleman; "meanwhile you will oblige me, madam, by giving my card to Mr. Westerwood."

Constance flew to her husband, hardly feeling the stairs up which she ran, and delivered the card and message.

" Sir Philip Bridgemount, baronet," enunciated Mr. Westerwood, perusing the name, in a tone of desponding indifference. " I know him not; I never even heard of him."

" He is in the parlour, waiting to see you," returned Constance. " Rouse yourself, Godfrey—rouse yourself, and hear what the gentleman has to say. I am certain he is a friend, for he has inquired tenderly about the children's health."

At her bidding, the curate, like an automaton, descended to the room. On his approach, Sir Philip cordially greeted the disconsolate man, who submitted a nerveless hand to his grasp.

"I have one or two things to say to you, Mr. Westerwood," observed he; "but, if it be not giving her too much trouble, I should like your lady to be present."

These words perplexed our curate; he was hardly sure that he was not dreaming. A visit from an utter stranger, and that stranger a baronet, who, moreover, addressed him in language of respect and kindness! What could it mean? Had agony disordered his perceptions? Poor man! his half-vacant, half-wondering face, favoured such a notion. "Yes, sir; I will go and bring my wife," said he, in the acquiescent tone of one under a spell.

Having returned with Constance, the three sat down together.

"Look at me, Mr. Westerwood," began Sir Philip, "and say if you know me."

The curate gazed at the face of his questioner, and replied that, to the best of his knowledge, he had never before seen him.

"What!" ejaculated the baronet, with a smile, "is it possible you can so soon have forgotten one to whom, while in tribulation yourself, you held out the hand of charity? Can my present dress, and a discarded wig, have wrought so unfavourably on your memory? Has Mr. Julius Augustus Greville—the aspirant to the honours of Charles Surface—made so slight an impression? I protest you quite mortify me."

Again Mr. Westerwood looked hard at the stranger. "There is certainly some faint similitude," observed he; "but you cannot surely mean to say that you and the strolling player are identical?"

"Yes, but I do, though," replied Sir Philip.

The curate and his wife exchanged glances of wonderment, when the stranger, resolving no longer to keep them in suspense, said, "Listen to me awhile; I will be as brief as possible. The late owner of a large property in this part of Somersetshire and the neighbouring county was my uncle. He died about four months ago; and having lost his only child a little previously, his title and estates have unexpectedly fallen to me. Since his decease, I have resolved, without declaring my name, (and I am personally known only to one individual in the vicinity,) to learn something not only of my tenantry, but of every one connected, either directly or indirectly, with my possessions. In this latter predicament, you stand as curate to a living in my gift, at present held by Doctor Bruiner. Is it not so?"

"Yes, Sir Philip," replied Mr. Westerwood, now fully roused into attention; "or, rather I *was* his curate until to-day, when I received notice of dismissal."

"Never mind that," observed the baronet, coolly.

Never mind *that!* Never mind losing house, home, and maintenance! A new mystery!

"I have often," resumed Sir Philip, without appearing to notice the curate's mystification, "heard of you, Mr. Westerwood, through my only correspondent in this town, who knows *you* thoroughly, though you know not *him*. He has made me acquainted with your piety, your learning and eloquence, your kind, charitable, and good heart, and, I grieve to add, your distresses."

There was a pause, broken only by Mrs. Westerwood's sobs.

"It was perhaps wrong in me," pursued Sir Philip, "to put you to that foolish trial at the White Horse. More than once I almost broke down in my assumed character, and therefore over-acted it—a common failing in all impostors. You must have thought me an insufferable coxcomb."

Mr. Westerwood made no other response to this, than merely asking how the baronet could submit to be held in durance even for an hour.

"Oh, that was a mere fiction!" answered Sir Philip, laughingly. "Honest Boniface was in the plot. The pleasant rogue acted his part to admiration. He got the old-fashioned wig and cast-off finery from a Jew in Taunton, and I arrayed myself in them at his house. You must forget and forgive the frolic of a young man fresh from Oxford. Here is your shilling, Mr. Westerwood; but I do not mean to return it. While I live, I will keep it as a jewel, almost as precious as the widow's mite. You must, however, permit me to make some little return for what I hold to be invaluable. Do me the favour to take this pocket-book. Put it aside, and examine its contents when you are alone. I will see you again on Monday," he continued, rising, grasping the curate heartily by the hand, and bowing courteously to Mrs. Westerwood.

The sound of Sir Philip's carriage-wheels had long died away before the curate and his wife recovered from the trance into which so strange an interview had thrown them. Mr. Westerwood held the pocket-book unconsciously. At length, Constance took it from his hand, opened it, and drew out a bank note of a hundred pounds.

"See here, Godfrey!" she exclaimed, convulsively. "Wealth—wealth—marvellous wealth! We are saved—saved! My children will *not* starve!"

So saying, she threw her arms round the neck of her husband, who was too much overcome to speak.

The open pocket-book was still in Mrs. Westerwood's hands, and during her emotion, a letter had fallen on the floor. On regaining something of composure, she perceived it.

"Sir Philip has dropped a letter," she said. "I wish we could restore it to him before Monday; but we know not where to find him. Luckily," she added, "it is sealed; so he *cannot* (I think, in any case, he *would not*) suspect us of reading it."

"Honourable people," responded Mr. Westerwood, "never suspect dishonourable tricks."

Having placed the letter on the table, her eye fell on the superscription, which was as follows:—"To the Rev. Godfrey Westerwood, rector of Combethorpe, in the county of Somerset."

"*Your* name, Godfrey!" she exclaimed. "But what does the rest of the direction mean? An error, no doubt. Still you are authorized in opening it."

The curate did so, and read the contents to his wife. These were the words:—

"My dear Friend,—Doctor Bruiner has used you infamously. This is violent language, I know; but I am a young man, and strong expressions *will* escape me. Besides, didn't he abuse me roundly and soundly at the 'White Horse?' You shan't be sacrificed by the heartless, hypocritical, scheming, pluralist rector. In one word, the living of Combethorpe, in my gift, has lately become vacant. It is yours. Something better will occur by and by; perhaps even the benefice now held in Devonshire by your oppressor. Meanwhile, let me beg you to go to Combethorpe. Its revenue is about three hundred a-year. I have taken care that the rectory shall be furnished and comfortable. It is as, perhaps, you know, only ten miles from this place, on the road to Taunton. Go thither on Monday. I shall call there in the afternoon to dine with you. Tell Mrs. Westerwood she will have no trouble about dinner, as the servants have already received orders. Tell her, moreover, that Combethorpe will supply change of air for her little convalescents, and refresh herself after her late toil.

"I suppose you will like to preach to-morrow to your old congregation. I shall be in the church.

"Receive a layman's return of the benediction you bestowed on the strolling player. May God bless you!

"Your affectionate friend,
"PHILIP BRIDGEMOUNT."

"Wonder upon wonder!" ejaculated Mr. Westerwood. "Oh, Constance, how shall I ease the swelling of my heart? The sudden rapture overcomes me. I almost faint under excess of joy. Noble, good, munificent young man! How shall I pour out my gratitude to thee? Did I not say the Creator would not forsake those who unfeignedly put their trust in him? Behold the truth! Go, my dear, and tell the children they shall journey to the country on Monday. Then come down to me, that we may humbly and fervently offer thanksgiving to the Father of mercies, for the protection and great bounty He has vouchsafed to us through one of the best of His creatures. The intolerable tempest of our exultation will thus be calmed."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CURATE'S FAREWELL SERMON AND REMOVAL.

AFTER a sleepless night (for joy is a greater foe to rest than grief), Mr. Westerwood arose, and prepared himself to perform, for the last time, Divine service at the parish church of * * * * On entering the vestry, he was met by Dr. Bruiner, who, with unfeeling politeness, introduced him to the new curate. The rector little knew that his meditated cruelty was impotent.

"This gentleman," he said, "will read prayers to-day; but as you, Mr. Westerwood, might possibly like once more to address my parishioners, you can preach, if you wish it."

"I do, indeed, desire it," replied the curate, gently.

When morning service had concluded, Mr. Westerwood ascended the pulpit. All eyes were upon him as he announced the affecting words of his text. Even those who had helped to distress him, underwent a feeling of remorse as he repeated the divine words. But their pang was transitory; they soon relapsed into callousness. In spite of the sacred admonitions delivered every Sunday in our places of worship, many church-goers are as ready, in other days of the week, to plot the ruin of their fellow-creatures as if they had never heard the solemn word of God. As the curate proceeded in his discourse, it was evident that some of the congregation were really touched. Doctor Bruiner himself felt rather uneasy, and could not obtain his own pardon for having permitted Mr. Westerwood to deliver a sermon. But when, in his peroration, the preacher addressed a few farewell words to his hearers, telling them, *not* that their rector had dismissed him, but that he had been inducted to the living of Combethorpe, the annoyance and confusion of Doctor Bruiner knew no bounds.

As the congregation left the church, little knots of whisperers were seen in various parts, and the rector, making his way towards Mr. Westerwood, would have engaged him in conversation, had not Sir Philip taken the latter by the arm, and, though in his gown, conducted him to his (the baronet's) carriage. The Doctor's mortification was complete.

"I shall see you to-morrow at Combethorpe," briefly said Sir Philip. "Meanwhile, farewell! My coachman will drive you home. I have a call or two to make in another direction. Your sermon is engraven on my heart. Good-bye till to-morrow."

Everything conspired to bewilder the new rector, who felt oppressed with happiness. Vain would be any attempt to describe the tumult of joy and wonder which agitated himself, his wife, and children, during the remainder of the day. Night came, and sleep; and Monday morning found them all more calm, not to mention the good effects arising from busy exertions for removal. Mrs. Westerwood packed up such articles of apparel as the family possessed; and then her husband, having tied together his few books, the friends which long had solaced him, a poor neighbour was summoned, to whom the chairs and tables were given. A coach was then sent for, and the happy family started for Combethorpe.

Oh, how the girls enjoyed the ride through balmy air, and perpetually-changing landscapes! Poor things! they had never before been in a carriage. Their delight, however, was enhanced when they arrived at the parsonage, and were obsequiously received by the gardener and his wife, whom Sir Philip had retained there for the purpose. Having passed into the interior of the house, Mrs. Westerwood found it abounding in every comfort, and not a few elegances. But her husband, with one child in his arms, and followed by the other two, strolled over the garden and paddock. In front of the building was a lawn, formal, square, and college-like, but well kept. Behind, was a garden, of which part was tricked out with lines of clipped evergreens, (yew, box, and holly;) trees fantastically sheared into figures of birds and beasts; arbours, and other evidences that the former possessor had been a lover of Topiarian art. The main part of the garden was in a more modern taste, and the surrounding prospect was smiling and lovely. All that could be said in praise of the house must be confined to its interior convenience: externally, it had no pretension whatever. Altogether, the place appeared an elysium to our pent-up town-dwellers; and as to the girls, they seemed in a couple of hours to have imbibed from the pure air and cheerful scenery more strength than a month would have given them in their former abode.

The preceding incumbent of Combethorpe had been preferred to a better living; he had not been dispossessed either by death or unworthiness. Mr. Westerwood therefore had no painful thought to qualify or abate his transport. He and his wife and children moved about from place to place with restless joy. Unconscious of the rapid flight of time, they were surprised, by the striking of the hall-clock, to find that the hour had arrived at which Sir Philip had promised to visit them. Thus admonished, the new rector and his family assembled in the drawing-room to receive their guest and benefactor. But Mr. Westerwood was too much excited to sit; he paced the apartment like one under strong agitation. Alas! why is it ordained that Joy should borrow some of the attributes of Grief?

CHAPTER IX.

SIR PHILIP'S VISIT.—DOCTOR BRUINER.—CONCLUSION.

"Hush! listen!" exclaimed Mr. Westerwood, stopping suddenly at the window. "Do you not hear the sound of wheels? He will be with us directly. Listen!—and see, the gardener is running across the lawn to open the gate."

With these words the new rector left the room and took his post at the house-door. Sir Philip's carriage almost immediately appeared, and, turning in at the parsonage-gate, drove along the gravel-walk, and drew up. A warm and hearty salutation passed under the porch between the baronet and his friend, when both gentlemen proceeded to the drawing-room, where, having greeted Mrs. Westerwood, Sir Philip took the children by turns into his arms, and affectionately kissed them. "Earth has not anything to show more fair!" The young man beheld five of his fellow-creatures placed, by his means, in perfect happiness.

Oh, the god-like privilege of doing this! the wonderful power of wealth! It is said that riches do not insure heart-ease; nay, that they bring care in their train. No doubt, the greater number of blessings in this life have their counteracting adjuncts. If there is "a soul of goodness in things evil," there is too often a soul of evil in things good. Still, whatever anxieties may attend the possession of affluence, the power it gives of doing one act so glorious as this which we have recorded of Sir Philip Bridgemount, enables its possessor to obtain the universal praise of society. Not that this was the young baronet's motive. To use a familiar phrase, "his heart was in its right place," and he obeyed its noble impulse. This is indeed turning "the yellow slave that knits and breaks religions" to a high priest of holiness. On the contrary, how deplorable and hateful is it to see the blessing of riches turned into a means of scattering curses—of inflicting misery on weakness—of gratifying the basest love of self at the expense of another's ruin! This was attempted by the Reverend Doctor Bruiner, but his inhuman and foolish wish was frustrated.

Dinner was soon served; and never did six happier human beings (for the three children, at Sir Philip's request, were of the party,) sit down to a meal. When the repast was over, the baronet and his friend were left to take their wine, and chat together.

After some general conversation, Sir Philip said, "You will be surprised, perhaps shocked, to hear that Doctor Bruiner is likely to get into disgrace with the bishop."

"I hope not—I earnestly hope not," responded the new rector.

"I fear it is so," rejoined Sir Philip; "*I* know, though *he*, at this moment may not be aware of it, that certain investigations are even now set on foot by his diocesan."

"To what do they refer?" asked Mr. Westerwood.

"To certain charges of dealing in church-appointments for lucre—an offence against which, the ecclesiastical law, you know, is very severe."

"Alas!" exclaimed Mr. Westerwood; "this is the work of his enemies. I hope and believe he will be fully able to assoil himself."

"I know not," returned Sir Philip; "but judging from his other acts, I should fear he is guilty. I know so much that is wrong in this man—so much of his incredible meanness and perfidy—his intemperance and libertinism—that never shall my voice fail in denouncing him. Not that so feeble a tongue as mine, nor even one infinitely more potent, can ever hope to reclaim a man so unfeeling by nature, and so hardened by bad custom, as this pluralist. To un-Bruiner Bruiner would be impossible. Still, indignation loudly expressed, may deter others from following his wretched example."

"Let us, my dear Sir Philip," interposed Mr. Westerwood—"let us make allowance for human frailty."

"No man is more willing to do so than I," replied the young baronet; "but I am determined never to tolerate selfishness and cruelty, treachery and persecution, in their most odious form."

Our new rector tried hard to extenuate the vices of his late employer, but Sir Philip would scarcely hear him, and only appealed to the universal scorn in which Bruiner was held: "Go where I will," said he, "I hear nothing but expressions of contempt against that man. Should he (and I believe he cannot escape) be convicted and dispossessed of his benefices, his living in Devonshire shall be yours in addition to that of Combethorpe."

"Sir Philip!" Mr. Westerwood ejaculated, "you oppress me, not only with your great goodness, but by compelling me to refuse your bounty. My faith would not suffer me to be a pluralist. Rather than that, (which I hold to be an inexpiable offence,) I would relapse into the hopeless tribulation from which your hand has delivered me. How could I render to the Supreme an account of impossible duties? You have rescued me from despair: let me justify myself to my Maker."

Little more remains to be told. Doctor Bruiner fell under ecclesiastical censure, and was dismissed from the ministry. Sir Philip Bridgemount prevailed on Mr. Westerwood to accept the living in Devonshire, though the latter insisted, in that case, on vacating Combethorpe. The "fragrant paradise," to which he had journeyed a humble suppliant, bewildered by want, was now his own; and among other blessings, he was able to befriend Doctor Bruiner in his degradation and distress.

In conclusion, let the hand which has traced this little story, cite the words of a great living writer, on the subject of Christianity:—

"The interests of Christianity," says he, "are the same as the interests of society. It has no other meaning. Let any man find out that thing, whatever it be, which is to perform the very greatest good to society, even to its own apparent detriment, and I say *that* is Christianity, or I know not the spirit of its Founder. What ! shall we take Christianity for an arithmetical puzzle, or a contradiction in terms, or the bitterness of a bad argument, or the interests, real or supposed, of any particular set of men ? God forbid ! I wish to speak with reverence of whatever has taken place in the order of Providence. I wish to think the best of the very evils that have happened; that a good has been got out of them; perhaps that they were even necessary to the good. But when once we have attained better means, and the others are dreaded by the benevolent, and scorned by the wise, then is the time for throwing open the doors to all kindliness, and to all knowledge, and the end of Christianity is attained in the reign of beneficence."

THE CHURCH AND THE MANOR.*

The "Athenæum"—which, while constantly asserting its impartiality, as a prude asserts her virtue, exhibits the grossest prejudices and illiberality—has likened this romance to "Rookwood." There is no more resemblance between the two stories, either in style or structure, than there is between "Rookwood," or any other production of its author, and "Whitefriars," an anonymous romance, published last year, and most unwarrantably attributed, by the "Athenæum," to Mr. Ainsworth.

It may be worth our while, on some future occasion, to see how far the "Athenæum" represents the public taste in matters of literature, art, and science—how often its oracular dicta are borne out or falsified —and to what extent its self-vaunted character for impartiality is sustainable; but, meanwhile, we shall content ourselves with a ludicrous specimen of its sagacity, exhibited in a recent notice of the "Chimes," when the chuckling critic exclaimed, "For once we anticipate, as among things possible, a harmony of the Press!" Harmony, indeed! Why, no production of Mr. Dickens has caused so much discordance of opinion! And that this was sure to be the case, the strong political tendency of the work made manifest, at a glance, to every one, except the dullard of the "Athenæum." But we will leave the old Whig grumbler for awhile, and proceed to "Rodenhurst."

It is a curious phenomenon of the times, when revivals in doctrine and discipline, forms and ceremonies, and even in literature and fine arts, are all made to have the same retrospective tendency, to find some ready to go so far as to become the strenuous, almost the unscrupulous, advocates of high church and Jacobinism, high church and aristocracy, and high church and manors, in opposition to all other relations that sprang from the Reformation.

A good, old-fashioned, Jacobite story, clear and vigorous in its language, unsparing in its assaults, poignant in its hatred, inflexible in its purpose, and with a dark, intricate, mysterious machinery, worthy of the times it refers to, is a commodity which will find ready acceptance in many a turreted castle, old manor house, cathedral close, or more humble wainscoted gable-end. Nay, it may perchance afford an hour's recreation in a collegiate quadrangle.

There is no attempt, and, indeed, no wish, to compromise or to mince matters. The young gentlemen hunt a red-coated fox, with hounds clad in the tartan plaid; and the young ladies make garlands of white roses, rue, and thyme, as expressive in the language of flowers of the white rose *rueing* the sad *time* in which it then bloomed.

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* Rodenhurst: or, the Church and the Manor. By E. M. S. 3 vols. 8vo. London, John Mortimer.

These young gentlemen are, the Lord Fitzwarine, son of Earl Aumerle, an aristocrat and high churchman, and Harry Draycot, son of a "good old country squire." The ladies are, the Lady Anne, sister to Fitzwarine, and Sybil Mandeville, who has been deprived of her rights—nay, even of her fair fame—by "Whig and low church villainy." This young nobleman and the young squire are attached to the ladies by the tenderest ties.

The Earl of Aumerle, as the representative of his party, is the dauntless advocate for the true liberties of the people, which advocacy is duly expounded, as befriending them by an almost despotic authority in church and state. He is seconded by the incumbent of Areley, who joins benevolence to learning, and practical humanity to sound doctrine, thus leaving to the peasant neither wish nor power to follow "vulgar self-instituted teachers."

"Blessed with this co-operation of wealth, and rank, and learning, and good purpose, on the part of the rector and the earl, its result was in the fair face of cultivated nature, in the smiling faces and light hearts of a virtuous and happy peasantry."

Contrasted with the happy mansion and hospitable fireside of the old English squire, is a more ostentatious abode, which, close by, overlooked in its charmless pride the more pleasingly situated manorial house. This offspring of modern innovation was tenanted by Sir Andrew Luntley, a monied and parvenu Whig, a low churchman, an oppressor, usurer, usurper, and murderer, or, as summed up by his political partisan, Bishop Hoadley, "a most abominable villain." His rector, Dr. Croxall, also a low churchman, is richly endowed, indifferent, Calvinistic, and rapacious; but, for the sake of religion, it is to be supposed, is left with one slight redeeming point in his otherwise rayless character.

Sir Andrew is the arch enemy of the dwellers at the manor-house. By the murder of his wife's brother, and the robbery of a marriage certificate, he has possessed himself of the manorial rights of Rodenhurst, the property of the Mandevilles; and his fiend-like energies are devoted to the task of overthrowing the claims of Sybil, and of thwarting, by political persecutions, the protection given to her by the Lord Aumerle and Squire Draycot.

In these infamous proceedings he is more or less favoured by the ministry, who are influenced by Bishop Hoadley and the imperious Blackburne in viewing it as a simple question of Whig and Tory ascendancy, and more directly by the hero of Culloden, who is approached by the Stockbroker's command of money, and who is condescendingly represented as a "brutal prince," patron of scamps and pugilists, without a redeeming manly feeling or princely virtue. Even the good-natured George is also influenced through the same quarter; and "the circumspect general, the wise politician, and the merciful prince," is represented as a sanguinary and avaricious buffoon.

"The King was in his counting-house
Counting out his money,"—

and who daintily tosses his wig about on the top of his royal toe, till it is frisked into the fire. Well might the fair heroine of the story fast on all occasions of the government feasting, and feast when it is recommended to fast.

Backed by these influences, Sir Andrew gets the young Squire arrested for treasonable practices; while Lord Fitzwarine is abducted by an instrument of the Whig Knight's, whose actions are not always easily understood—an imp, or elf, called Silly Jemmy, who often appears alike malignant without cause, and good without purpose.

The high church party has, however, still the Prince of Wales as their supporter at court; and, with the horrors of '45 fresh in their memories, the Earl and the Squire repair to London, to avert the disasters which threaten their families, and poor Sybil. This young lady, accidentally getting astray in the metropolis, is assaulted by the poet Churchill and the notorious Wilkes, for the sole purpose of holding them forth as the assailants of unprotected females—

> "These, by the same blind benefit of fate,
> Alike old Satan and high churchmen hate"—

while she is protected and received in the most kindly manner by William Hogarth. Justice, according to the old Tory notions, is, however, done to all parties, in an event borrowed in part from one of Hogarth's fearful scenes. Sir Andrew adds to his other crimes that of killing the imp, and then terminates his miserable existence, and that of a recreant follower, by poison, the operation of which comes into deadly play in open court.

MARY DREWITT.

BY MRS. WHITE.

PART II.—VANITY AND ITS FRUITS.

ALAS! parties, as Mrs. Drewitt soon discovered, are very troublesome affairs. It is all very well to have one's rooms well lighted, and filled with brilliant women and agreeable men, and to hear laughter, and light steps, keeping time to measured sounds; but the miserable void occasioned by their departure, the melancholy aspect of half-burnt wax-lights, of faded flowers and demolished edibles, is only to be equalled by the proportionable void in one's purse.

One morning, after an ill-afforded and semi-brilliant party, as the hospitable hostess sat counting, with the aid of her fingers, certain items in the shape of patties, puffs, jellies, ices, &c., which, notwithstanding their unsubstantial nature, had resolved themselves into an amount of pounds, shillings, and pence, of most undoubted solidity, the following conversation took place between her and her daughter.

"Mary! what was that Sir Felix was saying to you yesterday, when you were looking at the portrait in the dining-room?" inquired Mrs. Drewitt.

"He was saying," replied Mary, with an assumption of much *nonchalance*, "what a very fine woman mamma was, and how much I resembled her."

"Ah! he's a dear man," said Mrs. Drewitt, looking up from the confectioner's account with a smiling and persuasive aspect. "But what else did he say, Mary, dear?"

"Nothing," was the brief rejoinder; "or, at least, nothing particular."

"What, not when you were standing at the window together, last night, after dancing with him?"

"Oh, yes, I recollect: we were remarking, how pretty the outline of the admiral's ship was looking on the water in the moonlight."

"Pshaw!" interrupted her mother. "Has he proposed?"

"La! mamma!" was the very intelligible reply; and Mrs. Drewitt felt that her hopes were overthrown. "If I must tell you what Sir Felix said," continued Mary, "he was rallying me about Mr. Roberts, and regretting he might not have the pleasure of congratulating me upon my marriage with the lieutenant before he leaves Cove, which he intends doing, in the course of the week."

"I know very well, Mary," screamed Mrs. Drewitt, "that but for that young man I should have seen you Lady O'Connor. After all the trouble and expense your unfortunate father and myself have been at, to get you a good match, to encourage a beggarly lieutenant in the navy in preference to an *estated gentleman*, and a baronet, like Sir Felix, it is shameful in you—quite shameful!"

"But as Sir Felix did not give me an opportunity of marrying him," replied Mary, mildly, "how can you say it is my fault?"

"You know it is your fault. You know you have encouraged that young man to be at the house, and to join you in your walks; and have, in fact, let Sir Felix see that he was always about you," exclaimed her mother, violently.

"I am sure," rejoined Mary, "I have never encouraged him half as much as I have encouraged Sir Felix. If I had, he would have proposed long ago."

"Proposed!—*he* propose!" screamed Mrs. Drewitt—"what for?—to make a beggar of you!"

"But he is just as well off as papa was, when he married you," interrupted her daughter; "and besides, he has interest."

"Yes, to pay his agent!" vociferated Mrs. Drewitt, looking down at the bill she continued to hold in her hand. "I should like to know, Miss, what your papa is to you? Had I ever the pounds laid out on my education that you have had? Or the advantage of going into the company that you have kept? Look what it takes to dress you, and entertain people, just to get you off well, and you to spoil it all, with your nonsense and obstinacy! Oh! Mary Drewitt, 'tis ruin your father you will, and bring down my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave! See what a thing it would have been for your sisters, if you had had the luck to marry Sir Felix. But the Lord help us! you have spoilt *all* by your foolishness. There's all that," (throwing the bill at her feet,) "and that's a trifle to the rest—gone for nothing! Every day I'm in dread of my life, for fear the butcher and the draper should send their bills in again. And there's the girls' schooling not paid these two quarters. And Miss Birch refuses to give any more credit. And your father's agent wont let him draw any more money on his half-pay. And what will be done, I don't know! Sir Felix is a mean-spirited, deceitful old wretch, or he never would have been coming to our house, all along, meaning nothing, and having your name in every one's mouth, to be made an open show of at last!" And Mrs. Drewitt ended her list of perplexities and invectives by an hysterical fit of sobbing.

Mrs. Drewitt's description of the financial state of the home department was not at all highly coloured—in fact, the truth was rather suppressed than exaggerated; for, to do her justice, the poor woman felt almost ashamed to confess the paltry expedients and truckling meannesses to which she had resorted, in order to support appearances, and work out her plan of match-making. Ten girls at home to feed, and clothe, and educate, is no trifle, especially on a very limited income, and with all the other adjuncts in the shape of servants, superannuated old women, and supernumerary young boys, who are always found swelling the expenses, and adding to the confusion of an Irish establishment. Two or three of the young ladies, moreover, though very judiciously kept out of sight, until their elder sisters should be disposed of, were fast attaining a very supicious altitude, and looked amazingly funny with long arms and womanish heads stretching through the arm-holes and above the necks of their pinafores, or from under the white poke calico bonnets that were at once the cheapest and most child-like coverings that could be procured.

But I am digressing. In something less than a week, after the above conversation, Sir Felix, having assured himself that the ladies were not at home, dropped his card, with the fatal P.P.C. in the corner, and was seen no more at Cove.

Months, years passed on, and Mary Drewitt still retained her beauty, and the fashion its reputation gave her; but a decided change had taken place in her sentiments. She no longer stood in need of her mother's representations of the importance of making a good match; vanity and worldliness had decided its value; and her daily experience of the disgusting discrepancy between fortune and the straining to affect its appearance had confirmed her in her new faith. She had learned to laugh at the mawkish sentimentality of "love in a cottage;" and hugged herself with the belief that the enjoyments of wealth without it were far more solid. In a word, Mr. Roberts proposed, and was rejected; and as whatever of heart Mary Drewitt possessed had been lavished on him, she no longer made affection a consideration, but allowed it to be seen, that rank and wealth were the only objects for which her loveliness was to be bartered.

The yachting season, the arrival of a new ship on the station, or of a fresh depot of a regiment to Spike Island, brought new votaries to her shrine, and afforded new objects of speculation; and strong in the fascinations of accomplishment and beauty, she continued to coquette in the mere wantonness of power; but every new flirtation stole off some portion of that delicacy of thought and feeling that, like the bloom on fruit just gathered, best attests the freshness of a woman's heart, and left her with weakened principles and less power to attract.

Time, who treats beauty as cavalierly as Saint Kevin, was imperceptibly tracing his broad arrow in the corner of her lustrous eyes; and more than once, when mingling in the crowd that during the season daily thronged the New Quay and beach, she had heard murmurs of admiration, followed by the provoking expression of "*passé* rather!"

Fate, too, seemed to be playing at cross purposes with her. Only a few months after she had given poor Roberts his *congé*, a rich uncle died, leaving him his successor to a splendid fortune; and shortly after, the lord-lieutenant, in making a tour of Ireland, visited Cove, and having honoured the admiral's ship with his presence, according to prescribed etiquette on these occasions, conferred the honour of knighthood on the officer who steered his barge: and this individual was Mary's *ci-devant* lover. These unlooked-for changes in the circumstances of the young lieutenant were severely felt by the mother and daughter; but regret came too late; and its effect was to stimulate the one to renewed exertions, and the other to greater recklessness in the fulfilment of her determinations. The triennial change of admirals removed Sir George Roberts from the station, and a fresh set of officers gave Mary an opportunity of playing off her old airs to new heads with such effect, that the English admiral pronounced her the handsomest woman he had seen in Ireland. This remark was afterwards repeated in the club-house, in the presence of a gentleman who had not seen this provincial "Helen," but whose admiration of the sex was said to be extreme. He listened for some time to the panegyrics lavished on her beauty; and interrupted them with a declaration, that if she was half as handsome as represented, he would marry her himself within the month.

Major M'Pharson was a tall, strongly built man, some fifty years of age, with a countenance more national than attractive, broad coarse features, indented with traces of small-pox, high cheek bones, shrewd, calculating eyes, and square, muscular mouth and chin, made up a face expressive only of sensuality and cunning, and offered an extraordinary contrast to the perfect loveliness of Mary Drewitt. So absurd, in fact, appeared the idea of an union between them, that one of M'Pharson's brother officers ventured to rally him on the improbability of the lady's accepting him. But this only strengthened the major in his determination; and he absolutely offered to bet a considerable sum, that within three weeks she would be his wife. The bet was accepted, and booked; and as a first step towards winning it, Major M'Pharson immediately obtained an introduction to the Drewitt family; and though during the first fortnight of his attentions the lady continued undecided, the Major carried the day, and within the stipulated period, the following announcement appeared in all the Cork papers, under the interesting head of "Marriages:"—

"On Thursday morning, at her father's residence, by the Reverend Father Scully, P.P., and afterwards at the parish church of Cove, Mary, eldest daughter of Lubin Drewitt, Esq., R.N., to Major Donald M'Pharson, of his majesty's 2nd regiment. Immediately after the ceremony, the happy pair departed in a splendid equipage, to spend the honeymoon at Killarney; the beautiful and accomplished bride was accompanied by her sister."

The clubbites were surprised—all Cove was astonished. During the next nine days every half open lip and elevated brow you met expressed a note of admiration! "How extraordinary!" "What a fool!" "How fortunate!" "Not a farthing in the world!" "Rich as a Jew!" were amongst the exclamations bandied about in reference to the opposite circumstances of the bride and bridegroom. But to none was it more a matter of astonishment than to the Drewitts themselves—in so short a time, at so small an expense, compared with what it had cost to enable Sir Felix O'Conner to " fool them to his bent,"—and such a match too! "No end of money," as mamma whispered her particular friends, who sat writhing with envy under the infliction of certain extracts from the very liberal settlement the major had made his bride, and a long list of gifts in the shape of jewels, a carriage, and other expensive items, that made the maternal eyes glitter with a bolder light as she repeated them, and were so much gall and wormwood to her hearers.

At the end of a few weeks, Mrs. Major M'Pharson, as her mother delighted in calling her, returned, to find her name figuring in the place Mrs. Admiral Plunkett's had formerly filled—to roll in her elegant britska, where for so many years she had walked—to be teazed to death for patronage by the very tradespeople, who, a few months since, had lowered their brows when softly desired to book the book-muslin and blonde necessary to enable the belle to carry on her speculations. Great, indeed, was her apparent triumph, but still greater the extent of personal wretchedness by which it was purchased. She had married a man whose superiority of years, instead of engendering respect, was rendered disgusting by vices which the hey-day of youth alone can excuse. A *roué* in its worst sense, he had wooed her with no other motive than the possession of her beauty; and this attained, the only tie between them was the constraining one the church ceremonial had imposed. Nor did his lady possess that rectitude of principle, or those persuasive virtues that prove a check upon such a character. Shallow, haughty and ungrateful, she was incapable of creating attachment, or of inspiring respect. The passiveness of indifference soon changed into mutual contempt; and a more miserable couple could scarcely be found than Major and Mrs. M'Pharson.

But all this was hidden from the world. And when, about two months after their marriage, the major was gazetted to the colonelcy of his regiment by purchase, nothing could exceed the elation of the Drewitts, or the hatred, envy, and malice that abounded amongst their *dear friends* and acquaintances.

In the meantime, to convince their wealthy son-in-law how completely they regarded him as one of the family, subsidies of no ordinary amount were frequently made by the Drewitts upon his purse. These were at first unresisted; but as loan after loan was required, in order to liquidate the expenses of so many years of speculation on artificial appearances, the colonel at last refused to draw another check. This was a severe blow to Mrs. Drewitt, who never doubted that her daughter's influence over her husband was as complete as that which she exercised over the poor lieutenant; and in her own family, she frequently enlarged on Mary's ingratitude, after having, as she expressed it, "put the head on her." Far, however, from possessing the power her mother gave her credit for, even at this early stage, Mrs. M'Pharson found herself in the miserable position of a neglected wife. Tête-à-tête dinners soon became insufferable to the colonel, and, on some pretence or other, he managed to dine at the mess three and four times in the week; and, on these occasions, his wife was left to the companionship of her own thoughts, and very bitter and unpromising they proved. Not that, as may be supposed, her affection suffered from a sense of inattention, or that any very refined delicacy of feeling gave poignancy to the consciousness of it; but her self-love recoiled at the infliction, and supplied her with reproaches sufficiently acrimonious to wear away even the conventional appearance of regard. The colonel's naturally coarse predilections, restrained with difficulty during the first weeks of their union, soon broke forth anew, and late hours, and, finally, inebriation, marked his utter disregard of his wife's feelings, who, in return, made no secret of her indignation and disgust.

But, abroad, who so envied, or, apparently, so enviable, as Mrs. M'Pharson? Her dresses, her diamonds, her equipage—any one of which would, in the eyes of half her acquaintance, have appeared a fair set-off for the annoyance of the living incumbrance attached to them—made her appear the most fortunate of individuals; and thus, like the gorgeous butterfly, whom no one suspects of the consuming ichneumon preying upon its vitals, the colonel's lady glittered in all the splendour of rank and wealth, masking, from all but her ambitious mother, the price at which these advantages had been purchased.

About this time, I left Cove; but some years afterwards, when visiting in the neighbourhood, I naturally made inquiries respecting a family so well known, and the sequel of their history may be briefly told. It was such as might have been expected. The handsome, bold, manœuvring Mrs. Drewitt lived to see her beautiful daughter die in the prime of life, and soon after followed her; the grey-headed lieutenant, with the remainder of his family, withdrew to the Continent; and the colonel, ever a *debauchée*, having sunk from one extreme to another, was then (the victim of *delirium tremens*) an inmate of a lunatic asylum.

THE SUPPER SAGES.*

The late John Boyle, Esq., P.L. to the Cork corporation, has recorded in his "Table-talk," that an Irishman is a machine for converting potatoes into human nature. The glorious O'Doherty, "with the larnin' of three hundred scholars, and the eloquince of six hundred mimbers of Parliament," and the scarcely less learned Mr. Kenealy himself, have satisfactorily shewn that the national assimilating powers extend a great deal further, and particularly embrace the self-appropriation of the beauties of the living and the dead languages, and all that concerns the Greek lyrical, whether pathetic, amorous, or burlesque.

The mantle of Greek lyrical excellence has descended on worthy shoulders, and long may Kenealy wear it, *σεμνότηην ἐπίσημην*! He has no rival, now that poor Maginn is gone, and Serjeant Murphy has ceased to write Greek verses. Cork, by the bye, ought to be proud of her sons. Maginn's place in literature is taken; Kenealy is winning his way onwards; and Murphy, besides his high legal ability, has the reputation, and deservedly, of being the first social wit of the day. No one says such capital things as the learned serjeant—no one presides over a dinner like him. He is the soul of pleasantry.

It was a happy idea to collect the spirit and character of these and other kindred sages in the form of a Deipnosophistic Club, and it has been wrought out with a breadth of humour, and a recklessness of consequence, truly Hibernian.

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* Brallaghan; or, the Deipnosophists. By Edward Kenealy, Esq. 1 vol. Small 8vo. London: E. Churton.

As to plagiarisms, it is best not to believe in them. It is a waste of time and labour, except for the fun of the thing, to search for similar ideas in old and recent poets. Such must occur. There is nothing new, as the loved of Queen Sheba has told us; only, unluckily, an Argus, as sleepy as he to whom Hermes piped and sung, takes it up as serious. Just as well might George Colman the younger have really robbed Gregory of Nazianzenus, as Tom Moore have borrowed, pro tempore, from Heywood or Shirley. In the case of Kenealy *v.* Hood, and a pun on Saint Paul's, the Deipnosophist lost. To have recourse to a defunct language for an extemporaneous pun, is to be dead beat. Such can be only admissible with their Athenian friends in print, where, after all, they are rather to be tolerated than admired.

That the mythology of the ancient world is philosophy in the robe of fiction, is a beautiful anticipation of the conclusions arrived at by German learning; not less curious the foresight evidenced in the prophetic motto for quakers:

"*Sin* in sua posse negabunt
Ire loca."

The poet's assertion,

Πολλὴ χλεύη της φιλίας δεσμὸν λύει,

is most untrue in our case; and equally so is the foolish notion, that the jocose cannot be seriously sentimental. Let the following exquisite dedicatory sonnet attest the contrary:—

TO MRS. W. F.

My summer task is ended—the sweet labour
Thou oft hast heard me speak of is complete.
Songs rudely cast for rustic pipe and tabor,
Wild quips, and sportive jests and fancies, meet
Here in this little book, that at thy feet,
Like some meek suppliant, lies. O lady fair,
If there be aught within this little tome
Worthy to win one passing thought of thine,
THOU *art the cause;—thy songs of beauty rare,*
The pleasant days pass'd in thy happy home
Of roses, myrtle, and green eglantine;
Thy smiles—thy sweet, sweet talk, and angel-heart,
And loveliness, and goodness all divine,—
THESE *have inspired the poet's gentle art.*

"Brallaghan" proves its author to be a ripe scholar, and a ready wit, as well as a lyrical writer of the first water; but we hope, if he writes again, he will strike into a new vein, and eschew bad models. He has great original powers, and ought to have full confidence in them. May he attain as much eminence in his profession as he has attained in letters! He has every requisite qualification. Euge, et vale, Kenealy!

THE NIGHTINGALE'S DREAM.

(From the German of Ludwig Bechstein.)

BY JOHN OXENFORD.

For Earth, the Spring, her lover,
A garb of flow'rs has made;
Her youth she will recover,
When in that garb array'd.
Bright beams are round her glancing—
She counts the weary hours,
Until she sees advancing
Her lovely king of flow'rs.

The gentle zephyr bears him
From yonder dark-blue sky;
Each living thing reveres him,
And holds its feast of joy;
And all the buds are rending
The veil that hid them long;
And countless lays are blending
To one glad choral song.

The breath of life awaking,
Through nature seems to rush;
The leaflets green are breaking
From ev'ry tree and brush;
In morning's lustre springing,
What pearls adorn the grain!
The alder-trees are flinging
Their blossoms on the plain.

Tree, leaf, and stalk are raising
Some whisp'ring sound of love;
And even flow'rs are praising
Th' Eternal One above,—
The One who views each creature
With all a father's care,
The humblest flow'r in nature
Adorns with beauties rare.

Anemones soft beaming
With reddish tinges blow;
Ranunculuses gleaming
With fiery radiance glow;
While to the moss is bending
Her cup the columbine,
And from the flow'r descending,
Fall showr's of gold-drops fine.

The May-bells glisten lightly,
Like silver in the green;
Proud tulips glaring brightly,
Like ruby-cups are seen.
The orchis scents is throwing
The violet sleeps on;
His peaceful head is bowing
The royal martagon.

And many tuneful voices
O'er blooming meadows fly;
The wood in song rejoices—
In song the azure sky.
The thrush is softly singing—
How flute-like are his tones!
The lark to morn is bringing
His pious orisons.

How pleasure is abounding!
List! through the vale and grove
One other song is sounding—
A song of heavenly love.
Came it from branches yonder?
Was it a tone of earth?
Or where bright spirits wander
Had that sweet song its birth?

All things are silent—hushing
Their voice to hear the song;
The stream has check'd its rushing,
And softly flows along.
Again, that song is coming,
Hark, hark, it o'er us floats;
From hedges gaily blooming,
Resound those long sweet notes.

Is 't thou, thou tiny creature,
Upon yon leafy bough?
Why, what a loving nature
A burning heart hast thou!
Is 't thou, whose clear notes ringing,
The grove with music fill?
Is 't thou, who, sweetly singing,
Mak'st spring more lovely still?

Oh, speak, sweet songster, telling
Who all thy warbling taught—
Those notes with rapture swelling—
Those notes with sorrow fraught?
While waving leaflets cool thee,
Deep love within thee glows;
A wond'rous soul must rule thee,
Which tender passion knows.

Now through the forest breaking,
The lays of rapture float,
Like leaves when wildly shaking,—
Now like the flute's soft note.
Now anguish seems to seize them,
Checking the tuneful flood;
Now exultation frees them,
They fill the arching wood.

The evening branches quiver,
And kiss the tree-tops red,
Then blaze upon the river,
And then are pale and dead.
In all his radiance glowing,
The golden sun has set;
A purple light is gleaming,
That we may trace him yet.

'Tis silent in the meadows,
'Tis silent in the woods,
And all the lesser shadows
One greater shade includes.
But twilight cannot still him—
That bird of swelling breast,
The joy, the grief that fill him,
To eve must be confess'd.

The starry lights are blazing
In dark ethereal bow'rs;
He sings while on them gazing,
The poet of the flow'rs.
With looks of love and anguish
He eyes that evening star;
For home, then, dost thou languish?
Oh, didst thou come so far?

Thou, who art skill'd to soften
With love the human heart,—
From lovely eyes so often
Hast caused the tear to start;
And rapture without measure
Hast waken'd with thy voice;
Art thou without a pleasure,
When all around rejoice?

He's still; and what 'tis speaking—
That silence—who shall say?
His thoughts, perchance, are seeking
The paths where planets stray.

Perchance, his soul is thirsting
For brighter suns than ours;
Perchance, on him is bursting
An Eden full of flow'rs.

No more in torrents streaming,
The notes fall one by one—
A song that sounds like dreaming—
A sort of sighing moan.
Again his voice he hushes,—
Now he exults again,
His throat with music gushes,
His soul is full of pain.

Oh, sweetly dream of roses
That spring on Persian ground,
And while thy bright eye closes,
The breeze shall wanton round!
The dreary northland quitting,
Soar over Ispahan,
Let dreams before thee flitting
Create a Djinnistan.

By shadows woven round her,
The world is softly press'd;
The bonds of sleep have bound her,
She gently sinks to rest.
And as, with moonlight gleaming,
The East is edg'd with gold,
All that the bird was dreaming,
A dream to me has told.

II.

His way through ether winging,
He gaily flies afar;
Lov'd trees, perchance, are springing
In yonder evening star.
It shines so brightly o'er him
As ne'er before it shone;
As though some magic bore him,
He wildly hurries on.

The light that shines to greet him
Of brilliant rays is wove;
What nameless joys will meet him
When there he dwells above!
Sweet perfumes are in motion—
He hears soft whisp'ring notes;
On yonder starry ocean,
A star-rose[*] surely floats!

In blood of roses bathing,
The star has ting'd its rays;
The scent of roses breathing
Around the songster plays.
Himself a ray, bright beaming,
He hurries through the air,
While rosy scents are streaming
From Iran's valleys fair.

A flood of music, flowing,
His burning bosom laves
Forth from his throat, unknowing,
Flows melody in waves.

Surely some billows bear it,—
That red rose from afar;
He feels that he is near it,—
It is his evening star.

Still soaring, loving, hoping,
He seeks that dear star-rose;
At last, his wings are drooping,
He tastes divine repose.
Where shall he turn his glances?
So many charms invite,
Such loveliness advances,
Soft-smiling with delight.

Those countless sights of wonder,
Those gorgeous flow'rs that twine
Around the palm-trees yonder,
What fancy could divine?
No eye has seen such treasures
Of joy as blossom there;
To paint such heav'nly pleasures
No mortal hand would dare.

Aedon,[†] sunk in slumber,
A blooming vale beholds,
Where roses, without number,
His magic dream unfolds;
And mountains tall confining
That garden, frown around,
With morning's lustre shining,
With purple garlands crown'd.

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[*] Sternenrose.

[†] Αηδών—i. e., the nightingale. The Germans frequently use this Greek word.—J. O.

One rose her blossom carries
Above the others high,
A troop of sportive fairies
Lightly around her fly.
And all the rest demurely
Glancing at her are seen :—
'Tis she ; oh, rapture ! surely
The rose's lovely queen.

His heart is almost breaking,
His passion is so strong ;
His wings are wildly shaking ;
Again begins his song.
Thou sing'st of nought but loving—
To love thy notes belong ;—
Yes, every note is loving*—
Each breath becomes a song.

Those notes her ear must capture,
Such music could not fail ;
She beckons thee—oh, rapture !—
Thou happy nightingale.
Now close to her, soft-gushing,
Thy notes of passion tell,
And she, divinely blushing,
Must own she loves thee well.

With visions thus disclosing
A heav'n of rapture blest,
He dreams he is reposing
Upon the rose's breast.
In dreams alone are fashion'd
The blessings fate can give—
Only in dreams impassion'd
The flow'r of joy can live.

Rapture thy heart is filling ;
Still dream, still love, still kiss ;
To thy lov'd rose, revealing
In song thy boundless bliss.
Beneath those branches dreaming,
Sing on, sweet bird, sing on,
When morning comes, red-gleaming,
Thy vision will be gone.

The rose is now unfolding
Her leaves beneath the sound ;
The bird, that sight beholding,
Feels all his senses bound.
Wild songster, beats thy bosom ?
A giant rose reveal'd
Draws thee within her bosom,
And there thou art conceal'd.

This philomel was seeking,—
This was the wish'd-for goal
Hark ! wond'rous sounds are waking !
Hark ! through the East they roll !

He lists—the rose is dimmer,
She turns to morning's red,
Wondering, he sees her glimmer—
Aedon's dream has fled.

Already dawns the morning—
The youthful day has come ;
The Eastern sky adorning
Aurora's roses bloom ;
The flow'rs their scents are sending,
Like incense to the skies—
A veil of mist extending
Over the rivers lies.

The leaves, light whisp'ring, quiver
Upon the shady trees ;
The branches gently shiver,
Touch'd by the waking breeze.
The firs, their heads inclining,
Kiss, with a sister's love ;
The ivy dreams, while twining
Around the rock above.

Wood-lilies forth are breaking
To greet the morning fair ;
" Forget-me-not " is waking,
And " lady's slipper " there ;
Ranunculuses brightly
Gleam with the bell-flow'r blue ;
In the viburnum lightly
Sparkles the morning dew.

Scarcely his sleep is banish'd,
Scarce has the songster thought,
His lovely dream is vanish'd,
Like ocean's foam, to nought.
He is not mourning lonely
The joys that he possess'd ;
That has he found, which only
Can make him truly bless'd.

For her his song awaking,
Whom once he saw in dreams,
He sings when morn is breaking,
When evening faintly gleams.
Thus, from his bosom flowing,
So clearly speaks the strain
Of pleasure, sweetly glowing,
Of deep and longing pain.

All who a secret anguish
Within your breasts have borne,
Whose pure hearts ever languish,
By holy longing torn,
Endure—a lesson learning
From him of whom I've sung ;
His song with joy is burning,
His heart with grief is wrung.

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* This repetition of the word "loving," against the laws of rhyme, is in the original, and so is the similarity of termination in the second, fourth, sixth, and eighth lines. The object evidently is, to dwell on the passion of the stanza.—J. O.

ELLISTON.*

"Great wert thou in thy life, Robert William Elliston!—and not lessened in thy death."—Charles Lamb—*Ellistoniana.*

"The theatrical world," it has been said, "is a distinct genus—full of contradictions, and strange anomalies," and few probably have verified this assertion, to the same extent as Robert William Elliston. Of vivacious spirits and sparkling genius, of a naturally happy temper and disposition, and possessed of great self-confidence,—all these gifts were so modified or corrupted by the peculiar positions and circumstances incident to theatrical life, as to be ultimately of little avail to their possessor.

As if life itself had really been to him a stage, there are anecdotes in the volume now before us, besides such as have appeared in this magazine, which exhibit the comedian in almost every phase that belongs to humanity at large. At one moment, punning, speechifying, or ambitious of repartee, or verging all these together into practical jokes of amazing impudence, he is at another to be found amid scenes of riot and dissipation, or struggling in the vortex of "hazard," and even then generous to others, while forgetful of himself. Now he is establishing a literary association at Bristol, or producing magnificent suits of armour in London; next at little Drury, and then the "Grand Lessee" himself.

These, the pretty constant accompaniments of a successful theatrical career, are intermingled in Elliston with strange mental eccentricities. "Violent calls of righteousness and reformation," and "chronic attacks of a religious nature" of no duration, "but like the blue lights of his own play-house, his zeal threw around but a momentary glare, and presently left the scene in deeper darkness than before." His very jokes, as that recorded concerning the *violino obligato*, become positive aberrations, which increase, till spirits haunt him in his carriage. It is highly creditable to Mr. Raymond's biographical talents, that he proves that there was at least no hypocrisy in his hero's character. The world is always ready, where there is little steadiness of purpose, to doubt the sincerity of intention; this is a false as it is an ungenerous estimate of character. Whatever Elliston did, he was thoroughly imbued with the sense of the moment, and Mr. Raymond justly remarks, that his very excellency on the stage—as well as his peculiarities throughout life—were mainly owing to this feature of his mind; at each impersonation the very spirit of the character so thoroughly passed into him, that he could not but be the identical creature he appeared.

Not the least striking part of a character made up of extremes, were the occasional sensations of unequalled consequence which obtruded themselves. He then became impressive in his language upon the most trifling subjects, full of majesty even in private life, and supergrand in public.

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* "Memoirs of Robert William Elliston, Comedian." By George Raymond, Esq. The Second and Concluding Series. Illustrated by "Phiz." London: John Mortimer.

"That there were moments in which he verily believed himself, not the shadow but the substance of monarchy there can be no question. He felt not indeed, with *Macbeth*, that—

'To be king
Stands not within the prospect of belief.'

And when, amid the acclamations of hot-pressed Drury, threading his way through the 'upturned wondering eyes' of all London in the pit, he exclaimed, 'Bless you my people!' he believed himself no less than 'The Lord's anointed.' No astrolabe could measure his altitude:

'A strong conceit is rich, so mortals deem,
If not to be, 'tis glorious yet to seem.'

The correspondence between the Great Lessee and Edmund Kean is as characteristic as can well be imagined. Kean has disappeared, having left no address, nor any indication of his place of retirement. The manager addresses him at Brighton, but is denied; a messenger is equally unsuccessful; the landlord declares that Kean is at Dieppe, although confused sounds of merriment, evidently of a high convivial character, betray the guest. At length "Double-score" is outwitted: a note is passed into Kean's hands:—

"Mr. Elliston, with friendly inquiries after the health of Mr. Kean!"

On the second day from this event, Elliston received the following letter, dated Brighton. It breathes of Kean:—

"ELLISTON.—I hate a trickster: you have employed unworthy means to disturb me in my solitude. This was neither manly nor open. It was necessary I should have repose—my health has suffered materially. Elliston, I must not be spoken to; you know what I am equal to when in vigour, but remember also,

'Ad nullum consurgit opus cum corpore languet.'

You have pursued me by a trick, and I should deign you no reply; but I am here, sir, under the direction of Sir Anthony Carlisle, and will not stir from this place until I have gone through all the routine of medicine and sea-bathing prescribed for me by that great man. The medical gentlemen of Brighton declare also I need repose—on that question there is no dissentient voice: 'Kean must have repose.' If I am pursued either by tricks or openly, I shall retire to 'La Belle France,' for some weeks.

"I leave you in no distress—you have Macready! Macready, Elliston!—why should you be anxious about poor Kean? Yet a breath—a breath, I say, of Kean shall confound a generation of Youngs and Macreadys. I am, E. KEAN."

The Great Lessee, as impromptu counsel before the Lord Chancellor, is little less efficient. It was on the occasion of producing Lord Byron's *Marino Faliero*, an injunction against which had been granted half-an-hour after the licence came from the Chamberlain's office:

"Elliston was now in his element—namely, a perplexity; and with his wonted activity in such cases, he sprang into a hackney-coach with the view of driving to Hamilton Place, that he might see Lord Eldon himself on the subject. The tardiness of the driver however—'So tortoise paced to his fleet desires,' ill suited his impatience. Out again of the vehicle he jumped, making far better way on foot to his lordship's residence. He was there informed that the chancellor was in his private room at Lincoln's Inn. To Lincoln's Inn, therefore, Elliston at once proceeded, where, on arriving, he learned the chancellor had just departed. Again was the manager on his return to Hamilton Place, where he arrived in very time to catch his lordship by the skirts of his clothing, as he was mounting the steps of his own door. Here the defendant at once entered on the merits of his case, and his lordship declared the court sitting—Lord Eldon on the upper step, and Elliston on the pavement—the one all patience, the other all animation. The chancellor hesitated as to his previous order—Lord Eldon doubted, and Elliston redoubled the force of his argument. At length, he so far succeeded, that the judge suspended the injunction granted against the acting of the play for that night; but, 'Mind,' observed he, 'you appear before me in the morning of tomorrow.' The manager, hereupon, took his respectful leave, quitting the chancellor, after an interview, more extraordinary than any, perhaps, recorded in Mr. Twiss's admirable life of his lordship."

As a specimen of the truly humorous, we must see the lessee at Croydon, whither he had gone for the generous purpose of assisting an actor of the Drury-lane company on the occasion of his benefit:

"Elliston had taken up his quarters at the 'Crown Inn,' and the accommodations at the theatre not being quite so perfect as he could have wished, he equipped himself at his hostel for the part he was to play at night. The approach to the theatre was by a rough and dirty lane—six o'clock was at hand, and no conveyance readily to be obtained—it rained moreover, at this precise moment, a pelting shower. Elliston, dressed for *Belcour*, was presently to appear on the stage. Throwing over his shoulders a thick blanket, he summoned the ostler to his presence, who being a pretty steady fellow, appeared well to answer the intended purpose. Jumping on the man's shoulders, and binding his Witney coverlid tightly round him, Elliston turned his beast of burden into the lane, and holding an umbrella over the two heads, commenced his journey towards the stage-door of the playhouse.

"The grotesque exhibition of our hero on the ostler's shoulders—his silk stockings peeping from beneath the dirty blanket, and his head surmounted by a huge cocked hat, could not fail to excite all the native merriment of a few surrounding chaw-bacons, who were loitering about the place. In fact, the horse-laugh soon mounted to a startling halloo, and many were the casements and cottage-doors which now flew open at the unaccustomed sounds which broke on the ears of the inmates. But Elliston felt that he was in for it, and no doubt would have gone through his martyrdom with a fortitude which would have entitled him to a place, not only amongst the *acts*, but the monuments too; yet Joe, not having quite the patience of his master, became sensibly indignant at such outrageous jeering, and deliberately flopping down our hero in the mud, scampered after the ringleader of the rioters, threatening the most summary vengeance.

"Poor *Belcour* was now verily up to his ankles in mud, and the moisture having sucked off one of his shoes in his attempt at escape, the result might have been fatal indeed to the 'West Indian,' had he not been rescued by one more humane than his fellows, and carried away a second time, towards the theatre, where he was at last safely deposited."

Theatrical biographies, not being lives of saints, have been proclaimed as mere jest-books. This is so far true, where the superficies is concerned, where all is glitter and tinsel, merriment or action; but not so in the under-current in which just consequences flowing from unwise deeds are always to be found. It is also less the case in a biography, than in an auto-biography, a second person being less likely to pass over such inevitable sequences.

It is not because a considerable portion of these memoirs have appeared in our pages, that we are induced to speak of Mr. George Raymond as fulfilling our idea of an excellent Thespian biographer, and as uniting with a proper feeling for the art, experience in theatrical matters, and more than ordinary literary pretension. But on now bidding farewell to these most amusing illustrations of character, we feel it our bounden duty to say, that never was actor more felicitously portrayed; nor a more judicious spirit and proper feeling manifested by an author, both for the man and the subject.

The value of Mr. Raymond's work is enhanced by a masterly sketch of Elliston from the pen of Mr. Sergeant Talfourd, which is as perfect in its kind as Charles Lamb's essay on the same subject. We give it entire:—

"If we might venture to suggest one characteristic of Elliston's acting, as pervading the entire range of delightful images he embodied within our recollection, and distinguishing him from all his cotemporaries, we should refer to the perfection with which the elements of earnestness and gaiety were blended in his nature.

A Falling "Star."

Others have possessed each in a higher degree, or have possessed both, but as separate powers producing strong contrasts; but no one ever so continually presented brilliant and affecting tragi-comedy of life.

"Elliston had not depth of feeling or severity of purpose for the greatest parts of tragedy, nor airy elegance for those of the most refined comedy; but over all the wide intermediate range, where mirth flutters into sentiment, and folly grows romantic, he ruled, sometimes as with an imperial sceptre, but often as with a magician's wand. With a buoyancy of spirit, which neither misfortune, nor excess, nor time could conquer, he bore a certain weight of seriousness, which made joy reflective, and the mock-heroic true.

"Whether Elliston was more volatile in his younger days, *we* can only conjecture; in *ours*, he made amends for transforming 'the real to a dream' in his performances on the great stage of society, by putting substance into its scenic copies; catching 'the Cynthia of the minute,' and giving permanence to *bright* 'Vesper's pageants.' His own extraordinary performance of two of the *Three Singles*, in *Three and the Deuce*—the sedate and the hilarious brothers—exemplified the manner in which extremes met in him, and qualities, apparently opposite, aided the effect of each other. He was best of all when, amidst his sedateness, a bright twinkle of humour told you that he was wiser than his gravity, and could be merry when he pleased, or when wild mirth sprung out of deep feeling, and remorse enforced its lessons by hints of a frightful ecstasy.

"Of these vivid contrasts, elucidating terrible truths, Elliston's acting in *Harry Dornton*, where the youth, after discovering that his follies had brought impending ruin on his father, grows frenzied with champagne and the resolution to sacrifice himself to the *Widow Warren* for her gold, was a striking example. But his performance of *Rover*, in *Wild Oats*, was, perhaps the most congenial with his nature, of all his later representations—hit the happiest point between stern truth and delightful falsehood—and presented the liveliest picture of such a life as his own—catching, in its course, the colours of myriad sentiments and modes of thought and being, but preserving a deep current of personal consciousness and enjoyment beneath all their changes.

"This theatrical existence, and frequent exercise of a regal power amidst the 'shows of things,' though they cannot excuse the moral obliquities into which he fell, explain the reason why they left less deep and enduring stains on the nature which suffered them, than they would have imprinted on that of an ordinary offender.

"Accustomed to glide from the enactment of reckless dissipation to the profuse display of scenic benevolence—not happily 'to *steer*,' but to flit 'from grave to gay'—the actor relapsed into the profligate, or stiffened into the paternal, without feeling more difference than a change of scene. In this there was no hypocrisy, scarcely even conscious inconsistency; and when, as we have heard him, he grew eloquent on the dangers and temptations of his profession, and mysteriously announced that he was maturing a plan to render the stage moral, and to train up youth for its achievements in some strict discipline, over which he would himself preside, he was even more sincere—his nature spoke more truly—than in its most 'extravagant and erring' moods.

When, after some unpardonable aberration, he chose to play the part of the strict and judicious father, he was again as much at home in the domestic circle, as even in the green-room or on the stage. His joy, mirth, morality, fun, all 'bore an emphasis,' like Hamlet's grief, which deepened as he advanced in years.

"Although Elliston's good spirits never failed, his style latterly became *fragmental*—he broke the sentiment into portions; but to the very last he would jerk out a rich piece of humour with a startling vivacity, or accompany a roguish speech with an irresistible twinkle of the else glazing eye, or send out a noble thought with a sudden inspiration, which, for the moment, made you feel him, in spite of the broken utterance and heaviness of brow, to be as young as ever.

"*Falstaff* was the comedian's last achievement, and should have been his greatest; and, though the physical power for that most arduous of Shakspeare's characters was wanting, the hearty love of the labour, and the kindling sympathy with the part, made the struggle glorious, and its partial success delightful to all who had followed the course of the actor's varied fortunes. He was then just beginning life anew—in the dawn of a third or fourth revived course of prosperity, like that which had before visited him in his Surrey empire, when the last of this world's curtains fell upon him, still busy with pleasant thoughts and bounding hopes; and left to us the image of an actor at once as strongly marked by individual peculiarities, and as closely associated with a bright range of forms of many-coloured life, as, ever in his departure, made us feel—'That all our men and women are merely players.'"

THE HOLY TUNIC AT TREVES.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

The great event of the Roman-catholic world, in the year that has just past, was the exhibition at Trèves of the holiest relic of which the repertory of Rome can boast.

To counteract, if possible, the influence of those opinions in Germany, which are so decidedly opposed to the doctrines of the Romish church, and to aid the cause which the jesuits are everywhere so diligently labouring to sustain, it was resolved to have recourse to the bold expedient of endeavouring to impress the multitude by the very means which were employed to hold it in thrall before the light of the Reformation shone upon the darkened world. No part of Europe could have been better selected for such an experiment than the city of Trèves—the capital, in fact, if not in name, of a district, whose entire population are blindly submissive to the will of the clergy, and whose credulity and superstition are equal to any demand that may be made upon them. The cathedral of Trèves had moreover enjoyed, for full fifteen hundred years, the reputation of Queen of the Cisalpine churches, and, spite of her diminished splendour, contained within her bosom votaries as ardent and as willing to propagate the tenets of the Roman-catholic faith as in the palmiest days of her history. The relic which she possessed was looked upon as the most precious object of religious adoration,—miraculous properties of the highest order were ascribed to it,—and every facility existed for turning it to account.

It was by no violent transition from a state of repose to one of strong excitement that the experiment was made. The public mind at Trèves, and throughout the surrounding country, had long been prepared for the forthcoming exhibition, and the cathedral had already been made the scene of an alleged miracle, the subject of which was a poor girl afflicted with epilepsy, but who, for the occasion, was said to be possessed by the devil. This wretched sufferer was brought to the cathedral, and there submitted to the whole process of exorcism; the demon spoke within her, and violently resisted the attempts of the holy men to dislodge him; in the fury of possession—so ran the procès verbal—he cast the girl down from the organ-loft upon the marble pavement below, without injury to life or limb—but when finally brought before the high altar, he acknowledged himself vanquished, and fled in a manner truly edifying, enveloped in sulphureous flame! All this was gravely told, and no less earnestly believed by those to whom it was addressed. The adventure was therefore ripe for fulfilment—a high example being alone required, and such an example was not wanting.

The young Countess Jeanne de Droste-Vischering, of Munster, niece of the present Archbishop of Cologne, had for three years been afflicted with a malady which deprived her of the use of her limbs. She had visited all the baths of Germany in search of health, and it is probable not without success, though their inefficacy was loudly proclaimed. Many circumstances, therefore, combined to render her a proper person on whom to exercise the first display of the healing powers of the Holy Tunic: she was closely related to the head of the church in catholic Germany, her illness was a well-known fact, and her tendencies were by no means of a nature to oppose any obstacle to the success of the trial by miraculous agency.

Every preparation having accordingly been made, the sacred relic, carefully preserved in a magnificent glass case, was, on Sunday the 18th of August, 1844, withdrawn from its place of concealment, and deposited in front of the high altar of the cathedral church of St. Peter—the doors of which were thrown open at the hour of matins, and a countless crowd of devotees thronged to the wondrous shrine.

On the second Friday after the commencement of the exhibition, public attention having by that time been fully roused, the Countess of Droste-Vischering made her appearance in the cathedral, and slowly, on a pair of crutches, ascended the aisle, her powerless limbs being supported up the frequent flights of steps by an aged relative who attended her. She was conducted to the foot of the high altar, and, kneeling there, was permitted, with her own hands, to touch the blessed relic. The effect was instantaneous: her limbs regained their former vigour, her form became erect, and she stood before the admiring crowd, whole in body and free from all debility. Those who saw her enter the cathedral a cripple, now witnessed her departure to the hotel which she inhabited, the antique *Rothe Haus*, unimpeded in her movements. That old building, on one of whose fronts is written the boastful inscription, "Ante Romam Treviris stetit annis M CCC," had never beheld a miracle so sudden and so convincing. It was only a pity that its effect was not permanent. It lasted, however, long enough to satisfy the Trevirese, whose trade had sadly needed a fillip of this kind to rise again into activity, and the fame of it was spread abroad through many lands.

In a remote village of the Ardennes, chance threw in my way a newspaper, containing the particulars of the cure which I have described. I had seen many relics of very distinguished saints in various parts of the continent; I had curiously inspected the skulls of the magi and the bones of St. Ursula's virgins at Cologne; I had examined, at Aix-la-Chapelle, the nursing-robe of the Blessed Virgin, and gazed wistfully upon a link of the chain that bound St. Peter; I had, in many forgotten churches, been gratified by the sight of the teeth and tibiæ of holy martyrs, but it had never been my good fortune to behold a relic which had recently and indubitably performed a miracle. I was resolved, therefore, not to throw away this opportunity, especially as it was more than probable that others might follow in its train, and without further delay I at once set out for Trèves.

It was one of those mornings towards the end of September, when the heavy fogs which cover the Moselle, and all the adjacent valleys, at that season of the year, are but the precursors of brilliant days, that I proceeded on my pilgrimage. Daylight had broken, but the mist was too thick to discern even the nearest objects, as we slowly made our way through the guarded gates and heavily embattled walls of Luxembourg ; nor was it till we found ourselves amongst the vineyards of Grevenmachern that we were able to admire the beauties of the country we were passing through. A short distance beyond this small frontier town we first came in sight of the Moselle,—a glorious river even at this point ; but our attention was attracted less towards the scenery around us than to the constant succession of travellers, who, at this early hour, lined the road. The greater part were returning from Trèves, having passed a night or two in the city, where, during their stay, they must have slept *sous la belle étoile*, their numbers precluding the idea of accommodation in the hotels. Wagon after wagon came past, all crammed with people, some of them containing from twenty to thirty persons. They were the peasants of Luxembourg and the Ardennes, on their way homeward, after having made the required pilgrimage; for there was not a village, for hundreds of miles round, whose inhabitants had not been exhorted from the pulpit to earn the remission of sins, which was promised to all who visited the Holy Tunic at Trèves. They wore their holiday attire; and it seemed as if the pilgrimage had produced at least one beneficial effect, for their merriment was unrestrained. "Some pecks of purgatorial coals" had probably been taken off their future load.

Our course lay along the left bank of the Moselle; and about an hour after passing the Roman monument at Igel, we came in sight of the towers and spires of Trèves, and, crossing the bridge, which is still supported on its Roman foundations, we entered the city. We advanced but slowly; a long procession, headed by priests, with banners floating and choristers chaunting, issuing at that moment from the city gates to repair to one of the many sanctified spots that abound in the environs of Trèves. Nor, when these had passed, was our progress much quicker, owing to the crowds assembled in the streets, and the obstructions offered by the double line of booths set out with memorials of the Holy Tunic, of every size and form. Some were painted on silk and satin, richly bordered with gold and crimson,—others, of humbler pretensions, were only lithographs or wood-cuts,—and others again aspired to the honours of line engraving; some were stamped on linen for handkerchiefs; others were formed in wax; and medals of silver or plated ware, bearing the image of the sacred robe, glittered on every stall, and in every shop window. These medals were the universal ornament of men, women and children: they were worn suspended from the neck by a narrow, light-blue riband. On the obverse was the robe surrounded by rays, and this legend in German, "The holy coat of our Saviour, Treves, 1844." On the reverse an image of the Virgin, standing on a globe, trampling down the serpent, with rays of light issuing from her hands. The legend ran thus: "Mary conceived without sin: pray for us. In Thee we take our refuge." The date on this side was 1830.

As we got nearer the centre of the city, the plot seemed to thicken; and combining this appearance with all we had heard, we began to fear that we should have some difficulty in finding house-room. At the Triersche Hof, however, there was, luckily, one room to spare, which had just been vacated, and here we gladly ensconced ourselves. The spectacle in the cathedral, of course, claimed our first attention; but learning from an intelligent young Prussian officer, who sat opposite to us at the table d'hôte, that we might avoid the inconvenience of the crowd by putting ourselves under his guidance at a later hour of the afternoon, we devoted the intervening time to the scene without its walls.

The large market-place, and every avenue leading to it, appeared like one large fair; here was a stall groaning beneath the weight of sausages, rye bread, and cooked provisions of all kinds; beside it another, piled with ripe fruit—peaches, grapes, and sunny apricots; then came others filled with toys and trinkets, combs, brushes, looking-glasses, books, beads, crucifixes, dolls for children, smart necklaces for grown-up girls, and rosaries for those of maturer age. Everything that could please the taste or minister to the physical necessities of the country customer was here spread out. The venders loudly vaunted the excellence of their wares, and the peasants, with stolid aspect, lingered before the questionable finery, hesitating whether to deck the head of their tester with some gaily coloured print of St. Helena, or return to the savoury-smelling booth on the opposite side, and gratify the cravings of the inner man with another " *Butterbrot.*"

But it was in the Freihof—the open space in front of the cathedral—that the most curious scene awaited us. Here were assembled in two long lines the *queues* of the processions which from daylight to midnight streamed without intermission into the building. They were all admitted through the right-hand door, before which was a wooden barrier, which was occasionally lowered by the gens-d'armes, who regulated the movements of the processions, in order to prevent too many from entering at once. But the interruption was scarcely perceptible ; for still the crowd kept moving on, and as it disappeared at the portal, it was constantly recruited by the numbers that arrived every moment from the market-place. The costumes of the Luxembourg and Trevirese women, with their round, flat trencher caps of every size and colour—white, orange, blue, and red; the gold cauls and silver arrows of the Mosellaises, near Coblentz; the high peaked head-dresses of the peasants of the Eifel; and the broad hats of the girls of the lower Rhenish provinces, formed altogether a very agreeable contrast. There was little or no beauty amongst the women; their features were, for the most part, coarse and hard ; and all that distinguished them was their long, dark thick hair wound round and round in numerous braids into enormous knots. With proper care so rich a profusion of tresses might have been turned to good account. The men presented little that was remarkable, either in dress or countenance; but all were noticeable from the fervour with which they chaunted the Ave Maria and Credo—the men and women alternately taking up the strain. Some of these choristers were so zealous in this good work, that they struck up their orisons the moment they crossed their own thresholds, on their journey to Trèves, nor intermitted, save for food or rest ; so that if their houses were far off, they must have sung enough on this expedition to last them the rest of their days. They seemed well enough content with all they had to encounter, and waited for their turn to enter the cathedral with a patience that appeared inexhaustible. The forbearance and attention of the gens-d'armes, in their knightly helmets, flowing plumes, and picturesque green uniform, were no less striking. They are quite a model for all other police, rendering every possible service without the slightest obtrusiveness, and removing every difficulty in the speediest and most effectual manner, without exciting or giving cause for a single murmur. Occasionally the line was broken to make way for some poor cripple, whom the crowd always treated with respect, impressed no doubt with the belief that another miracle was about to be performed in favour of the sufferer; and happy were they who were placed near him in ranks. It was already the sixth week of the processions; and we were assured that no less than thirteen miraculous cures had been effected. But the convalescents were singularly modest—they invariably disappeared from Trèves as soon as the healing process was completed—doubtless, in order to spread the fame of the Holy Tunic abroad and make room for others.

We had plenty of time before the hour arrived at which we proposed to enter the cathedral, to see the principal Roman antiquities, the Porta Nigra, the palace of Constantine, the baths and the amphitheatre, for which Trèves is celebrated beyond any other city in Germany; but these remains, however interesting, have been often described, and to tell of them again would only interrupt my narrative. About five o'clock, therefore, we proceeded to the place of rendezvous, where our new friend had appointed to meet us. This was at the entrance to the cloisters of the beautiful *Liebfrauenkirche*, which adjoin the cathedral, and offer a private and readier means of access to the high altar than is afforded by the western portal. We were thus enabled to join the procession at the foot of the long flight of steps leading to the high altar, without being exposed to the delay and other disagreeables consequent upon mixing with the mass of the people.

The appearance of the interior of the building was, to say the least of it, extremely imposing. On either side of the central aisle were the richly-sculptured tombs of the former electors of Trèves; above them waved the many-coloured banners of the city guilds; and in the midst, moving with slow pace, came the thronging multitude between barriers erected for the purpose. At the foot of the last flight of steps, the two living streams united, and depositing there the first oblations, ascended in single file to pass before the shrine. The relic, as I have said, was contained in a large, upright cruciform glass-case, and was hung up with the sleeves extended, before a ground of white silk, being supported by a thin pole which ran across. Rich cords and tassels of crimson and gold depended from a canopy of gorgeous drapery, which surmounted the case; and in front of it was a square platform, piled high with the offerings of the pious, the produce of each day's ceremony. Seated with their faces towards the relic, but leaving a space before it for the procession to pass, appeared the Bishop of Trèves, the coadjutor of the Archbishop of Cologne, and several other prelates arrayed in their pontifical robes; and on each side of the altar stood a priest, receiving the various objects which the people brought for consecration by contact with the Holy Tunic. These were hastily thrust into the apertures at the bottom of the case, and then returned to the owners, *moyennant*, of course, an additional piece of money. Almost every one brought something to be blessed—rings, medals, crucifixes, rosaries, books, prints, and images of the Virgin, and the officiating priests had their hands quite full. Meantime, the organ poured forth its solemn tones; and thousands of voices from the body of the cathedral joined in unison, while the vaulted roofs of the old Byzantine "*Dom*" trembled to the sound.

A few words will be necessary to describe the colour and texture of the relic. It is of a dark reddish, brown hue, resembling, as an old writer says, who saw it a long time ago, "unprepared cinnabar."* At a little distance it has a wrinkled appearance, like cracked leather; but examined closely, one sees that it is evidently a garment woven from some fine substance, perhaps a peculiar kind of flax. It is very thick, and hangs in many stiff folds, and has an air of great antiquity; how old can only be revealed by the monk who first suggested its existence; —in all probability, in the ninth century, when, after the moral darkness which succeeded the death of Charlemagne, the great traffic in relics first had birth.

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* Brower Anal., tom. ii. p. 91.

Its received history is somewhat different. According to the *most authentic* accounts, it was found in the Holy Land, shortly after the Discovery of the true cross, the Inscription in the three languages, and the Nails that were used in the Crucifixion. These relics had been so gladly welcomed by the Empress Helena, the mother of Constantine the Great, that the zeal, not to say the cupidity, of relic-finders was great enough for the discovery of anything required, and with a clairvoyance that would have done honour to any mesmerist of the present day, they found and produced the Holy Tunic. Helena, rejoicing in the acquisition which she had made, returned with it to Trèves, the city of her adoption, if not of her birth, and deposited it in the hands of Agricius, the bishop of that ilk. How it was venerated during the earlier ages of Christianity, we have no means of ascertaining; barbarians of every nation successively desolated the Rhenish provinces, and the city of Trèves was often sacked and burnt, to the destruction, of course, of all its muniments. The most fearful of these visitations occurred in the ninth century, when the Normans, after making every city their prey in the north of Europe, westward of the Rhine, brought fire and sword to the gates of Trèves. It suffered like all the rest, but the annalists say that the clergy, with a wise provision, had carefully concealed all the relics belonging to the churches, until a safer hour for their exposure should arrive. Be this as it may, no evidence of the existence of the holy tunic remained beyond the traditional one, until after a lapse of upwards of eight hundred years from its translation to Europe, when it was accidentally discovered in the *adytum* of the cathedral, in the year 1196, by Archbishop John the First.

So satisfied was the archbishop of its genuineness, that he caused it to be immediately shewn to the people, who, with loud acclamations, welcomed the exhibition. It was afterwards shut up in the high altar, nor was it removed from thence for a period of more than three hundred years, and then only at the urgent instances of the Emperor Maximilian. The altar was opened on the 14th of April, 1512, in the presence of a numerous assemblage of princes, bishops, and other dignitaries of the empire, Maximilian himself being by, and a large wooden box, inlaid with ivory, of very curious workmanship, was found. It was closely sealed, and, when opened, the robe was discovered folded up within it, with this inscription:—"This is the coat without seam, of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." On the 12th of May following, another public exhibition took place, and the enthusiasm which it excited in the crowds who saw it, suggested to Pope Leo the Tenth the idea of deriving a considerable profit from the show, by the sale of indulgences to all who were willing to make the pilgrimage to Trèves.

In a bull, dated January 15th, 1514, Leo granted plenary indulgence to all the faithful who should confess themselves before the Holy Tunic at Trèves:—"Omnibus et singulis utriusque sexus Christi fidelibus *vere pœnitentibus et confessis, seu vere prenitendi et confitendi propositum habentibus*, &c.;" and he ordered, that, for the future, the holy robe should be exposed to the veneration of the public every seven years. Three years, however, after the promulgation of this bull, the troublous times of the Reformation arose, and the danger with which Trèves was menaced by the formidable Frank Von Sicking, who entered the archbishopric at the head of ten thousand men, prevented the proposed exhibition in 1522; and similar causes intervened to the same effect until the year 1531, when "the Tunic was again shewn," says Brower, "with extraordinary solemnity, to an innumerable multitude, who flocked to Trèves from all parts."

In the subsequent history of the Tunic, we find that the exhibitions took place, not at fixed periods, but irregularly, as opportunity offered, or the necessities of the chapter of Trèves required. Thus it was shewn in 1545, 1553, 1585, and 1594; and then a long interval ensued, caused by the breaking out of the famous "Thirty Years' War" in Germany; nor was it again seen till after the peace of Westphalia, in 1648. On the controversy respecting the authenticity of an alleged portion of the Holy Tunic, presented by the Elector of Trèves, Ph. Christophe, to the Infanta Isabella, which occupied the chapter of Trèves for a great part of that interval, I have no intention to dwell; my object is merely to shew that the relic was made use of, from time to time, to stimulate the faith of the Roman-catholic world, impressible always by the evidence of tangible objects. The next exhibition took place in 1655, and exceeded in splendour all that had gone before it.

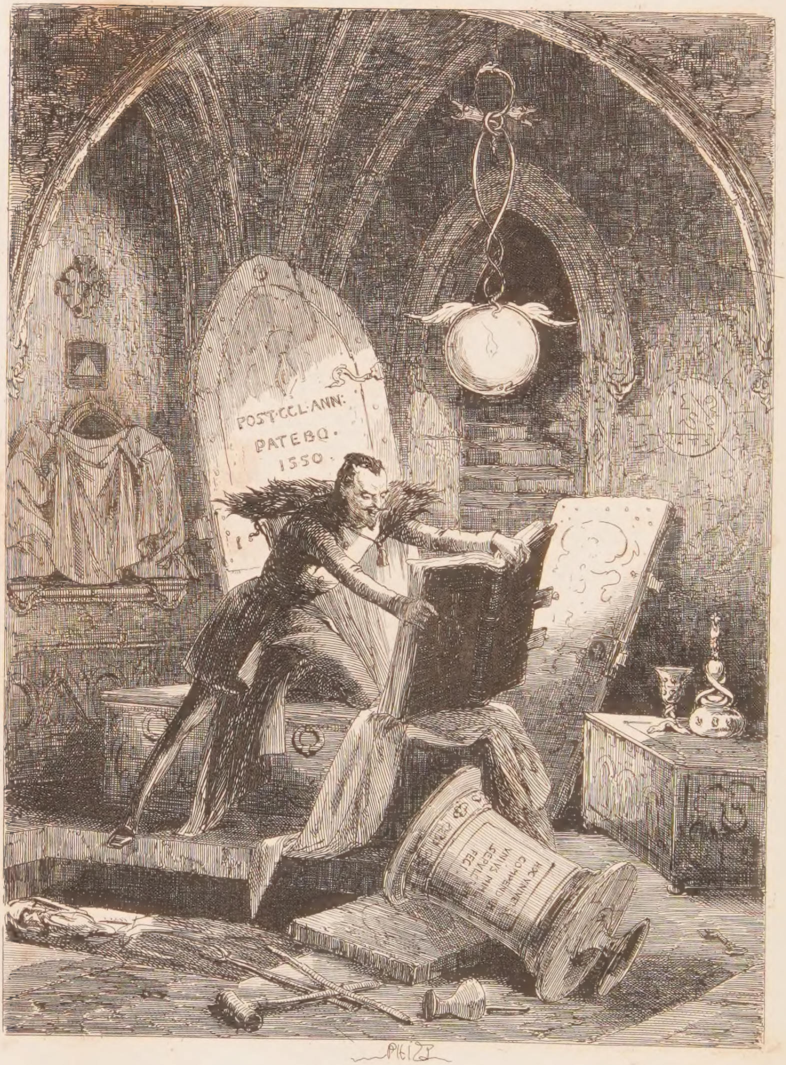
Apprehending the possibility of capture by the armies of a monarch so pious as the hypocritical braggadocio, Louis the Fourteenth, who, by the way, caused the old Roman bridge of Trèves to be blown up, the elector caused the Tunic to be removed, for safety, to the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, where it was afterwards frequently exhibited, and where it remained till the year 1794. But as the French army of the Revolution manifested little reverence for relics, and had, moreover, the knack of capturing fortresses, the walls of Ehrenbreitstein were no longer deemed sufficiently secure, and to Bamberg went the holy tunic, from whence it experienced another migration to Augsburg, the identical city, which, nearly three hundred years before, had witnessed the celebrated Protestant Declaration.

A dispute afterwards arose for its possession, between the Duke of Nassau and the church of Trèves; but the instances of Bishop Mannay with Napoleon prevailed over the wishes of the duke, and the year 1810 beheld the return of the Tunic to Trèves, after its long absence of upwards of a hundred and fifty years. It was hailed with triumph by the clergy and inhabitants of Trèves, all of whom had a material interest in being its possessors, and on the day of the nativity of the Virgin, the 9th of September, 1810, the last exhibition, previous to 1844, took place. Two hundred and twenty-seven thousand strangers visited Trèves on that occasion, a number which has been exceeded *nearly five fold* in the exhibition which I have described.

So much for the history of this relic, which is true enough, from the date of its discovery in 1196. The amount of belief which is due to the earlier ages of its existence, had better be decided by the Roman catholics themselves, amongst whom a violent controversy has subsequently arisen, consequent upon the excommunication of Johannes Ronge, the Silesian priest—a measure originating in a letter which he wrote to Bishop Arnoldi of Trèves, condemning the principle of the exhibition in no gentle terms.

Our first feeling of curiosity gratified, we had leisure, during a stay of some days in Trèves, to speculate on the strange scene before us. We joined other processions, and gazed upon the relic several times; the crowds of devotees were undiminished, and their manifestations of faith no less apparent. How much of it was compulsory or mechanical, I leave the protestant reader to judge.

"*Miracula . . . . rides?*"



PHIZ

The Rosicrucian.

LONDON: JOHN MORTIMER, ADELAIDE STREET, 1845.

REVELATIONS OF LONDON.

BY THE EDITOR.

Intermean.

1800.

I.

THE TOMB OF THE ROSICRUCIAN.

On the night of the 1st of March, 1800, and at a late hour, a man, wrapped in a large horseman's cloak, and of strange and sinister appearance, entered an old, deserted house in the neighbourhood of Stepney Green. He was tall, carried himself very erect, and seemed in the full vigour of early manhood; but his features had a worn and ghastly look, as if bearing the stamp of long-indulged and frightful excesses, while his dark gleaming eyes gave them an expression almost diabolical.

This person had gained the house from a garden behind it, and now stood in a large dismantled hall, from which a broad oaken staircase, with curiously-carved banisters, led to a gallery, and thence to the upper chambers of the habitation. Nothing could be more dreary than the aspect of the place. The richly moulded ceiling was festooned with spiders' webs, and in some places had fallen in heaps upon the floor; the glories of the tapestry upon the walls were obliterated by damps; the squares of black and white marble, with which the hall was paved, were loosened, and quaked beneath the footsteps; the wide and empty fire-place yawned like the mouth of a cavern; the bolts of the closed windows were rusted in their sockets; and the heaps of dust before the outer door, proved that long years had elapsed since any one had passed through it.

Taking a dark lantern from beneath his cloak, the individual in question gazed for a moment around him, and then, with a sardonic smile playing upon his features, directed his steps towards a room on the right, the door of which stood open.

This chamber, which was large, and cased with oak, was wholly unfurnished, like the hall, and in an equally dilapidated condition. The only decoration remaining on its walls was the portrait of a venerable personage in the cap and gown of Henry the Eighth's time, painted against a panel—a circumstance which had probably saved it from destruction — and beneath it, fixed in another panel, a plate of brass, covered with mystical characters and symbols, and inscribed with the name Cyprianus de Rougemont, Fra. R.C. The same name likewise appeared upon a label beneath the portrait, with the date, 1550.

Pausing before the portrait, the young man threw the light of the lantern full upon it, and revealed features somewhat resembling his own in form, but of a severe and philosophic cast. In the eyes alone could be discerned the peculiar, and terrible glimmer which distinguished his own glances.

After regarding the portrait for some time fixedly, he thus addressed it:

"Do'st hear me, old ancestor?" he cried. "I, thy descendant, Cyprian de Rougemont, call upon thee to point out where thy gold is hidden? I know that thou wert a brother of the Rosy Cross—one of the illuminati—and didst penetrate the mysteries of nature, and enter the region of light. I know, also, that thou wert buried in this house with a vast treasure; but though I have made diligent search for it, and others have searched before me, thy grave has never yet been discovered! Listen to me! Methought Satan appeared to me in a dream, last night, and bade me come hither, and I should find what I sought. The conditions he proposed were, that I should either give him my own soul, or win him that of Auriol Darcy. I assented. I am here. Where is thy treasure?"

After a pause, he struck the portrait with his clenched hand, exclaiming, in a loud voice—

"Do'st hear me, I say, old ancestor? I call on thee to give me thy treasure. Do'st hear, I say?"

And he repeated the blow with greater violence.

Disturbed by the shock, the brass plate beneath the picture started from its place, and fell to the ground.

"What is this?" cried Rougemont, gazing into the aperture left by the plate, "Ha!—my invocation has been heard?"

And, snatching up the lantern, he discovered, at the bottom of a little recess about two feet deep, a stone, with an iron ring in the centre of it. Uttering a joyful cry, he seized the ring, and drew the stone forward without difficulty, disclosing an open space beyond it.

"This, then, is the entrance to my ancestor's tomb," cried Rougemont, "there can be no doubt of it. The old Rosicrucian has kept his secret well; but the devil has helped me to wrest it from him. And now to procure the necessary implements, in case, as is not unlikely, I should experience further difficulty."

With this, he hastily quitted the room, but returned almost immediately with a mallet, a lever, and a pitch-fork; armed with which and the lantern, he crept through the aperture. This done, he found himself at the head of a stone staircase, which he descended, and came to the arched entrance of a vault. The door, which was of stout oak, was locked, but, holding up the light towards it, he read the following inscription:—

POST C.C.L. ANNOS PATEBO, 1550.

"In two hundred and fifty years I shall open!" cried Rougemont, "and the date 1550 — why the exact time is arrived. Old Cyprian must have foreseen what would happen, and evidently intended to make me his heir. There was no occasion for the devil's interference. And see the key is in the lock. So!" And he turned it, and pushing against the door with some force the rusty hinges gave way, and it fell inwards.

From the aperture left by the fallen door, a soft and silvery light streamed forth, and, stepping forward, Rougemont found himself in a spacious vault, from the ceiling of which hung a large globe of crystal, containing in its heart a little flame, which diffused radiance, gentle as that of the moon, around. This, then, was the ever-burning lamp of the Rosicrucians, and Rougemont gazed at it with astonishment. Two hundred and fifty years had elapsed since that wondrous flame had been lighted, and yet it burnt on brightly as ever. Hooped round the globe was a serpent with its tail in its mouth—an emblem of eternity—wrought in purest gold; while above it were a pair of silver wings, in allusion to the soul. Massive chains of the more costly metal, fashioned like twisted snakes, served as suspenders to the lamp.

But Rougemont's astonishment at this marvel quickly gave way to other feelings, and he gazed around the vault with greedy eyes.

It was a septilateral chamber, about eight feet high, built of stone and supported by beautifully groined arches. The surface of the masonry was as smooth and fresh as if the chisel had only just left it.

In six of the corners were placed large chests, ornamented with iron-work of the most exquisite workmanship, and these Rougemont's imagination pictured as filled with inexhaustible treasure; while in the seventh corner, near the door, was a beautiful little piece of monumental sculpture in white marble, representing two kneeling and hooded figures, holding a veil between them, which partly concealed the entrance to a small recess. On one of the chests, opposite the monument just described, stood a strangely-formed bottle and a cup of antique workmanship, both encrusted with gems.

The walls were covered with circles, squares, and diagrams, and in some places were ornamented with grotesque carvings. In the centre of the vault was a round altar, of black marble, covered with a plate of gold, on which Rougemont read the following inscription :—

Hoc universi compendium unius mihi sepulcrum feci.

" Here, then, old Cyprian lies," he cried.

And, prompted, by some irresistible impulse, he seized the altar by the upper rim and overthrew it. The heavy mass of marble fell with a thundering crash, breaking asunder the flag beneath it. It might be the reverberation of the vaulted roof, but a deep groan seemed to reproach the young man for his sacrilege. Undeterred, however, by this warning, Rougemont placed the point of the lever between the interstices of the broken stone, and exerting all his strength, speedily raised the fragments, and laid open the grave.

Within it, in the garb he wore in life, with his white beard streaming to his waist, lay the uncoffined body of his ancestor, Cyprian de Rougemont. The corpse had evidently been carefully embalmed, and the features were unchanged by decay. Upon the breast, with the hands placed over it, lay a large book, bound in black vellum, and fastened with brazen clasps. Instantly possessing himself of this mysterious-looking volume, Rougemont knelt upon the nearest, chest and opened it. But he was disappointed in his expectation. All the pages he examined were filled with cabalistic characters, which he was totally unable to decipher.

At length, however, he chanced upon one page, the import of which he comprehended, and he remained for some time absorbed in its contemplation, while an almost fiendish smile played upon his features.

" Aha ! " he exclaimed, closing the volume. " I see now the cause of my extraordinary dream. My ancestor's wondrous power was of infernal origin—the result, in fact, of a compact with the Prince of Darkness. But what care I for that ! Give me wealth—no matter what source it comes from !—ha! ha !"

And seizing the lever, he broke open the chest beside him. It was filled with bars of sliver. The next he visited in the same way was full of gold. The third was laden with pearls and precious stones ; and the rest contained treasure to an incalculable amount. Rougemont gazed at them in transports of joy.

" At length I have my wish," he cried. " Boundless wealth and therefore boundless power is mine. I can riot in pleasure—riot in vengeance. As to my soul, I will run the risk of its perdition ; but it shall go hard if I destroy not that of Auriol. His love of play and his passion of Edith Talbot shall be the means by which I will work. But I must not neglect another agent which is offered me. That bottle, I have learnt from yon volume, contains an infernal potion, which, without destroying life, shatters the brain, and creates maddening fancies. It will well serve my purpose; and I thank thee, Satan, for the gift."

II.

THE COMPACT.

About two months after this occurrence, and near midnight, a young man was hurrying along Pall Mall, with a look of the wildest despair, when his headlong course was suddenly arrested by a strong grasp, while a familiar voice sounded in his ear.

"It is useless to meditate self-destruction, Auriol Darcy," cried the person who had checked him. "If you find life a burthen, I can make it tolerable to you."

Turning round at the appeal, Auriol beheld a tall man, wrapped in a long black cloak, whose sinister features were well known to him.

"Leave me, Rougemont!" he cried, fiercely. "I want no society—above all, not yours. You know very well that you have ruined me, and that nothing more is to be got from me. Leave me, I say, or I may do you a mischief."

"Tut, tut, Auriol, I am your friend!" replied Rougemont. "I propose to relieve your distress."

"Will you give me back the money, you have won from me?" cried Auriol. "Will you pay my inexorable creditors? Will you save me from a prison?"

"I will do all this, and more," replied Rougemont. "I will make you one of the richest men in London."

"Spare your insulting jests, sir," cried Auriol. "I am in no mood to bear them."

"I am not jesting," rejoined Rougemont. "Come with me, and you shall be convinced of my sincerity."

Auriol, at length, assented, and they turned into Saint James's Square, and paused before a magnificent house. Rougemont ascended the steps. Auriol, who had accompanied him almost mechanically, gazed at him with astonishment.

"Do you live here?" he inquired.

"Ask no questions," replied Rougemont, knocking at the door, which was instantly opened by a hall porter, while other servants in rich liveries appeared at a distance. Rougemont addressed a few words in an undertone to them, and they instantly bowed respectfully to Auriol, while the foremost of them led the way up a magnificent staircase.

All this was a mystery to the young man, but he followed his conductor without a word, and was presently ushered into a gorgeously-furnished and brilliantly-illuminated apartment.

The servant then left them; and as soon as he was gone, Auriol exclaimed—"Is it to mock me that you have brought me hither?"

"To mock you—no," replied Rougemont. "I have told you that I mean to make you rich. But you look greatly exhausted. A glass of wine will revive you."

And as he spoke, he stepped towards a small cabinet, and took from it a curiously-shaped bottle and a goblet.

"Taste this wine—it has been long in our family," he added, filling the cup.

"It is a strange, bewildering drink," cried Auriol, setting down the empty goblet, and passing his hand before his eyes.

"You have taken it upon an empty stomach—that is all," said Rougement. "You will be better anon."

"I feel as if I were going mad," cried Auriol. "It is some damnable potion you have given me."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Rougemont. "It reminds you of the elixir you once quaffed—eh!"

"A truce to this raillery!" cried Auriol, angrily. "I have said I am in no mood to bear it."

"Pshaw! I mean no offence," rejoined the other, changing his manner. "What think you of this house?"

"That it is magnificent," replied Auriol, gazing around. "I envy you its possession."

"It shall be yours, if you please," replied Rougemont.

"Mine! you are mocking me again."

"Not in the least. You shall buy it from me if you please."

"At what price?" asked Auriol, bitterly.

"At a price you can easily pay," replied the other. "Come this way, and we will conclude the bargain."

Proceeding towards the further end of the room, they entered a small-exquisitely furnished chamber, surrounded with sofas of the most luxurious description. In the midst was a table, on which writing materials were placed.

"It were a fruitless boon to give you this house, without the means of living in it," said Rougemont, carefully closing the door. "This pocket-book will furnish you with them."

"Notes to an immense amount!" cried Auriol, opening the pocket-book, and glancing at its contents.

"They are yours, together with the house," cried Rougemont, "if you will but sign a compact with me."

"A compact!" cried Auriol, regarding him with a look of undefinable terror. "Who, and what are you?"

"Some men would call me the devil!" replied Rougemont, carelessly. "But you know me too well to suppose that I merit such a designation. I offer you wealth. What more could you require?"

"But upon what terms?" demanded Auriol.

"The easiest imaginable," replied the other. "You shall judge for yourself."

And as he spoke, he opened a writing-desk upon the table, and took from it a parchment.

" Sit down," he added, " and read this."

Auriol complied, and as he scanned the writing he became transfixed with fear and astonishment, while the pocket-book dropped from his grasp.

After awhile, he looked up at Rougemont, who was leaning over his shoulder, and whose features were wrinkled with a derisive smile.

" Then you *are* the Fiend?" he cried.

" If you will have it so—certainly," replied the other.

" You are Satan in the form of the man I once knew," cried Auriol. " Avaunt! I will have no dealings with you."

" I thought you wiser than to indulge in such idle fears, Darcy," rejoined the other. " Granting even your silly notion of me to be correct, why need you be alarmed? You are immortal."

" True," rejoined Auriol, thoughtfully, " but yet——"

" Pshaw!" rejoined the other, " sign, and have done with the matter."

" By this compact, I am bound to deliver a victim—a female victim—whenever you shall require it," cried Auriol.

" Precisely," replied the other, " you can have no difficulty in fulfilling that condition."

" But if I fail in doing so, I am doomed——"

" But you will *not* fail," interrupted the other, lighting a taper and sealing the parchment. " Now sign it."

Auriol mechanically took the pen, and gazed fixedly on the document.

" I shall bring eternal destruction on myself if I sign it," he muttered.

" A stroke of the pen will rescue you from utter ruin," said Rougemont, leaning over his shoulder. " Riches and happiness are yours. You will not have such another chance."

" Tempter!" cried Auriol, hastily attaching his signature to the paper. But he instantly started back aghast at the fiendish laugh that rung in his ears.

" I repent—give it me back!" he cried, endeavouring to snatch the parchment, which Rougemont thrust into his bosom.

" It is too late!" cried the latter, in a triumphant tone. " You are mine—irredeemably mine."

" Ha!" exclaimed Auriol, sinking back on the couch.

" I leave you in possession of your house," pursued Rougemont; " but I shall return in a week, when I shall require my first victim."

" Your first victim! oh, heaven!" exclaimed Auriol.

" Ay, and my choice falls on Edith Talbot!" replied Rougement.

" Edith Talbot!" exclaimed Auriol—" she your victim! Think you I would resign her I love better than life to you?"

"It is because she loves you that I have chosen her," rejoined Rougemont with a bitter laugh. "And such will ever be the case with you. Seek not to love again, for your passion will be fatal to the object of it. When the week has elapsed, I shall require Edith at your hands. Till then, farewell!"

"Stay!" cried Auriol. "I break the bargain with thee, fiend. I will have none of it. I abjure thee."

And he rushed wildly after Rougemont, who had already gained the larger chamber; but, ere he could reach him, the mysterious individual had passed through the outer door, and when Auriol emerged upon the gallery, he was nowhere to be seen.

Several servants immediately answered the frantic shouts of the young man, and informed him that Mr. Rougemont had quitted the house some moments ago, telling them that their master was perfectly satisfied with the arrangements he had made for him.

"And we hope nothing has occurred to alter your opinion, sir?" said the hall porter.

"You are sure Mr. Rougemont is gone?" cried Auriol.

"Oh, quite sure, sir," cried the hall porter. "I helped him on with his cloak myself. He said he should return this day week."

"If he comes, I will not see him," cried Auriol, sharply—"mind that. Deny me to him; and on no account whatever let him enter the house."

"Your orders shall be strictly obeyed," replied the porter, staring with surprise.

"Now leave me," cried Auriol.

And as they quitted him, he added, in a tone and with a gesture of the deepest despair, "All precautions are useless. I am indeed lost!"

THE SYMPATHY OF THE TWIN-BORN.

There is a popular belief,—superstition it cannot be called, since it has no reference to religious creeds,—not uncommon in this country, that children twin-born are united through life by sympathies unknown to the rest of mankind. It may be viewed as a refinement of the still more popular notion of an intimation being granted to some of an approaching catastrophe, by the appearance of a loved parent, relative, or friend. The two orders of ideas are intimately allied, as expressive of particular or more general sympathies, brought into extraordinary, but perchance wrongly-deemed supernatural, relationship.

This popular creed is by no means confined to this country. It is almost as widely diffused as the great families of men. A remarkable instance came under the notice of M. Alexandre Dumas, the distinguished French dramatist and novelist, as connected with, and resulting from, an excursion made into the somewhile English, now French, but in reality Italian, island of Corsica. M. Dumas had sought for and obtained hospitality in the house of the Lady Savilia de Franchi, who with her twin-sons, then just of age, were all that remained of one of the oldest and most aristocratic families of the island.

This was at a time when there existed in the village of Sullacaro—the abode of the Franchi family—one of those fearful family animosities, designated in the country as *la vendetta*, which have rendered Corsican revenge a proverb, and which had for ten years driven the families of the Orlandi and Colonna from their homes, and kept the village in a perpetual state of siege, and had cost the lives of many persons.

Louis de Franchi was a studious young man of a mild disposition and peaceful habits, unacquainted with the use of arms, and who had, influenced by this temper of mind, left his country to study law in Paris, in the hopes of one day returning and assisting in the great work of civilizing and humanizing his fatherland.

Lucien de Franchi, his twin-brother, remained at home with his mother. He was Corsican in all his habits and feelings. Independent and resolute, he was skilled in the use of arms, at home in the forest or the mountain, and habituated to the contemplation of danger without fearing it, and yet without despising it. His apartment was a whole armoury, a museum of curiosities ; among which, weapons—to each of which a family legend, often of female heroism, was attached—formed no inconsiderable part.

An occasion soon presented itself of witnessing the firmness of such a character, and the influence which it gave to even so young a man. Induced by the representations of the brother at Paris, the family of the Franchis had determined upon attempting a reconciliation between the Orlandis and the Colonnas, somewhat, however, against the inclination of Lucien, who held by the alike Arab and Corsican sentiment, that a blood feud could only be repaired by blood. In order to effect this, Orlandini, the chief of the Orlandis, had to be sought out in his forest lair, and M. Dumas accompanied Lucien on the perilous expedition, which was, however, successful ; and a public reconciliation was ultimately effected in the village church, and thus the village itself was restored to the enjoyment of peace and harmony.

During this detention at Sullacaro, M. Dumas, in the intimacy which had sprung up between himself and the Franchi family, learned the existence of the sympathies before alluded to. It was on the occasion of descending to supper, when Lucien apologized for having accidentally kept his mother waiting.

"I have only come down myself this moment," answered the mother; "but was anxious to see you, to inquire after Louis."

"Is your son unwell?" asked Dumas.

"Lucien fears so," she replied.

"Have you received a letter from your brother?" again inquired Dumas.

"No," answered Lucien; "and that is just what makes me anxious."

"But how, then, do you know that he is suffering?"

"Because, these few days past, I have been suffering myself."

M. Dumas looked with astonishment at the young man who affirmed so strange a fact, and at the mother who appeared to hold the same conviction.

The latter smiled sorrowfully, and added,

"The absent are in the hands of God. The chief thing is—are you certain that he lives?"

"If he were dead," answered Lucien, calmly, "I should have seen him."

"And would have told me of it—would you not, my son?"

"Oh, the very moment—I promise you, mother."

Lucien had before expressed his apprehensions for his brother, lest he might become involved in some awkward affair in Paris; for, brave as he was, and having never touched either sword or pistol, he knew that he would allow himself to be killed, rather than disgrace his country.

M. Dumas quitted Corsica direct for Paris and was made the bearer of letters, and of many kind messages, to the brother, Louis, whom he made a point of visiting almost immediately after his arrival. He found him inhabiting tasteful and elegant bachelor apartments in the Rue du Helder. The likeness to his twin-brother was so great, as to almost petrify his visitor with astonishment. His gratification at receiving news from his family, and their late guest, was very great.

"And you left all of them quite well?"

"Yes, but somewhat anxious."

"On my account?"

"On yours."

"True," he said, after reading his mother's letter; "I have not been ill, but I have had a grief, which I acknowledge was increased by the idea that in suffering here, I was causing also feelings of anguish to my absent brother."

The cause of this grief, as subsequently explained, was rather an uncommon one. Among Louis de Franchi's acquaintances in Paris, was a captain of a frigate, whose wife was so beautiful and possessed of so many charms, that he was obliged to abstain from frequent visits, to prevent his admiration ripening into a fruitless love. The husband complained of this neglect, whereupon the young man acknowledged the feeling under which he acted; but this candour, instead of hurting the sailor, increased his friendly confidence in M. Louis' principle, and not only caused him to insist upon frequent visits, but, on his departure for Mexico, which occurred shortly afterwards, he recommended his wife, Emily, to his friend's care, and bade her look upon him as a brother.

The confidence thus placed was sacredly observed. Emily lived with her mother; but, at her husband's parting request, continued occasionally to receive company. Among the visitors, was a M. de Chateau-Renaud, whose attentions to Emily soon became very marked, and at length, so manifest, as to be observed by Baron Giordano, a Corsican friend of M. Louis de Franchi. The latter determined to recal Emily to a sense of her duty, but he was treated as a visionary and as a jealous lover. This placed him in so ridiculous and unenviable a position, that he withdrew at once from the lady's society, but not without a last attempt in favour of the absent husband which was made in writing.

"Such was the state of things, when you arrived," continued Louis de Franchi, who had been narrating the above circumstances at length, "and, the same day, I received an anonymous note inviting me to the ball at the opera, where a mask with a bouquet of violets, would give me information regarding my friend's misled wife."

"Will you go to-morrow to the ball?"

"Why yes, or no. Yes, if you ask me to go there to meet you; no, if I have no interest in going thither."

"Well, then, come to meet me. I must go, even though it be to increase my anguish."

At the ball, an invitation was given to M. Dumas to sup at M. D.'s, and he took with him his Corsican friend. The introductions over, some one proposed to sit down to supper.

"Everything is ready," said the host, "but all the guests are not arrived: M. Chateau-Renaud is not here."

"Ah!" remarked another, "is there not a bet on his account?"

"Yes, a supper for twelve, that he does not bring with him a lady of his acquintance."

The Corsican turned very pale.

Supper finished, the servant was about to remove the covers when the master interfered: "No, leave them; Chateau-Renaud has till four o'clock."

Louis looked at the time-piece calmly. It was forty minutes past three. At five minutes to four, Dumas turned round to drink the health of his Corsican friend. He answered the challenge with a smile. At that moment the bell rang. It was followed by a slight noise in the ante-chamber. The host rose, and opened the door.

"'Tis he," said Louis; "I recognise his voice."

"But I pray you, madam, step in," said the host; "there are none but friends here, I assure you."

"Do go in, dear Emily," said Chateau-Renaud.

And she came in, rather by impulsion than voluntarily.

"Three minutes to four o'clock," remarked Chateau-Renaud, triumphantly.

"You have won!" replied the host.

"Not yet," observed the lady, assuming a haughty aspect; "you betted upon bringing me here to supper. I have been brought here against my will. I thought myself being conducted to a friend's house, and as I cannot stay, M. Chateau-Renaud loses his bet, and I shall beg M. Louis de Franchi to give me his arm to my own residence."

In a moment, the Corsican stood between Chateau-Renaud, and the lady.

"Madame," said Chateau-Renaud, his teeth clenched with passion, "it is I who brought you here, and I who ought to conduct you hence."

"Gentlemen," said the lady, "you are five. I throw myself on your gallantry, that M. Chateau-Renaud shall not commit any violence."

The guests all arose.

"Well," said Chateau-Renaud, "madame, you are free, I shall know to whom to apply."

"I shall be at home, all the morrow," observed Louis, with a haughtiness impossible to express.

"Then you may expect a message."

"All that was wanting to the baseness of your conduct was to convey such an intimation before a lady," observed the Corsican, raising his shoulders in contempt, and leading the lady away.

The next morning, the Viscount Réne Chateaugrand and M. Adrien de Boissy, a lieutenant in the African cavalry, waited upon Louis de Franchi, to request that he would appoint two friends to meet them.

On his side, the Corsican named the Baron Giordano and M. Alexandre Dumas. When these gentlemen met there was no question of arrangement. A Napoleon was tossed in the air—heads for swords, tails for pistols; the Napoleon fell on its face. It was then decided that the duel should take place the ensuing morning at nine o'clock, in the wood of Vincennes, that the adversaries should be placed at a distance of twenty paces, hands clapped three times, and at the third clap they should fire.

Next morning M.Dumas was with the Corsican, by half-past seven. He was in his cabinet writing, and looked very pale.

"I have written a letter to my mother," he said; "you must promise me to send it."

He then read the epistle, which contained a statement that he had been attacked with brain fever, and nothing but a miracle could save him. He recommended Lucien never to quit his mother.

"You must promise me to keep the secret," observed Louis, on concluding the epistle, "and to put the letter into the post, should I die."

"That is my duty," observed the traveller; "but wherefore this ?"

"To spare my family another misfortune."

"How ?" exclaimed the other, surprised.

"I shall be killed at ten minutes past nine."

"You are going to be killed ?"

"Yes."

"But you are mad. Why give way to such an idea ?"

"I neither give way to false notions, nor am I mad. I have been forewarned."

"Forewarned ! and by whom ?"

"My father appeared to me this night. I knew that he would come if any evil awaited me, and I welcomed him."

"'Think of God, my son,'" he said.

"I shall then be killed in the duel?" I asked him.

I saw tears flow down the pale face of the spectre.

"And at what hour?"

"He turned his finger towards the time-piece. The fingers indicated ten minutes past nine."

"'It is well then, father,' I answered. 'The will of God be done. I quit my mother it is true, but to rejoin you.'

"A sad smile played upon his pallid lips, and making a sign of farewell, he retired, as he came, by the door."

Dumas wiped the perspiration which had started upon his brow.

"And now," continued Louis, "you know my brother?"

"Yes. If he heard you had fallen in a duel, he would start from Corsica to come and fight him who had killed you."

"It is to avoid this, to prevent my mother losing both sons, that I demand your secrecy."

At this moment,the Baron Giordano entered abruptly, and announced that it was time to depart.

"I am ready, dear friend," said Louis,

They got into the carriage which waited for them, and arrived at Vincennes five minutes before nine. Another carriage drove up at the same moment. It was that of M. de Chateau-Renaud. A few minutes afterwards they were at the appointed spot. An exchange of salutations took place. The Baron Giordano had the box with the pistols in his hand. M. Boissy for M. Chateau-Renaud, examined the one which his friend was to use. M. Giordano scrutinized that intended for Louis. They were then loaded. While this was going on, the traveller approached the Corsican. He was calm and smiling.

"I have still seven minutes to live," he said; "here, take my watch, and keep it in remembrance of me."

M. Dumas took it, and shook his hand warmly.

"In eight minutes I hope to restore it to you."

"Let us talk no more of that; the gentlemen are approaching."

"Gentlemen," said the Viscount de Chateaugrand, "there is, close by here, an opening in the wood, where we may be less liable to interruption."

"Lead the way, sir," said the Baron Giordano; "we follow you."

The viscount walked first, the parties followed in two little separate groups. At a distance of about thirty paces they came to the clearance spoken of, and which appeared like a small space now dry, but at times liable to inundation.

"M. de Giordano," said the viscount, "will you measure the distance with me?"

The baron assented, and they marked off twenty ordinary paces.

"Gentlemen, when you are ready," said the viscount.

"Now," said the traveller to Louis, "forget the apparition of the night, and remember the Freyschutz. Every ball has its destination. Farewell."

The Baron Giordano met him with his pistol ready. He took it without looking at it, and placed himself at a spot marked by a handkerchief.

M. de Chateau Renaud was at his place, smiling with the confidence of a man sure of his skill. Perhaps, also, he knew that it was the first time that Louis Franchi held a pistol. The Corsican was calm and steady; his fine head looked like a marble bust.

"Gentlemen," said Chateaugrand, "be ready."

Then striking his hands one against the other—

"Once," he said,—"twice—three times!"

The discharge of the two pistols made but one sound. At the same moment Louis de Franchi fell, doubled up, upon one knee. M. de Chateau-Renaud remained upright, his coat alone had been pierced. M. Dumas precipitated himself towards Louis.

"You are wounded?" he said.

Louis tried to answer, but in vain; his lips were covered with a bloody froth, and he fell upon the other knee. His clothes were quickly thrown open, the ball had entered beneath the sixth rib on the right side, and gone out a little above the left hip.

M. Chateau-Renaud retired from the ground, but his witnesses lent their assistance.

"I pardon him," cried the dying man. "Do you"—turning to Dumas—"remember your promise."

"Oh, I swear it shall be as you wish!"

"Now," he said, smilingly, "look at the watch."

It was just ten minutes past nine o'clock as he fell dead on the ground. The body was taken home, the police were informed of the circumstance, and the Baron Giordano undertook to superintend the burial; while, at the same time, every effort was made to hush up the melancholy catastrophe.

Five days after this, at eleven o'clock at night, M. Dumas was seated by his fireside, when the servant announced M. de Franchi.

"M. de Franchi!"

"Yes, sir."

"Shew him in. Oh, my dear Lucien, is it you?" exclaimed Dumas, throwing himself into his arms, the tears trickling down his cheeks.

"Yes," he said, "it is me."

"Oh, my God! then you know nothing?"

"I know all," he replied.

"What, then! were you coming to Paris when you received the news?"

"No, I was at Sullacaro."

"Impossible!—your brother's letter is scarcely yet arrived there."

"The morning my brother was killed," said the young man, "I had gone out early to visit the shepherds. I had just been looking at my watch, when I received so violent a blow on my side, that I fainted away. When I opened my eyes, I was supported in the arms of Orlandini."

"'Well,' he said, 'what has happened to you?'

"'I do not know myself,' I replied. 'Did you hear a shot fired?'

"'No.'

"'It seemed as if I had been struck by a ball here,' and I opened my coat. There was a red and bleeding mark below the sixth rib. 'My brother,' said I, 'has been killed—he has been hit at that very place.'

"Six o'clock in the evening, I went home. It was evident my poor mother as yet knew nothing. In passing the corridor, I observed a light in my brother's room. I pushed the door open. A taper was burning near my brother's bed; and upon that bed my brother was lying naked and bleeding. It was evident that he had been killed. I fell on my knees, and, leaning my head against the bed, prayed aloud.

"When I lifted my head, the taper had gone out—the vision had disappeared. I felt the bed, but there was nothing. At night I could not sleep; when I did, I dreamt the whole scene over again. I saw the man who killed my brother—I heard his name pronounced. It was M. de Chateau-Renaud."

"Alas, all this is too true!" observed Dumas; "but what do you come to Paris for?"

"I come to kill him who has killed my brother."

"Kill him?"

"Do not be alarmed—not in the Corsican fashion, but in the Parisian."

"And does your mother know that you came to Paris with that intention?"

"Yes. She kissed me on the forehead, and said 'Go!'"

Supper came in at this moment. Lucien ate like a man free from anxiety. After supper, Dumas shewed him to a bed.

"Will you," said Lucien, on their meeting next morning, "accompany me to Vincennes? It is a pious pilgrimage I wish to make. While you are getting ready, I will write to Giordano.

The two friends started for Vincennes. When they came to the spot where they had quitted the road to enter the wood—"We are approaching," observed the Corsican. He then stepped at once into the wood, as if he had already been there a dozen times. Arrived at the opening, he went directly to the spot where his brother stood. He bent himself gently down, and kissed the greensward; then raising an eye of fire towards the spot from whence M. de Chateau-Renaud had fired—

"It was there where he stood; to-morrow, you shall see him lying there."

"How!" said Dumas—"to-morrow?"

"Yes—he is a coward, or to-morrow he will give me my turn."

"But my dear Lucien," observed Dumas, "the custom in France is, that a duel does not involve other consequences. M. Chateau-Renaud fought with your brother, whom he had provoked; but he has nothing to do with you."

"Ah," replied the Corsican, "M. Chateau-Renaud killed my brother who had never touched a pistol; he killed him as he might have done that lamb looking up to us; and I—I shall not have the right to provoke M. de Chateau-Renaud? Come—come!"

There was no answering the young man's energy. The party returned to dine at the Café de Paris, where Giordano joined them.

"Well, all is arranged," said the Baron.

"M. de Chateau-Renaud accepts?"

"Yes, but with the condition, nevertheless, that after you, he shall be left alone."

"Oh, he may rest assured, I am the last of the Franchis. Did you see himself, or the witnesses?"

"Himself. He has named as his witnesses, Messrs. De Boissy and de Chateaugrand. The arms, time, and place to be the same.

"Happy arrangement! Sit down and eat."

The baron sat down, and the conversation took another turn.

In the evening, at his own express desire, Lucien retired to his brother's house, and shut himself up for that night in his brother's apartment.

The next morning at a quarter before eight, M. Dumas was with the twin Corsican duellist. He had brought the same fatal pistols, which Lucien had expressed the desire to possess himself of as a family loom.

Lucien was writing at the same table as his brother had done.

"Good morning," said he—"I was writing to my mother."

"I hope you send less painful news than your brother announced this day eight days ago."

"I announce to her that she can now pray in tranquillity for her son, for that he is revenged."

"What enables you to speak with so much certainty ?"

"I have seen my brother. I shall kill M. de Chateau-Renaud. I shall place my ball there," he said, touching Dumas on the temple.

"And yourself ?"

"Oh, he will not even touch me!"

At this moment the Baron Giordano arrived. It was eight o'clock, and the party started. Lucien was in so violent a hurry, that they arrived ten minutes before the time. The adverse party made their appearance exactly at nine o'clock. They were all three on horseback, followed by a servant mounted. M. de Chateau-Renaud had his hand in his coat as if borne in a scarf.

"Here we are, gentlemen," said M. de Chateaugrand and De Boissy; "but you know our conditions; they are, that this duel is the last, and that whatever may be the result, M. de Chateau-Renaud shall not have to answer to any one for the double catastrophe."

"It is agreed," answered the Corsican's witnesses. Lucien bowed his assent.

"You have the weapons, gentlemen ?" inquired the Viscount de Chateaugrand.

"The same."

"And they are unknown to M. de Franchi ?"

"Much more so than to M. Chateau-Renaud."

"All right, gentlemen. Come along, Chateau-Renaud!"

The road was now taken into the wood without a further word. Every one felt on approaching the scene of so lately fatal an event, that something no less terrible was about to occur.

Arrived at the spot, M. de Chateau-Renaud assumed a calm appearance, but ever and anon he appeared to cast a furtive, anxious look towards his antagonist. Either he was struck with the likeness of the twins, or he knew that he had to do with a man skilled in the use of arms. While the pistols were loading, he drew his hand from his coat. It was wrapped in a wet handkerchief to keep down its febrile movements.

Without waiting for directions, Lucien went up to the place where his brother had stood, which obliged M. de Chateau-Renaud to occupy his old position. The Corsican waited for him with the calm, fixed look of a man certain of his revenge.

"Are you ready ?" inquired M. de Chateaugrand.

"Yes," answered Lucien.

M. de Chateau-Renaud contented himself with an affirmative nod.

M. Dumas turned his head away.

Two claps of the hand followed one another sharply. At the third the sound of two pistols was heard.

Dumas turned round. M. de Chateau-Renaud was stretched upon the soil. He was killed without uttering a sigh, without having made a movement. The ball had passed through the temple, at the place indicated by the Corsican.

Lucien remained at his place, calm without motion. Dumas approached him, when seeing him within reach, the Corsican let his pistol fall, and threw himself into his friend's arms.

"Oh, my brother—my poor brother!" he exclaimed.

And he burst into tears.

They were the first tears which the young man had shed.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE ANTIQUE.

BY A CORKMAN.

In Cork, so famed for situation,
'Twas long a point of disputation,
And urged on all sides with much vigour,
How in old times the Irish nation,
Contrived to shut out winter's rigour.
For years on years, without cessation.
The conflict raged, the breach grew bigger,
And still each antiquarian digger
Of graves ancestral, kept his station,
And held his own the true relation.

Some thought, and still the doctrine teaches,
That ladies then all wore the breeches,
And men loose petticoats, or kilts short,
A dress that to the knee but reaches,
And just the thing for deep-sea beaches,
Where such things should be built short.

Thus did the knotty question stand,
The public thus, on either hand,
Upon the point divided
When, lo, a lucky accident
(It seemed as if from Heaven sent)
The argument decided.

A bog, that unexplored remain'd
By skilful hands was being drain'd,
And in the hands were shovels :
Hard by, (alas, such Ireland hath!)
Across this bog, their only path,
Stood some poor, wretched hovels.

The tenants of this barren moor,
Possessed of little, few and poor,
Know naught of Ancient History;
And little versed in Punic lore,
Or how they dressed or what they wore,
To them was quite a myst'ry.

Right merrily they dug and delved,
And properly each furrow shelved,
To sweep away the sediment
But as a trench one day they clear'd,
All suddenly therein appear'd
Some huge and strange impediment.

At length, the object meets their eyes,
And each, in very strange surprise,
Turns to his next-door neighbour :
The same inquiring gaze is there,
As each would say, is this a fair
Return for all our labour?

Recover'd from their first affright,
They bring the relic forth to light,
And cleanse it from the fluid :
Thus acted on, its bulk presents,
In all its curious lineaments,
The semblance of a Druid.

And now between those men arose
A storm of words, almost of blows,
With din and hideous clatter;
Each stating different views, and each
Assured that he alone could teach,
Though ignorant of the matter.

As luck would have it so, just then,
A stranger, passing through the fen,
Stopped short to view the riot;
And acting as a "man of peace,"
He begged that all the noise should cease,
And every tongue be quiet.

Then, asking what the difference was,
He wished to see the wondrous cause
Of all this strife and anger :
They point it out—he turns and sees
Why all *their* noise is very peace
To *his* infernal clangour!

"The knotty point is set at rest:
Here is an Irish warrior drest
In petticoat and tunic;
And on his arm his ample shield,
And sword with which he cleared the field
Before the first great Punic!"

"Be quick, my men, and bear the prize,
Where I may feast my longing eyes,
Alone, in all my glory:
This night before those doubters all,
Unchallenged, *these* bright trophies shall
Well ratify my story.

"But silence now. Five guineas bright
Your gladden'd hearts shall soon delight
If you will act the dummy;
And promise that no mortal ear
From out your lips the tale shall hear
Of how we found the mummy."

They go: he sighs—"'Tis plain," said he,
Thus ran his proud soliloquy,
"This was some glorious hero,
Of noble or of princely blood—
Perhaps he lived before the flood,
Perhaps in days of Nero."

The evening came: the President*
Upon his velvet cushion leant,
As if he leant a column on:
He looks, at least to look he tries,
Unto the good spectators' eyes,
As wise as old King Solomon!

Within the circuit of that hall
Deep silence spread her gloomy pall,
And all was still as death itself
When Science rose, and through the still
And anxious meeting sent a thrill
That stopped the very breath itself.

Few and short were the words he said,
As he spoke of the uncoffin'd dead,
And the arms he found beside it:
Husky and low his voice was heard
As he stoop'd beneath the green-baize board,
And the neck of the bag untied it.

His piercing gaze each strange device
Reveal'd to all, in language nice,
And polished as a school-man;
And none, who heard the matter out,
Could after have the smallest doubt,
Unless he were a fool man.

Full well convinced were all, when he
Proposed that, thence, the mystery,
Be held as fully cleared up;
And so enthusiastic were
The Solons, congregated there,
That they consenting cheer'd up!

Is that an echo? Hark, a cry,
Both shrill and angry, wild and high,
Is borne up from a distance;
And following fast upon the sound,
As hare pursued by panting hound,
Comes one who claims assistance.

He comes to tell the ugly job
Of him, whose hand had dared to rob
The grave of its deposit;
And angrily demandeth back
The body and its covering sack
From out the Doctor's closet.

A look of kindliness he bent
Upon the smiling President,
Then thus, "An' plaze yer honour,
Your wordy father, rest his sowl,
'Twas he that right well knew ould Poul-a-dur† and Paddy Connor.

"This very day, an' tin years gon',
Poor Peggy wint out all alone,
To help to dig the pratees;
An' sinse that time the dioul a word
Of hur or hurs I iver heard:
'Tis true, be dis and dat 'tis!‡

"Bud shure an' sartin now, I find,
She must have tumbled in, d'ye mind,
A deep an' ugly pit, sir;
For well I mind, she wint out wid,
To fright the crows,§ *the ould pot lid,*
An' long an' rusty spit, sir!"

Oh, had you seen each wondering look,
And heard the scornful shout that shook
Each startled wall and rafter;
Had you but seen the *sage's* brow,
When thus exposed, I truly vow,
Your sides had split with laughter.

Alas, alas! to hide his face,
He had gladly made a rapid race
For some, however hot, cover,
Chagrined to find a rusty spit
His sweeping sword, and, worse than it,
His shield a huge old pot-cover!

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* The President of the "Scientific Society."

† The name of a locality near Cork.

‡ It is no uncommon thing to see the Irish female peasantry labouring in the fields with a jacket or short coat, belonging perhaps to one of the males of the family, buttoned on them. The body here alluded to is supposed to have been so attired.

§ A plan commonly adopted for the purpose referred to.

MY THEATRICAL RECOLLECTIONS.

BY DRINKWATER MEADOWS.

FOURTH LEAF.

One evening, during my sojourn with the "Tamworth, Stratford-upon-Avon, and Warwick Company," we acted "Macbeth,"—that is, we gave a mangled edition of it; several of the characters were doubled, others trebled, some were entirely omitted, and whole scenes cut out King Duncan, Hecate, one of the Murderers and the Doctor, were acted by the same person; the bleeding Soldier, one of the apparitions, and Seyton, by another—Donalbain and Siward were omitted—Fleance, the Apparition of a Crowned Head, and the Gentlewoman, were represented by our juvenile young lady. *The* barrel-organ could not serve us as to Locke's music, nor could we have the band of the "Theatre Royal, Leamington," therefore that portion of the music which we ventured to attempt, was given without an accompaniment, and, doubtless, with great effect. We did not pay, or profess to pay, much attention to the "getting up" of the play. Perhaps our manageress imagined Shakspeare could stand unsupported by "new scenery, dresses, and decorations;" the theatre was not closed "to afford an opportunity for a night rehearsal;" nor did we advertise the play as "from the text of Shakspere," though, assuredly, it was, in many instances, *from* it, indeed. We could not be accused of being too perfect; several of us, I believe, fancied we could substitute language sufficiently clear for the development of the plot, and the carrying on of the play, though, perhaps, not *quite* equal to the divine bard's.

"Come to Hecuba" was a golden rule with us. One of our gentlemen, more imperfect than the rest, on being rated for his omissions by one who happened to know a little more of the text, vindicated himself by saying, "What's the use of bothering so about a handful of words, I never stick, (halt, stop;) I always say something, and get on; no one has hissed me yet; and none of us were ever perfect when I acted at the Royalty."

The gentleman who played Macbeth on this occasion, did so, he assured us, for the first time, *and we believed him;* he only commenced studying the part three days before. Certainly, like the Royalty gentleman, he said and did some very odd things, assuredly not set down in any edition of Shakspeare then in existence. In the second scene with Lady Macbeth, which was acted by his wife, finding himself *rather* at a loss as to the text very soon after the commencement, he coolly said to her, "Let us retire, dearest chuck, and con this matter over in a more sequestered spot, far from the busy haunts of men. Here the walls and doors are spies, and our every word is echoed far and near. Come, then, let's away—

'False face must hide, you know,
What false heart dare not shew.'"

On leaving the stage, he said to Lady Macbeth, "I was rather shy of the syls (syllables) in that scene, my dear, and a little abroad, and therefore 'came to Hecuba.' I hope I did not distress you—by-the-bye, you are not as per (perfect) as you might be, my dear; you made the blank verse 'halt' for 'it;'—but it's very hard if a man can't take a liberty with his own wife."

As the play advanced, he became more perfect in the text, and, at the conclusion, his wife expressed herself as highly delighted with his performance of Macbeth, very earnestly assuring us, it was *positively* his *first* appearance in the part. "I am satisfied," said she, "that when next he plays it, he will play it very prettily indeed." Macbeth played prettily!

Our property-man and scene-shifter, added to other characters in the play, acted the "cream-faced loon." He was a very useful fellow, but never very particular as to the text of any of the trifling characters assigned him, having, as he said, too many things of much more importance to attend to behind the scenes, such as preparing banners, daggers, pistols, thrones, tables, chairs, bowls of punch, and cups of poison, to give him time to study. "I tell you what it is," he said; "I inwariably contrives to get a reg'lar knowledge of the natur' of the *char*-ac-ter, and ginnerally gives the haudience words as near like the truth as need be. I seldom or ever puts any of you out, and takes as much pains as anybody can expect for two-and-sixpence a week extra, which is all I gets for doing such like parts as mine. I finds Shakespeare's parts worse to get into my head nor any other; he goes in and out so to tell a thing. I should like to know how I was to say all that rigmarole about the wood coming; and I am sure my telling Macbeth that Birnam wood was walking three miles off to the castle, did very well; but some of you gentlemen is sadly pertickler, and never considers circumstances."

This property maker seldom delivered even a message on the stage correctly; he would announce a nobleman as a commoner, and a commoner as a nobleman. In the "School for Scandal," instead of announcing "Sir Benjamin Backbite and Mr. Crabtree," he said, "Lord Crabtree and Mr. Benjamin, to wait upon your ladyship." But he surpassed himself in "the cream-faced loon;" for, instead of replying to Macbeth's question of, "What soldiers, whey-face?" "The English force, so please you," he exclaimed, "The Dook of Wellington's forces, so please your excellency." This drew forth immense laughter from the boxes and pit, and applause from the gallery; and when the acting manager rated him, in good round terms, for his blunder and presumption, he vindicated himself by saying, "Why, sir, I thought, naturally enough, that as the battle of Waterloo was just over, and the Dook uncommon pop'lar, I was acting loyally and quite right in giving his reverence a lift with the British public, and I'm sure it went off well. What odds atween saying the English force, and the Dook's, I should like to know? His *was* English, wasn't they, and we're proud on it."

"Mistakes will happen in the best regulated families," and a very curious one occurred, not long ago, to a celebrated actress when in America, which, as it occurred during a performance of Macbeth, I venture to introduce here. The lady was acting Lady Macbeth, her first appearance with that company, and, having been detained by a railroad accident, did not arrive at the theatre in time for a rehearsal, —an awkward circumstance, as all the performers were strangers to her.

At the conclusion of Lady Macbeth's first soliloquy, a messenger enters to announce the visit of the King; prior to his speaking, she says, "What is your tidings?" So did our heroine say, little dreaming *what* answer she would receive; for, to her great astonishment, instead of the usual reply, "The King comes here to-night," the messenger, as she imagined him to be, approached sufficiently near to whisper in her ear, holding his Scotch bonnet before his face, to prevent the audience from hearing, "Hush! I am Macbeth; we cut the messenger out! Go on, if you please."

A few seasons ago I visited the Haymarket Theatre, to witness Mr. C. Kean's performance of Macbeth. I was seated in the boxes behind a family party, consisting of father, mother, one son, and three daughters. The young ladies were very restless during the performance—the young gent. equally so; nor did "ma" and "pa" evince any very great degree of attention. They all appeared to be more intent upon the audience than the performers—the dresses of the ladies in the boxes drew forth more remarks from them than the efforts of the actors on the stage. "My dear," said ma to pa, "do you know who that is in the green silk dress on your left hand?" "What dress, my dear?" "Why, the green—no, no, not that way—the other, just there on your left, next but one to that gentleman in a white waistcoat—dear, how dull you are—there, the next but two to the second pillar, close to a child sucking an orange—there, now, she's wiping her face with her handkerchief, and looking at the stage!"

"Ah, I see who you mean—what of her?"

"What of her!—do you know her?"

"Not that I know of,—how should I?"

"Well, never mind, you never know anybody—listen to the play."

"That's what I wish, but you talk so very loud, my dear."

"Loud, indeed!—listen to that party in that private box—*they* talk loud, if you please—and I merely asked a question; no great harm, I suppose."

"Well, hush, my dear—here's singing coming on—capital music, I can tell you."

At the end of the third act, the young ladies and their brother ventured to stand up, and uncramp their limbs; they gaped round the house, yawned, sniffed at a smelling-bottle, and so on. "Well, Jane," said the youth, "are you tired?" "Yes, John, it's so long."

"How do you like the play, Bessy?" said John to another of his sisters.

"Well, John, I like the music very much indeed; but I can't say I think much of the *play*."

"Hush, my dear," exclaimed ma; "be cautious as to what you say—it is written by a very clever person, I assure you, my dear."

I resolved to leave the Warwick company at the end of the race week, having received an offer from Mr. M'Cready to join his company in Leicester, in about ten days from that time. I was considered by my brother actors as very fortunate in having obtained a situation in a company so much superior; but not wishing to remain idle, even for a week, I walked over to Leamington to offer my services for the time to the manager, as I understood he proposed dividing his forces so as to be able to open the Northampton theatre also, some addition to his company being necessary to enable him to do so. He received me at his lodgings, adjoining the theatre, in a snug little parlour. He was at breakfast: I found him buttering toast, which his factotum, a lad of 16 or 17, whom he called Alfred, presented to him on a toasting fork, saying, most familiarly, "Now, sir, sharp's the word—clap on the butter—be alive, for the fire's blazes hot, and so is the weather."

The manager, I found, ate very quickly, but spoke very slowly; his words came forth very distinctly, syllable by syllable as it were—almost letter by letter, to my great amusement—and every now and then he favoured his "man and boy," Alfred, with a few words during his conversation with me.

"So,—sir,—you—close—to-mor-row—in—War-wick,—I—hear. (Al-fred,—you—have—not—let—this—part—of—the—toast—see—the—fire—at—all.) You—have—a—very—thin—com-pany,—sir,—I—un-der-stand. (Do,—Al-fred,—do—it—brown-er—if—you—can.) Well,—sir,—as—I—must—divide—my—com-pany—for—next—week,—and—send—half—to—North-amp-ton—for—the—races,—and—keep—this—the-a-tre—open—too,—I—shall—be—glad—to—en-gage—you. (Al-fred,—run—over—to—the—hotel—with—some—bills,—with—my—com-pli-ments,—and—bring—back—with—you—half-a-pound—of—ham.")

"I'm off, master."

"Al-fred!"

"Yes, sir."

"Fat." [*Exit Alfred.*]

"Can—you—act—here—on—Monday,—sir?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very—well,—sir;—it—is—to—be—Mr.—Lee's—ben-e-fit;—the—per-form-ances—will—be—Piz-ar-ro—and—the—Wed-ding—day;—he—acts—Rol-la—and—Sir—Ad-am—Con-test—him-self,—so—what-ever—you—wish—to—do,—you—can't—do—ei-ther—of—those;—we—must—get—you—to—do—Or-o-zem-bo—and—the—Old—Blind—Man;—per-haps—you—can—go—on—for—the—Sen-ti-nel—also;—and—you—can—go—to—North-amp-ton—the—next—day,—sir."

"But, sir, may I ask what your terms are for the week?"

"Well,—sir,—I—al-ways—give—my—lead-ing—gen-tle-man—twen-ty—one—shill-ings—a—week,—and—I—could—not—think—of—of-fer-ing—you—less,—and—pay-ing—your—coach—fare,—out-side,—to—North-amp-ton,—which—is—much—near-er—to—Lei-ces-ter—than—where—you—now—are." [Re-enter Alfred, with the ham.] ("Well,—Al-fred,—you—have—not—hur-ried—your-self,—I—hope.—You—for-get—you—have—all—the—lamps—for—the—the-a-tre—to—trim—yet,—as—well—as—to—con-trive—some-thing—for—Mon-day—for—the—Tem-ple—of—the—Sun,—and—the—sac-ri-fic-i-al—al-tar.)—Will—you—have—a—cup—of—tea,—sir?—(Al-fred,—why—do—you—not—take—that—oil—can—in—to—the—the-a-tre;—do—now,—and—then—come—back—and—make—some—more—toast.")

I rather objected to acting three parts in one play, each being, as I said, too old for me.

"Well,—then,—I—am—sure—I—do—not—know—what—you—can—do. Will—you—play—Val-ver-de,—or—Al-on-zo? If—you—can—sing,—you—can—have—the—High-Priest. We—do—very—lit-tle—of—the—mu-sic,—be-cause—our—band—must—go—to—the—as-sem-bly-rooms—at—nine—o'clock;—so—we—can't—have—any—mu-sic—af-ter—that—hour;—but—it—is—not—of—much—con-se-quence,—as—the—house—will—be—very—full,—and—we—are—not—very—well—off—for—vo-cals."

It was arranged that I should play Velverde, and the Sentinel. The stage was not only remarkably small, but very oddly built; one half of it, the back, being three feet higher than the other, so that three steps were required to ascend from the front to the back of it. Pizarro's Tent, and the Temple of the Sun, were placed on the elevated part of the stage, and, in consequence, assumed *a very imposing appearance*. *Six* supernumeraries were engaged for the play; more could not by any means have been stowed away behind the scenes, or, in addition to the characters, have been placed on the stage.

We had also six supernumerary Virgins of the Sun, added to the regulars of the company, by, as the bills stated, "Young ladies of Leamington, who had very kindly undertaken to appear on this occasion."

The disposition of the characters on the stage was not only judicious but picturesque, considering how much regard we were compelled to pay to our very small space; the arrangements reminded me of the conjuror's advertised trick of putting a quart of wine into a pint bottle.

The house was full, the performances satisfactory; the box company was composed of persons accustomed to London theatres, as is generally the case in watering-places; they laughed at our ingenuity, and were apparently much amused. I am satisfied ours was not an every-day exhibition; the pit-ites were contented, and the gods loud and liberal in their applause. Had Rolla addressed a hundred supernumerary Peruvian soldiers, instead of our army of six, greater effects could not have been produced.* *The* six were so judiciously arranged, by being placed obliquely on the stage, from the centre of the elevated part of it, as to induce any and every reasonable spectator to imagine they were continued to a very great extent and number OFF the stage — Rolla, during his address—"My brave associates"—speaking first to the soldiers seen by the audience *on* the stage, and then advancing to the side, and addressing those *not* seen by the audience OFF it. The effect was astounding; and several persons in the secret wondered how any actor could work himself up to such a height of feeling, when merely addressing, for the greater part, imaginary beings. Macbeth's "air-drawn dagger" was nothing to it.

The manager acted Las Casas and the Blind Man. He was generally much more attentive to the stage arrangements, the lights, scenery, &c., than to the performers on the stage with him, or to the words he had to utter; he was so well versed, as he *said*, in every acting-play, as to render close study unnecessary.

On this occasion, the house being so well filled, he was doubly attentive, and most anxious that everything should be, as he said, "Wor-thy—the—Leam-ing-ton—The-a-tre—and—au-di-ence." No sooner had he made his entrance, and commenced addressing Pizarro, than his eyes wandered round the stage; and during his first speech, he detected a fault; then the careful manager shewed himself in his true colours. The speech and introduction were given thus:—

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* By a slight change of dress, our Peruvians also sufficed for Pizarro's body-guard.

"Bat-tle!—gra-cious—Heaven! A-gainst—whom? A-gainst—a—king,—in—whose—mild—bo-som—your—a-tro-cious—injuries—even—yet—have—not—ex-cited—hate! A-gainst—a—peo-ple—who—never—wronged—a—liv-ing—be-ing—their—Cre-a-tor—for-med! Gen-er-ous-ly—and—free-ly—did—they—share—with—you—their—com-forts,—their—trea-sures,—and—their—homes;—you—re-paid—them—by—fraud,—op-pres-sion,—and—dis-hon-our. These—eyes—have—wit-ness-ed—all—I—speak. As—[Al-fred"—(calling to him at the side scene)—"there's—one—of—the—new—foot-lights—out,—and—an-other—go-ing.] As—gods—you—were—re-ceiv-ed, as—fiends—have—acted."

Many minutes had not elapsed, ere his watchful eye detected another fault. He proceeded thus:—

"I—leave—you,—and—for—ever. No—lon-ger—shall—these—aged—eyes—be—sear-ed—by—the—hor-rors—they—have—wit-ness-ed. [Alfred" (again calling to his man-of-all-work)—"there's—a—street—wing—on—in—Piz-ar-ro's—Tent—in—Pe-ru;—do—shove—on—the—right—one,—if—you—have—sense—enough.] In caves—and—forests—will—I—hide—myself;—with—tigers—and—with—savage—beasts—will—I—com-mune. [Al-fred" (again was he called) "there's—a—thief—in—that—can-dle,—in—the—first—wing—O.P. Take—it—out,—and—snuff—'em—all—round."]

The gentleman for whose benefit the performances of this evening were, was celebrated for making apologies, whenever required to do so, in consequence of the indisposition of any performer rendering a change of performance necessary, &c. Old Quotem said this gentleman could always "a round unvarnished tale deliver;" and that on the occasion of his benefit at —— (I forget the name of the town), the play being then also "Pizarro," before the commencement of the performances, he advanced before the curtain, and addressed the audience, thus:—"Ladies and gentlemen, I greatly regret being obliged to appear before you, to solicit your kind indulgence at a moment when you demand my warmest thanks for your liberal patronage this evening, but stern necessity compels me to throw myself upon your sympathies, and entreat you to pardon our being obliged to dispense with Cora's child. One circumstance alone cheers me in my present predicament, and that is the assurance that no blame whatever justly belongs to me, for upon my word of honour, I have done everything in my power, to provide a child, but all in vain, I am sorry to say; such being the true state of affairs, I humbly venture to hope you may be pleased to excuse the omission, and permit the performances to proceed."

This apology was received, as may be supposed, most good-humouredly, and certainly not without laughter. As the second act was about to commence, the same gentleman again stepped forward, and addressed the audience, "Ladies and gentlemen, I have the exceeding great pleasure of informing you, that fortune, at the eleventh hour, has been propitious. I have obtained a child; in consequence of which Sheridan's affectionate and parental language will not suffer, as I feared it would. The child I have borrowed is now being dressed, and the play will proceed without delay."

At the commencement of the second act of "Pizarro," Alonzo and Cora are discovered—she seated on a bank, playing with her child, and Alonzo hanging over them with delight

> "CORA.—Now confess, does he resemble thee or not?
>
> ALONZO.—Indeed, he is liker thee :—thy rosy softness, thy smiling gentleness.
>
> CORA.—But his auburn hair,—the colour of his eyes, Alonzo. Oh, my lord's image, and my heart's adored! (*She presses the child to her bosom.*)"

It so happened that as the child had been "in the alarm of fear," caught up at the last moment, and was the only one to be borrowed in the hour of need, the "picker up of this unconsidered trifle," did not pause to scan his features ; he was to "borrow a child anywhere," and so immediately before the commencement of the scene was his adoption, that neither Alonzo nor Cora beheld the child until the act was just commencing, then their eyes were blest, not with the sight of a "pretty dear," but with a little dirty-faced urchin, wide mouthed and snub-nosed, his little eyes a peculiar grey, and portruding; his hair fiery red, and his head somewhat large.

For Cora and Alonzo to speak the lines just quoted, was impossible —at least, to do so seriously. They endeavoured to keep his face from the audience, but all in vain, for look at boxes, pit, and gallery, he *would ;* they, therefore, as by mutual consent, altered their intended tone, and uttered their sentences as though each was spitefully anxious, as the child was not over handsome, to assure the other of the likeness, at the same time altering the text a little.

> "CORA.—Now *do* confess, does he not resemble *thee?*
>
> ALONZO.—(*Very pettishly,*) Now, indeed, my dear, he is *much* liker *thee*—thy rosy softness—hem !—thy smiling gentleness—oh !
>
> CORA.—But only look at his *hair*—and then his EYES—oh! my *lord's image, beyond a doubt.*"

Here, instead of pressing the child to her bosom, she forced him into Alonzo's arms, whilst he, with equal tenderness, almost threw him back to Cora, the cherub's face at the same time requiring the application of a handkerchief ; but as Peruvian ladies in those days were not in the habit of using such an article, Cora kindly substituted a portion of her feather-trimmed drapery, the child giving a graceful and bewitching (?) smile in return for this delicate attention and motherly act. The lady finished her eulogium on her offspring in a tone of sarcasm not to be misunderstood : "Daily, hourly, do I pour forth thanks to Heaven for the *dear blessing* I possess in *him* and thee."

The borrowed child being *ra*-ther an out-size, and at least two years older than the author intended, rendered Cora's carrying him a matter of difficulty, the attempt ludicrous, and her saying, "Think you a mother, when she runs from danger, can feel the weight of her child ?" truly laughable—the more so, as she was herself, in height and size, exceedingly like Mrs. Liston.

In the third act, in the scene where Cora resolves to seek her husband in the Spanish camp, carrying her child with her, she says, "That look of thine will win me a passage through a thousand swords. Is there a heart that could drive back the wife that seeks her bleeding husband; or the innocent babe that cries for his imprisoned father? A wretched mother, bearing a poor orphan in her arms, has Nature's passport through the world!" Here Cora *attempted* to take up her "baby boy," but failed in the attempt. Rolla advanced to assist her, raised the child, and placed it in her arms, but she finding it too heavy, put it down, thinking to lead the "pretty dear" by the hand from the stage, but he, not being inclined to retire, refused to stir, and, in a tone sweet as his face, cried aloud, "I won't go away!" Cora tugged, and so did her darling; to carry him off was no easy matter, and to leave him on the stage, would have destroyed the scene. Rolla, therefore, being, as old Quotem observed, "a capital fellow for an apology," when anything went wrong, (vide his apology early in the evening,) with great self-possession, and in the kindest manner said to her, "Come, Cora, in your state the burthen is too great for you; suffer me, then, as the friend of yourself and husband, to carry your child a short distance in my arms, and see you on your way; I promise then to leave you." Here he took up the precious treasure, saying to it, "Come then, thou poor blasted blossom of a tender plant—come, come!—I, for a short time at least, will bear thy infant frame, and faithfully support thee, and protect thy sorrowing mother through all the dangers of this desolate scene—come." [*Exeunt.*]

A WORD ON THE PRESENT CONDITION OF THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

Our readers will remember our notice of this important body, occasioned by the interesting and successful meeting of the Archæologists at Canterbury, last September. The foundations of the Archæological Association were laid in December, 1843, by two antiquaries, who have up to the present time been its most active promoters and supporters—Mr. Roach Smith and Mr. T. Wright. Its objects were the discovery, preservation, and elucidation of the remaining monuments of our national antiquities; and the necessity of its exertions has been proved by its extraordinary success. The Canterbury meeting was one of the most remarkable things of the kind that has ever occurred; started under great difficulties, and opposed by many, it was carried through in a most triumphant manner by the exertions of the president, Lord Albert Conyngham; the treasurer, Mr. Pettigrew; and the two gentlemen above-mentioned. Few, certainly, of those who enjoyed so much the intellectual pleasures of the Canterbury week, and who sympathized in the general good feeling displayed on that occasion, could have suspected that jealousies were thereby excited which were destined ere long to compromise the existence of the society itself.

Yet such was the case! and the danger has become greater by some defects in the constitution of the association, which would gradually have been discovered and remedied. The whole association is at present governed by a central committee, self-elected, and under no immediate control from the society at large. It consists of twenty-two members, some of whom were not very judiciously selected; and a few of them took so little interest in the affairs of the association, that they not only never attended its meetings, but out of doors spoke with coolness, and even derision, of the exertions of their colleagues. As long as the leading men of the committee stood firmly together, the only inconvenience arising from this state of things was, that a certain number of useless members of the committee filled the places which might have been occupied by better men. But the active supporters of the association were at length unexpectedly betrayed into the hands of its opponents, by the voluntary and unprovoked defection of those who had exhibited most zeal in the earliest stages—Mr. Albert Way, in whom a change had been observed ever since the Canterbury meeting, from which he was absent. The first open attack was occasioned by the appearance of Mr. Wright's "Archæological Album," (published by Chapman and Hall), a series of popular antiquarian papers, which we have reason to know are doing more for the extension and furtherance of the objects of the association than any other step which has been taken, except the meeting at Canterbury. Mr. Wright, in addition to his other services, had edited the "Archæological Journal" of the association, and contributed numerous essays to it, WITHOUT REMUNERATION. Yet the album excited the jealousy of Mr. Way, and one or two members of the committee; or rather it was made the flimsy pretext, under pretence that some people might possibly buy the Album instead of buying the Journal, for attacking Mr. Wright and his colleagues. Is it possible to conceive a more monstrous monolopy than the establishment of an Archæological Association with the object of discouraging and repressing all archæological publications, except such as might please two or three injudicious individuals?

It is quite clear, however, that the only grounds for singling out Mr. Wright as an object of attack were the services he had rendered to the association, and that the colleagues who had served along with him, were all marked to become victims in their turn. The first step was to canvass with unceasing perseverance all the members of the committee who had been dissatisfied with the success of their more active colleagues, and by this means, men who had never been able to spare time before for attendance, were brought together, meeting after meeting, and a slender majority was thus obtained, sufficient to paralyse the efforts of the friends of the association. After a vain effort, in support of himself and his associates, Mr. Wright withdrew from the editing of the journal; and Lord Albert Conyngham, indignant at the ingratitude shewn to Mr. Wright, and at the proceedings of the opposition, resigned the presidency. His lordship's resignation would necessarily have been followed by that of the members of the committee who have hitherto done the work of the Association, but the body generally interfered, and called loudly for a general meeting, which will take place in a few days.

Such is the melancholy position of the British Archæological Association at the present moment. It remains with the members at large to decide whether it shall live or die. One thing appears certain to us; a large and powerful body like this, cannot be governed by a self-elected committee, with responsibility. A factious majority of such a committee may vote the destruction of the association itself, or turn its funds to the most improper purposes. It is clear that had the gentlemen who supported their editor and president, retired from the committee, the affairs of the association would have been thrown into the hands of men who were neither willing to carry them on, nor capable of carrying them on.

THE SPIRIT VISITOR.

BY MISS MAGINN.

[There is a superstition prevalent in the South of Ireland, that after the decease of any principal member in a household, the spirit is permitted, for a certain time, to again clothe itself in its tenement of clay, and visit the being most dear to it in life. Far from shunning this, of course imaginary, apparition, it forms a chief matter of consolation to the individual who expects the ghostly visitor; and however inclement the weather proves, the mourner will not fail to be near the otherwise studiously avoided chapel-yard, at dusk, and there remain until "night's witching hour," when, if the unearthly being does not make its appearance, she goes away, not at all convinced of the fallacy of the superstition, but merely attributing her disappointment to the intenseness of the grief which "closed up her eyelids wid the sorrow," and consequently, prevented her from seeing her friend. We never heard whether speaking was a prerogative of these amicable ghosts; but we should fancy not, as, doubtless, had it been the case, the world would have ere now been favoured with a full, true, and particular account of purgatory, borne by the mouth of one of its inhabitants. These few words may, perhaps, explain aught of the mystical in the following lines.]

The dew is fast adding its drop to the fountain,
While the blue evening mist casts a shade o'er the mountain;
The flowers in bright beauty are closing to rest,
And to slumber are lull'd by the breeze of the west;
The birds their last sweet note have caroll'd on high,
And the summer leaves rustle their soft lullaby;
While each star in the Heaven a vigil is keeping,
O'er fair blooming Nature as calm she is sleeping.
The eye of wailing
The dusk is hailing,
For spirits at night,
In the pale moonlight;
Beneath its ray so still and clear,
Do hither come,
From the silent tomb,
And in their mortal shape appear.

With hasty and distracted tread
Forth from her home, a widow sped,
For the way which to the churchyard led:
Unheeding of what her children said,
She answer'd them—"When I was wed,
My love for him sprang not from dread;
And shall I shun him now when dead?"
Each raised their own grief-bended head
To speak to her; but she had fled.

And through dark lane, and lonely field,
All fearless trod—with hope her shield—
She gain'd the grave. From the old church tower
Loudly outpeal'd the midnight hour;
And she counted with joy each witching chime.
Ah! now I'll meet him,
And I will greet him,
And oh, again I'll call him mine!
We'll walk around
This holy ground,
And pause the fleeting hours between,
To think of what we once had been,
And of glad days for ever gone,
Till the tints of morning
On the hills returning,
And then, Macree, I'll be alone!

THE LATE MR. LAMAN BLANCHARD.

"I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan: very pleasant hast thou been unto me.—2 SAMUEL, chap. i.

It is with feelings of the deepest sadness, which the consciousness of the world's appreciation of his worth can scarcely mitigate, that we find ourselves called upon to speak of one who occupied so honourable and conspicuous a place in periodical literature as the late Mr. Laman Blanchard; but, however reluctant to dwell upon the painful theme, his direct association with our own labours demands that we should devote some portion of our space to his memory.

Were we to give full licence to the grief which we share in common with the many who valued him, our efforts to record our sense of his loss would prove completely unavailing, and ours would be—

"The voiceless thought, which would not speak, but weep."

But the desire, imperfect as the attempt may be, to do justice to his literary fame masters all other considerations and compels our attention to the claims of his genius upon the notice of the world, while yet the tears of sorrow for his untimely fate flow freshly from their source; for though, in his lamented death—

"The flash of wit, the bright intelligence,
The beam of song, the blaze of eloquence,
Set with their Sun, they still have left behind
The enduring produce of immortal mind;
Fruits of a genial morn and glorious noon—
A deathless part of him who died too soon."

Laman Blanchard's abilities were as various as they were striking. His ever active mind, teeming with fine thoughts and sparkling fancies, needed but a word to guide it in the required direction; the slightest suggestion was at once seized and made palpable in the clearest and most intelligible language. It was the possession of this faculty that made his services as a political writer so valuable, while the brilliancy and originality of his conceptions developed the poet, the wit, and the moralist. It is not within our province to examine his productions in the former capacity; there remain of his works fortunately more than enough to assist our more legitimate inquiry.

In earlier years, Laman Blanchard cherished the hope of being known to fame chiefly as a poet; poetry was his "young affection," and had not the necessities of this "hard work-a-day world" tied him down to its stern realities, he might even in these prosaic days, have achieved his object. As it was, he never ceased, when opportunity offered, to "strictly meditate the thankless muse," and gave out, from time to time, verses of exquisite tenderness, taste, and feeling, enough for a reputation, though insufficient to satisfy the deep yearnings of the poet's own heart. We have not all the means before us that we could desire to furnish proof of his poetical powers, for, with the exception of one small volume, published several years since, there is not at present any collection of all he so freely scattered. Enough, however, exists in the pages of our own Magazine, to which, from its foundation till his death, he was one of the leading contributors, to justify the assertion that he deserved no mean place amongst those who "build the lofty rhyme," though his name may descend to posterity on other and more assured grounds.

Deeply reverent as are now the countless worshippers of Shakspeare, there breathed not one, perhaps, who worshipped the bard with a more ardent or purer feeling than Laman Blanchard, in proof of which let these lines testify, which were written—"On the first page of a volume intended for the reception of Essays and Drawings illustrative of Shakspeare."

"Like one who stands
On the bright verge of some enchanted shore,
Where notes from airy harps, and hidden hands,
Are, from the green grass and the golden sands,
Far echoed, o'er and o'er,
As if the trancèd Listener to invite
Into that World of Light.

"Thus stood I here,
Musing awhile on these unblotted leaves,
Till the blank pages brighten'd, and mine ear
Found music in their rustling, sweet and clear,
And wreathes that fancy weaves
Entwined the volume—fill'd with grateful lays,
And songs of rapturous praise.

"No sound I heard,
But echoed o'er and o'er our Shakspeare's name,
One lingering note of love, link'd word to word,
Till every leaf was as a fairy bird,
Whose song is still the same;
Or each was as a flower, with folded cells
For Pucks and Ariels!

"And visions grew—
Visions not brief, though bright, which frosted age
Hath fail'd to rob of one diviner hue,
Making them more familiar, yet more new—
These flash'd into the page;
A group of crownèd things—the radiant themes
Of Shakspeare's Avon dreams!

"Of crownèd things—
(Rare crowns of living gems and lasting flowers)
Some in the human likeness, some with wings—
Dyed in the beauty of ethereal springs—
Some shedding piteous showers
Of natural tears, and some in smiles that fell
Like sunshine on a dell.

"Here Art had caught
The perfect mould of Hamlet's princely form,—
The frantic Thane, fiend-cheated, lived, methought;
Here Timon howl'd; anon, sublimely wrought,
Stood Lear, amid the storm;
There Romeo droop'd, or soar'd—while Jacques, here,
Still watch'd the weeping deer.

"And then a throng
Of heavenly natures, clad in earthly vest,
Like angel-apparitions, pass'd along;
The rich-lipp'd Rosalind, all light and song,
And Imogen's white breast;
Low-voiced Cordelia, with her stifled sighs,
And Juliet's shrouded eyes.

"The page, turn'd o'er,
Shew'd Kate—or Viola—'my Lady Tongue'—
The lost Venetian, with her living Moor;
The Maiden-Wonder on the haunted shore,
Happy, and fair, and young;
Till on a poor, love-martyr'd mind I look—
Ophelia, at the brook.

"With sweet Anne Page
The bright throng ended; for, untouch'd by time,
Came Falstaff, laughter-laurell'd, young in age,
With many a ripe and sack-devoted sage!
And deathless clowns sublime
Crowded the leaf, to vanish at a swoop,
Like Oberon and his troop.

"Here sate, entranced,
Malvolio, leg-trapp'd;—he who served the Jew
Still with the fiend seem'd running;—then advanced
Messina's pretty piece of flesh, and danced
With Bottom and his crew;—
Mercutio, Benedick, press'd points of wit,
And Osrick made his hit.

"At these, ere long,
Awoke my laughter, and the spell was past;
Of the gay multitude, a marvellous throng,
No trace is here,—no tints, no word, no song,
On these bare leaves are cast—
The altar has been rear'd, an offering fit—
The flame is still unlit.

"Oh! who now bent
In humble reverence, hopes one wreath to bind
Worthy of him, whose genius, strangely blent,
Could kindle 'wonder and astonishment'
In Milton's starry mind!
Who stood Alone, but not as one Apart,
And saw Man's inmost heart!"

By the readers of this Magazine, such lyrics as "The Tour of Love and Time," "Science and Good Humour," and that beautiful song on "The Old Green Lane," are, doubtless, "freshly remembered;" still less can they have forgotten that exquisite monody, "The Eloquent Pastor Dead," which contains so much that now, alas! is applicable to the writer, that we cannot refuse to quote a few of the most touching stanzas:—

"Lament not for the vanish'd! Earth to him
Is now a fluttering star, far off, and dim,
And Life a spectre, volatile and grim.

"Weep not, ye mourners, for the great one lost!
Rich sunshine lies beyond this night of frost—
Our troubles are not worth the tears they cost.

"Give forth the song of love, the steadfast vow—
No tear! for Death and He are parted now,
And Life sits thronèd on his conscious brow.

"Oh, mourn not! yet remember what has been—
How buoyantly he trod this troubled scene,
The pathways of his spirit always green!

"He taught the cheerfulness that still is ours,
The sweetness that still lurks in human powers;—
If heaven be full of stars, the earth has flowers!

"His was the searching thought, the glowing mind;
The gentle will to others' soon resign'd;
But more than all, the feeling just and kind.

"His pleasures were as melodies from reeds—
Sweet books, deep music, and unselfish deeds,
Finding immortal flowers in human weeds.

* * * * *

"His thoughts were as a pyramid up-piled,
On whose far top an angel stood and smiled—
Yet, in his heart, was he a simple child."

How much of this description was true in Laman Blanchard, let those who knew and loved him declare. For ourselves, we can answer for the application of every line. In his heart, he was, in truth, "a simple child."

But whatever his poetical merits, it is as an essayist, that he will hereafter be known to the world; and it was, no doubt, the secret consciousness of success in this department of literature that prompted him, during the last few years of his life, to marshal his thoughts principally in that shape.

Month after month did he continue to pour forth themes sparkling with wit, profound with wisdom and truth; a shrewd observer of human nature, but ever noting the follies and frailties of mankind with a lenient eye, he spared while he corrected, and excited a kindly admiration while he censured. Good humour and benevolence, no less than integrity of purpose, distinguished all he wrote; and though earnest and impassioned in the reprehension of vice or meanness, he never satirized with bitterness. Of quick discernment, and endowed with a nice appreciation of character, he exposed the foibles of men and the errors of society without the slightest tinge of personal feeling; and cheerfulness, amid all his trials—and they were neither few nor light—so filled his heart that it shed its glow over everything he touched.

To this magazine he contributed many of his Essays; but the bulk of them, which we are happy to hear will shortly be published in a collected form, were contributed to the "New Monthly Magazine." It is from these that we prefer making the extracts that justify our opinion of his peculiar abilities, and place him on a level with one whom he admired and knew well—the celebrated Elia.

Observe to what conclusions the consideration of that hackneyed subterfuge, the phrase of "Faults on both sides" led him:

"Yet how are sacred things profaned, and the sweetest uses of poetry perverted, to the lowest and falsest ends! This very phrase, which seems to hold in the narrowest compass the moral of all life, and to convey the verdict agreed upon by Truth the plain speaker, and Philosophy the oracle, in relation to all the vain and aggravated contentions of mankind,—this phrase is made a catch-word, a slang saying, a jest, becoming in the very meanest mouths, and fitted for the vilest objects.

"There is no form of words which has worked more mischief in the social world, as far as words alone can work it, than this simple phrase. It is caught up from lip to lip—repeated until sense is lost in mere sound; and the general truth becomes a particular falsehood in thousands of instances. Its real meaning is struck out, and a hollow lie is substituted. Where we should find the white, sweet kernel, the maggot fattens. 'Faults on both sides' is the language, not of the philosopher, the moralist, the peace-making, pardoning Christian,—but of the self-elected juror, the concealed and cowardly slanderer, the heartless and abandoned leveller, who would confound vice and virtue, and merge all distinctions, not merely of guilt, but of guilt and innocence, in a loose, easy, general, comfortable verdict,—a safe one universally,—'faults on both sides.'

"'You are not far from the truth there,' is the cry of the sage babblers of society as often as the verdict is delivered—not very, in one sense, but awfully near a lie, dark and silent as assassination, perhaps, in another sense. A reputation is possibly sacrificed in the very utterance of the words—a life's life may be destroyed—a great cause, sacred as virtue, is given up at once—the broadest, simplest points of difference are confused and merged uninquiringly—and honour and shame reduced to the same measure, colour, and substance; all by the easy, current verdict, applicable to the most difficult and the most contradictory cases—'there are faults on both sides.'

"The Father of Evil never invented a more dexterous weapon for his agents to work with. The envenomed point is so concealed, while it looks so open and fair. Candour so shines in it, that inquiry is subdued at once. Remonstrance is silenced by a text so impartial. Once utter this decree, and there is no more to be said. 'There are faults on both sides,' generally settles all to everybody's satisfaction.

"The lovers of peace are satisfied, for it cuts short the dispute. The sympathizers with virtue submit, for it spares her the dangerous intoxication of a triumph. The allies of the vicious are comforted, for their client is lifted up in repute to the virtuous level. The slanderers exult, because it gives them a cue for reviling both parties. The timid, selfish people are reconciled, for they are relieved from the risk of taking part one way or the other. The indolent are saved the trouble of investigating. The hypocrites admit that there may possibly be a fault or so more on one side than on the other, but protest vehemently against the practice of balancing hairs and re-opening cases that are finally settled. The verdict is given: there is no new trial to be had when once human nature has heard the decree pronounced—'There are faults on both sides.'"

The special application of this view of the subject is beautifully made in the story of "Lyddie Erle," much of which is, unhappily, drawn from nature.

In the same paper we find the following humorous but truthful remarks on "Trial by Jury,"

"Certain it is, that at this instant, in the honest city we reside in, juries are, to say the least, as unpopular as in Botany Bay. We, who have unsullied characters, who abjure every vice that is unlawful, and who live in the practice of every virtue that is agreeable to our constitutions, all under the protection of the jury-box, rail as loudly at juries, as the rascals of whom juries rid us.

"But then, how nicely we discriminate—with what a fine and delicate hand we draw the line between (as we may say) the box and its twelve tenants. How philosophically we distinguish between the jury and the juryism, between the practice and the principle. While we bully the "honest and intelligent" dozen, as often as we please, how rapturously we, on every occasion, extol the system. The blockheads assembled in the box are only not knaves and perjurers, because they are dense fools, or dreamers past waking; but the box itself is all the while religiously held to be a blessing invaluable."

"An Englishman may just as well poison his grandmother, as rail at trials by jury. No false indictment was ever torn to pieces in the face of the world, under a jury's unerring and beneficent auspices, as that freeborn Briton would be who should dare to whisper in any popular assembly a syllable disparaging to that glorious institution." * * * * * *

"But the jurymen are all forsworn—the whole defenceless twelve. They alone are without shield or protection; for them, no man, however chivalrous his nature, feels called upon to stand up. It is nobody's business to see a jury righted; at best, the verdict in their case would be 'justifiable ill-usage.'"

"They are called 'honest and intelligent' by courtesy, but the words mean no more than 'honourable' before 'member.' If they follow the judge's dictation, they are handsomely pronounced to be 'servile, spiritless, and forsworn; if they happen to differ with that learned person, and bring in a verdict contrary to his intelligible direction, they are pretty sure to be self-willed, prejudiced, ignorant, and reckless of law and evidence. If they come to a decision instantaneously, the decision, though right, is farcical for want of deliberation; if they have conscientious scruples and cannot agree, we lock them up and starve them into unanimity; thus obtaining a verdict, not by the strength of their understandings and the purity of their consciences, but by physical torture and the exhaustion of their animal powers. In a question of life and death, we force a decree, ay or no, not from the brain, but from the stomach."

"People who always keep their word" afford him a theme for much clever argument and happy illustration :

"The people who always keep their word, if you will take their word for the fact, are to be met with in immense varieties. To portray them is to paint Legion. It is also to unite opposites under one head ; for those who always keep their word are not to be known, sometimes, from those who never do."

Here is a well drawn character, Nick Froth :

"In whatever water you may happen to be, there he is upon the surface floating buoyantly within hail, and anxious to play the friend in any emergency. But just as you are sinking, he lets go your hand, and swims off in search of the life-buoy, promising to return with speed. He enters eagerly into an engagement to get you out of hot water, and when the element has had plenty of time to cool, there he is at his post, ready to redeem his promise."

A variety of this class :

"Men of their word, with a reservation—conscience all over, when convenience is in the way." "Very honest people as long as the sun shines and honesty can make hay. In the cold season, with nothing to do, they may be apt to thrust their hands into somebody's pocket—to keep them warm. They make the promise first and then bethink themselves what possibility there is of its fulfilment. They are often as good as their word,—but then, their word is good for nothing."

"But although all these people, the majority of the promising crowds who are about one everywhere, regard themselves as persons of their word, and are so to this extent—that they rarely perhaps break a serious promise without some little shabby show of an excuse for doing so. It is to be understood that the very best of them reserve points to themselves on which they may break faith when they like—points on which no expectation of their fidelity is to be reasonably expected."

The following is wittily put :

"It must be plain that even among persons who always keep their word, there are differences of position and circumstance by which we are all moved to cherish preferences and prejudices, affecting our belief in their faithfulness. When a judge promises to hang a man, we are more apt to put faith in him than in a physician when he promises to cure one,—yet both, perhaps, in themselves are equally worthy of trust. Of two promises made by the very worthiest of our acquaintances—first, that he will come and dine with us, and, secondly, that he will call and pay the balance,—we cannot, with the best of feelings, help relying more on one assertion than the other."

Those who are really sincere in all they promised are thus characterized :—

"Persons who always keep their word recognise in it more and more a sacredness beyond the letter of it, and are the first to feel that they are sometimes bound by a solemn contract, even when they have uttered no syllable in sanction of it. *More promises are made than ever can be spoken : an angel even in our company makes them for us.*"

In the last thought the poet shines out. In his illustrations of the *tedium vitæ*, he truly says :

"Nothing is liable to such continual and extraordinary variation as time, the present hour differing so from the next that the minutes of one may be as years in the other—nay, as a vast eternity, ever dying and yet endless. Our lamentations over the shortness of life might be spared when we reflect upon the many long days that fall to the lot of every creature in his turn, though there is little perhaps of liveliness in the thought that all those long days are emphatically and necessarily the dull ones of our year, and that this very dulness regulates the degrees of their duration. Nor is it of much avail to seek comfort by counting up the happier days that have intervened, for these are always found to be the shortest in the calendar."

The following, on the same subject, is a touching picture :

"The long, dull, weary day of factory labour—restless, vigilant, and incessant—gathers, nevertheless, with a less grievous weight, hour by hour, upon the over-tasked heart than would the slow and lengthening minutes of the morrow, if on that sunless day the father saw his children spared from grinding toil, pining with hunger. The day devoted to watchful tending by the bed of pain, when the being we most deeply revere is helpless, prostrate, and in peril, wears out less darkly than the fixed and hopeless monotony of the after day, when such tending is needed no more. Short and merry is the long, sad time, from early morn to moon, from eve unto deep moonlight, passed on the becalmed sea by the impatient, heart-sick mariner, compared with that *one* day—that now long, marvellous lifetime, sweet, and yet most horrible to bear—when the sunrise sees him sole survivor of the wreck, and the sunset leaves him hanging to a wave-washed point, or floating on a spar alone, and in the dark, between sea and sky."

The absurdity of discovering "coincidences," on every occasion is agreeably satirized :

"To talk is not always necessary—to think is enough. 'How unlucky,' says Shiver, 'that I should have thought this morning of that wine bill, run up before I was married, after forgetting it for five years. The man will certainly send the account to-morrow, or perhaps call himself with it to-night.'"

This gentleman has a helpmate, who jumps at conclusions no less heartily than himself:

"One night, just before supper, she sprang across the room, singing as she went. 'Talking of *these things*, it always happens so. Here is my lovely friend, Mrs. Wix.' She then ran to embrace a very pretty little figure. 'These things' which had just been mentioned were game and poultry; and it turned out afterwards that Mrs. Wix was the daughter of a distinguished poulterer. That coincidence had flashed on the vigilant perception of Mrs. S."

Speaking of the institution of a particular society for various purposes, he prettily and quaintly says :

"How it originated is of little consequence. Be sure of this, that its origin was small enough; what good work ever had any other? There is no crevice so narrow that good will not ooze through it, and gather and augment slowly, until it can force its way by degrees, and flow into a broad, full stream. Once set good going, and who can say where it will stop!"

The change that takes place in men is well treated of in "Deceased People whom we meet daily:"

"Hear this lecturer for humanity, whose charity and tenderness of heart is an affair of precept only—a subject to descant upon for personal objects. He died soon after he had taken his seat in Parliament, where he is still to be seen 'as large as life.'

"Look at this hoary gambler; you cannot call his spasmodic mode of living an existence. The truth is, that he was brought down from an honourable station years ago, by the misconduct of a beloved son, and perished in his prime.

"Here is a mother, childless now, but not seeming in outward show otherwise than living. She makes rational replies whenever she is addressed, smiles calmly when kindness shown to her appears to ask a smile, and bends her brow over a book, of which she is not reading a single word. Hers is not a life. She died when the last of her children, a fair daughter in her sweet and early youth, was laid within the family grave."

And how true are these remarks in continuation :

"Prosperity and adversity, satiated appetite, defeated ambition, brilliant success, wounded honour, blighted affection, filial ingratitude—the hundred incidents, dark or bright, which make up, in their confused and yet consistent combination, the history of every human life,—each of these, occurring at a critical moment, may bring the real *finis* long before the story appears to have arrived at its conclusion. The cold, formal, appointed ending is simply an affair for the apothecary and the gravedigger.

"The sentiment which first suggested the wearing of mourning was beautiful and holy; but custom strips it of this sanctity—its poetry has become a commonplace: and in the adoption of the ceremony, the heart, silently heaving with sorrow and honour for the dead, has no concern. Still, if the fashion is to be continued, it may at least be turned to a higher use, and be made to serve sincerer ends. The suit of mourning is in few cases put on *soon enough!* If we would invest the custom with grace and dignity, elevating it with moral sentiment, we should sometimes wear the black dress while the mourner is yet amongst us. Letters to old friends must then be written, often, perhaps, on black-bordered paper, indicating our regret for their loss; and the crape upon the hat we touch to a former companion, as we pass him by, might be worn—poor moral skeleton!—for himself."

These are his ideas on the potent disenchantment of the worldly-minded who live for society alone:

"Human nature, at home, then, is a true thing,—a veritably honest existence. It is not a semblance of the man, but the man. He has scraped off his hypocrisy with the dirt from his shoes at the street door ere he entered; he has left his mask, comic or tragic, with his hat on the appointed peg, not wanting either by the fireside where he unfolds himself; and he has thrown off the garb of outward manner which he has perhaps all day worn, as effectually as he had relieved himself of his travelling incumbrances. He has now no more power to act a part than he would have in sleep. His face is his natural face, his manner is his own personal property, and his speech is not a kind of ventriloquism, but describes his real feelings in tones unaffected. The sacredness associated with 'home' is, in plain English, (one of the dead languages) a convenient cloak for playing pranks in, securely and unobserved. When people find it a relief to leave off acting for a few hours, they fly to the domesticities. At home they are behind the scenes, out of view, and at liberty to be themselves again. As at the twirl of a wand, off goes the finery; the finished gentleman scowls, grimaces, kicks the cat, and curses the servants, with an exquisite relish of ease and freedom; the tragedy queen tosses off her pot of porter in comfort; the safe, grave man is a giddy vagabond; the dashing spendthrift, a sudden convert to penuriousness; the arbiter of all fashion, a seedy scarecrow; the advocate of temperance asks for a corkscrew; the saint swears he is tired as the devil; and the charming young lady sits down to sulk, and think spiteful things of that Miss Grigs, who was asked to dance eleven times to her nine."

Shakspeare has told us that "homekeeping youths have ever homely wits;" of such a class is Mrs. Fixbury, "the lover of home:"—

"Home, in her idea of it, means certain rooms, with suitable fixtures and furniture. That was all! Observe: she was ardently attached to her home! that is, in other words, she had a wonderful liking for her nice apartments. She had an exquisite sense of all that is most elevated and refined in domestic associations! that is, in other words, she had a tender regard for every inanimate thing belonging to her on which her daily household eye rested."

"Home never meant, in her clear, plain, domestic understanding—no, never meant husband, children, and friends—the cheerful meal, the social fireside, and the silent pillow; it only meant a collection of common place conveniences and ornaments, sanctified and endeared by hourly use and habit. Now, if the reader, wandering and peeping about in the odd dark corners of the world, have not yet encountered a lady wrapped up in a fond regard for her own fire-irons and buffet, her harpsichord and window curtains, then he has missed what assuredly he would have known had he been born sooner and encountered Mrs. Fixbury."

The article "On considering oneself horsewhipped," is a happy application of imagination to the cure of positive evils:

Incidentally, he says:—

"Shakspeare puts fine truths into some particular mouth which they well become, and we falsify them by the endeavour to give them an universal application; thus turning his sweet philosophy to sheer folly. Each character of his speaks for itself, and not intentionally for all the world, though this may often happen incidentally."

And thus continues his subject:

"The force of imagination may be sufficiently sharp and strong to abolish all distinctions between the threat of punishment, and the actual infliction of it. We know that the creature formed of flesh and blood, when desired to consider himself horsewhipped, does consider himself horsewhipped. But this is not all, for this acute and positive impression is shared by everybody, just as he considers, all mankind considers. One man is of opinion that he has horsewhipped somebody; another man fully believes that he has been horsewhipped, and the whole world is prepared to make deposition of the fact, though nothing of the kind has really taken place.

It follows, from this, that we are now in a position to inquire whether other ceremonies equally unsuppressable, and equally as unpleasant as flogging, may not in like manner be both recognised and evaded by the same easy, intelligible, and popular exercise of the imagination."

Having stated that "a convenient assumption is quite as good as a fact, but the assumption must be unanimous," he humorously adds :

"How superior, in a thousand instances, would be the operation of this imaginative influence, and this unshakeable moral belief, to the clumsy and eccentric laws, fashioned by the wisdom of Parliament. Take a solitary example. How laborious, intricate, and, after all, abortive, is the whole machinery of insolvency laws, compared with the practice which must be put in force were the system adverted to, established ! What would then be required ? Simply what common sense requires, that the debtor should call upon his creditor, shake a purse over his head, or an empty pocket in his face, exclaiming at the same time in the presence of witnesses, "Consider yourself paid!" the creditor instinctively admitting that he had received the last farthing, and the spectators asserting that they all saw the money put down."

Hear how he characterises that gift, of which all the world are so liberal :

"Advice gratis wears a remarkably unscrupulous aspect. He has a long tongue which hangs half out of his mouth, a long sight which detects the approach of a victim, before he has turned the corner, a long finger to twine round the button of a hapless listener, and a short memory, which causes him to recommend two opposite remedies to the same patient, both wrong ones."

But we might multiply examples without end, indicative of shrewdness of observation, felicity of thought, and justness of expression, as well as adduce illustrations numberless of orders and degrees of men : there are Jonas Fairbrow, the honest, straightforward man ; the openhearted Mrs. Aspenall, the cautelous Johnny Stint ; Robert Amber, "the man who had a reputation for integrity ;" John Screw, the hater of the rich ; Mrs. Dipple, the female arithmetician,—these and a hundred more rise at once to our recollection, a *dramatis personæ* large enough to stock the entire realm of comedy. One more extract, and we have done ; it is from the last thing he wrote in the "New Monthly Magazine," (December, 1844,) and is full of that wit and genial disposition which so eminently characterized him. Speaking of Christmas, the last, poor fellow! he was destined to see, he says :

"One of the charms of Christmas is the bounty it brings. It is an old constant distinguishing characteristic of the season to exhibit a soul too broad and embracing to be shut in by the narrow though equitable boundaries of commerce, too lavish to throw its heart's wealth into a scale, and weigh it out in scruples. It is no period for scant measures, or for bare justice ; the cup must overflow. Who ever said at Christmas, 'But can't you take *half* a mince-pie ?' The spirit of the time is ungrudging, hospitable, generous. It is not the meal of Enough, but the festival of Excess. At such a season the common law of debtor and creditor is repealed. It is all give and take. The simple rule is——

"'That they should give who have the power,
And they should take who can.'

Less than happy be his new year, who could carp and cavil at the large, free bountiful, open-hearted, full-handed, gift-scattering philosophy of Christmas !"

But our limits, rather than our inclination or resources, warn us to pause.

It will be a lasting source of satisfaction to us, if in what we have adduced, we have succeeded in directing the attention of the public to the literary remains of Laman Blanchard. For ourselves, we can only say, with Shenstone—

"Heu! quanto minus est cum reliquis versari, quam tui meminisse!"

THE D'ORSAY GALLERY.

WITH A PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

Another of those admirable life-like sketches which flow so readily from the graceful pencil of Count D'Orsay, reminds us of a purpose which we have for some time entertained of passing in review the long file of "counterfeit presentments" by whose appearance that accomplished nobleman has, during a series of years, delighted not only his friends, but even as wide a circle, the expectant public. The later we approach the subject, the greater reason have we for congratulating ourselves on not having sooner made the attempt, for every month since we first entertained the idea, has given to the world some fresh theme for its admiration. There must, however, be a limit to this silent approval, and having before us now a collection of at least a hundred portraits, as worthy of note as the "Centurie of Inventions" of the famous Marquis of Worcester, we gladly address ourselves to our pleasant task.

As far back as the days of Count D'Orsay's dawning manhood, a retrospect exceeding twenty years, the noble artist gave proof of his skill in portraiture, in his likeness of Lord Byron. Multiplied as the portraits of the great poet have been, there is not one amongst the many that conveys to us so distinct an image of what he was, as this delicate but faithful sketch. The lofty brow, the deeply searching eye, the short curved upper lip, the arched mouth, and the firm but almost feminine contour of the countenance, display unerring tokens of the passions, and the powers of the mind that o'er informed the tenement of clay. It is one of those heads that at once reveal the character of the original in the vigour and fidelity with which the leading expression has been rendered; and in this evidence alone of Count D'Orsay's genius, we behold one of the many reasons that justified Lord Byron's unqualified admiration of his abilities.

For nearly ten years the skilful hand of Count D'Orsay gave no further sign of its cunning to the world; whatever was done during the interval has not yet seen the light, and indeed it is a question whether the *agrémens* of a Paris life would have admitted of an identification with art so personal as London has allowed. If this be so, for once we owe a debt of gratitude to our duller capital, though even here we cannot but marvel at the industry that has found time to snatch from pleasure, and dedicate to art, so many valuable hours.

Since the period when Count D'Orsay became the observed of all observers in this great metropolis, dating, as well as our recollection serves us, from the year 1832, his artistical ability has not been suffered to lie dormant. He has successively enriched the gallery that bears his name with the portraits of the fair, the noble, the learned, and the highly-gifted; the statesman, the poet, the wit, the beauty, the philosopher, shine like stars in the firmament of his creation:

> "Illustre suono
> E di nome magnifico, e di cose,"

and he, who, in after days, would seek to know the brightest names in the early annals of Victoria's reign, need only turn the pages which now lie open before us.

Chronology having nothing to do with beauty, except to proclaim its eternity, we shall separate Count D'Orsay's female portraits from the fellowship with which they are here associated, and treat of the other sex in the order of their coming.

Though few in number, amounting only to as many as might form a second Pleïad, they are no less worthy of constellation than the sisters of the Greek mythology ; their mortal designations, meanwhile, are, the Hon. Mrs. Anson, the Countess of Chesterfield, the Countess of Blessington, Teresa Guiccioli, Miss Power, the Baroness de Calabrella, and the Countess of Tankerville.

The portrait of Mrs. Anson is a very lovely one. She shines with the gifts which Ronsard has so lavishly bestowed on Mary Stuart, and whose enumeration might serve to describe the fair original of this sketch. What could portray our English beauty better than lines like these :

"In spring, amid the lilies she was born,
And purer tints her peerless face adorn ;
And though Adonis' blood the rose may paint,
Beside her bloom the rose's hues are faint ;
With all his richest store love deck'd her eyes :
The Graces each, those daughters of the skies,
Strove which should make her to the world most dear,
And, to attend her, left their native sphere."

Of a different style of beauty, her sister, Lady Chesterfield is no less attractive :—

"All light her eye,
Music her voice, and snow her breast,"

and envying the little dog that is couched beneath her arm, we are tempted with the poet to exclaim :

"Petit barbet ! que tu es bien heureux."

In his sketch of Lady Blessington, Count D'Orsay has, apparently, performed a work of supererogation, for her beauty and wit were known to fame, even before Lawrence painted the one, or Byron sang the other. Yet we cannot but be thankful for any attempt to render features so fair, and our trust is, that we may meet with many more, for "the rose" as the Persian poet tells us, "has charms for the eye, till its hundred leaves be shed."

It is difficult to look on a portrait of Lady Blessington, without recalling the lines which Clément Marot wrote upon her namesake, the beautiful Marguérite, Queen of Navarre :

"With store of gifts, and num'rous graces fraught,
While from her pen such wit and wisdom fall,
How comes it, I have sometimes idly thought,
That our surprise is, at her power, so small !
But when she writes and speaks so sweetly still,
And when her words my tranced sense enthral,
I can but blush that any, at her skill,
Can be so weak as be amazed at all."

We turn to the Guiccioli—she whose name can never be dissociated from that of Byron. Her beauty is of a character more English than Italian, and beholding the fair hair, the transparent skin, the bright blue eye, we ask, with Petrarch—

"Onde tolse amor l'oro, e di qual vena
Per far due treccie bionde ? E' n qual spine
Colse le Rose ? e'n qual pioggia le brine
Tenere, e fresche ; e die lor polso, e lena ?"

Next comes the other "gentille Marguérite," Miss Power, decked with innocence and simplicity, and claiming poetical affinity with—

"The gem so pure and fair,
Which above all else is famed,
And the Marguerite* is named."

The Baroness de Calabrella follows, her fine features beaming with benevolence, of whom it may be said,

"Fair, kind, and true, have often lived alone,
Which three till now, never kept seat in one."

Last of all, we gaze upon the noble features and lustrous dark eyes of the daughter of the house of Grammont, the majestic Corisande Amandine Leonice, Countess of Tankerville. It is declared, in the "Institutes of Menu," that "the names of women should be agreeable, soft, clear, captivating the fancy, auspicious, ending in long vowels, resembling words of benediction," and, in the name of Lady Tankerville, we have all the Oriental requisites, while in her lovely countenance, we trace not only her own beauty, but that which, in the course of nature, must recal it to the world when her star of life has set. Count D'Orsay must be esteemed a fortunate man, from the fact alone of having been the limner of these seven fair faces.

Our purpose is now to deal with the array of manly lineaments which he has marshalled.

His own portrait is the first that greets us. It is accurate in outline, though deficient in the vivacity and intelligence which so strongly characterize the features of the original, nor is this defect altogether removed in two subsequent efforts. The great difficulty to be overcome in sitting for one's picture, is the consciousness of sitting, and this becomes an impossibility when the painter sits to himself. Hence that freedom of touch is absent in his own portrait, which, with—

"Largess universal, like the sun,
His liberal hand doth give to every one."

During the earlier years of his self-imposed agreeable avocation, Count D'Orsay's sketches of his friends were few and far between.

In the year 1832, appeared the first of the series—the portraits of the late Mr. Cutlar Fergusson—a good, characteristic likeness, though the lithographic impression is rather dim; and that of the late Captain Locker.

In 1833, followed the late Sir Harry Goodricke, the Marquis Conyngham, and the Right Hon. George Stevens Byng. The first is a faithful resemblance of the mild and amiable baronet, so well known in the sporting world, who bequeathed his name and large fortune to a worthy successor; the second does barely justice to the handsome original; and the third recals, with sufficient accuracy, features familiar to those who frequent "the Corner," or bow to the decrees of the rulers of the turf.

Five sketches appeared in 1834. Lord Durham, pale, thoughtful, and severe; Sir W. Massey Stanley, the Hon. John Ponsonby, Colonel John Lyster, and another, whom we have forgotten.

In 1835, the noble artist had leisure for only one sketch—that of Lord Lyndhurst, the profound character of whose "discerning eyes" and searching expression he has given with the utmost truth; nor was he much more prolific in the following year, the only portraits being those of the gay and gallant Lincoln Stanhope, and the dark, mysterious Trelawney, whose attributes were fully rendered.

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* "La Marguerite," the Pearl.

To these succeeded, in 1837, the portraits of Mr. Charles Standish, that worthy pillar of the Opera; Mr. George Herbert, "a youth more glittering than a birth-night beau;" the cheerful and good-natured Lord Canterbury; and Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, whose name is imperishably united with the literature of his country, and whose virtues will live in men's memories as long as kindness of heart, nobility of soul, and openness of hand, are held in the world's estimation.

But three sketches were produced in 1838. Mr. Home Purves, Lord Allen, and Mr. Albany Fonblanque; the last a likeness as to feature only; the sparkle of the eye, the play of the mouth, and the mobility of feature, expressive of the wit that lurks within, being left, in a great degree, to the imagination.

For the next four years, Count D'Orsay was indefatigable; and during this period, he produced some of his best portraits, a greater facility of hand being now distinctly apparent. A dozen names figure in 1839. Lord Lichfield, the Antony of the turf, whose Actium was Crockford's, and Prince Louis Napoleon, whose Waterloo was the beach at Boulogne; the accomplished Lord Jocelyn; the benevolent Lord Dudley Stuart, the earnest advocate of humanity and foe to oppression; the witty Theodore Hook; the imaginative Walter Savage Landor; Jerdan, the friend of all who struggle in the thorny way of literature; the handsome Alfred Montgomery; the poetical Monckton Milnes; the eloquent Carlyle, whose fantasy it is so oft to put his reader—

"In desperate hope of understanding him,"

and who, like Sir Christopher, in "The Ordinary," refuses "to be conceived of base mechanics;" the energetic Sheridan Knowles, whose genius speaks in every lineament; and the light-hearted, lamented Tyrone Power, who once was wont to move us all to laughter, but whose pleasant memory now is dimmed by tears.

The year 1840 witnessed the greatest number of sketches from Count D'Orsay's pencil—no less than seventeen in all, and chiefly among the flower of the aristocracy. Here we see the gay and gallant Earl of Chesterfield, whose bland and refined features proclaim him no unworthy descendant of the best bred man of a well-bred age.

"Bounteous Beaufort, the mirror of all courtesy,"

and his son, the gallant Lord Worcester, who seems by his noble bearing destined to revive the chivalrous glory of his house, and, like the hero of his native Monmouth,

"Grace this latter age with noble deeds."

Here also are, Lords Alfred Paget, Errol, Maidstone, Fitzharris, Normanby, and Cantelupe; Messrs. Anson, Stuart Wortley, Forester, Greville, and Macdonald — glasses of fashion all; the sportsman, Isted; the comedian, Dowton, the clever Guthrie, and the musical marvel, Liszt.

In 1841 shine forth the names of Marryat and Charles Dickens, both truthful portraits, and consequently full of character; and to this series belong the Earls of Pembroke and Wilton—the latter sketched with barely sufficient vigour; the late Marquis of Hastings, and the late Lord Powerscourt; Sir Henry and Mr. Edmond St. John Mildmay, the Prince of Polkas, while yet they possessed the charm of novelty; the astute Matuscevic, of diplomatic as well as sporting celebrity; the skilful Crampton; the handsome Augustus Villiers; and the singularly-striking and universally recognised George Wombwell.

In 1842, the list exhibits greater variety. Conspicuous for his fine features and the dignity of his appearance, is the venerable Marquis Wellesley; and forcibly contrasting with European costume and aspect, the thoughtful countenance of Dwarkanauth Tajore stands out in strong relief. The Duke de Guiche, the Comte de Grammont, M. Louis de Noailles, Count Kielmansegge, and Count Valentine Esterhazy, represent the nobility of the Continent; while England's aristocracy are figured in Lord Ossulston, the youthful Marquis of Worcester,—the Hon. William Cowper, the Hon. Captain Rous, Captain Mountjoy Martyn, and the gallant Sir Willoughby Cotton. Science also finds her representative in the person of Dr. Quin.

The numbers decrease in the following year,—Messrs. Spalding and Charles Gore, the learned Dr. Currie, the wild and melancholy D'Arlincourt, poor Frank Sheridan, and the eloquent Berryer, comprising the whole; and if the year that is past exhibits still fewer, the interest which attaches to the portraits that belong to it is perhaps of a higher order. We reckon only four in this category: the handsome and witty Charles Sheridan, who well sustains the reputation of his race; Eugène Sue, the head and front of modern French literature; the heroic Marquis of Anglesea, worthy of the bard's eulogium, for the graces of his horsemanship:

> "Well could he ride, and often men would say—
> The horse his mettle from his rider takes;"

and last, not least, William Harrison Ainsworth, the subject of Count D'Orsay's latest sketch.

This last portrait is now before the reader, who haply may himself be able to judge of its truth. For obvious reasons we shall decline offering an opinion upon the likeness; but as a work of art, the sketch unquestionably deserves a high place in Count D'Orsay's collection.

Of late, Count D'Orsay has devoted himself to oil-painting; and if we may be permitted to refer to performances, as yet seen only by his friends, we would cite, as instances of his extraordinary success in this line, a noble portrait of his late father; another of himself, coloured in a style worthy of Titian; and a third of Lord Lyndhurst, which promises, when finished, to be the best portrait of the chancellor.

In the sister art of modelling, the accomplished Count has displayed equal skill; and we propose on an early occasion to recur to his productions. Meantime, we may mention that a pair of equestrian statuettes of the Duke of Wellington and Napoleon, recently completed, are perfect gems, and need only to be seen to be universally admired.

ANOTHER ANECDOTE OR TWO OF "OLD TOWNSEND."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MORNINGS IN BOW STREET."

JOHN TOWNSEND was not a man to be easily forgotten, even by the thoughtless many, who only saw him strutting about the royal palaces on gala-days as one having authority to be there—with hat aside, bright flaxen wig, well brushed blue coat, and glancing cane shouldered, fire-lock fashion—handing thrice-feathered ladies from their carriages, through the vestibule to the grand stair-case; rebuking obstropulus coachmen; admonishing powdered footmen not to be drunk when called; advising Grand Commanders of the Bath to stride up three stairs at once, and "look sharp" lest they should be *thrown out of turn;* and, in a voice of three-man-power commanding the constables to "be alive, and look about 'em." He will not easily be forgotten by those who have seen him on such "grand occasions" as these, and less easily by those who may have observed him, in his leisure hours, sauntering on the sunny side of Pall-Mall perchance, or on the steps of the Treasury, or in the Admiralty court-yard, or on the Tory side of St. James's street—now doling out moral maxims and virtuous persuasives to some over-bold chevalier d'industrie, or uttering solemn warnings to some unripened pickpocket, and now in friendly chat with a magistrate or a minister of state on some passing event of the day, or pouring portentous whisperings into the listening ears of a Royal Duke.

But let who will forget him, John Townsend was unquestionably a universal genius—equally at home among the cadgers and cracksmen of Saint Giles's or the courtiers and coxcombs of St. James's, and welcome everywhere—in the back slums of Seven Dials, in the sordid hut of poverty; in the private cabinet of the minister; in the gilded saloons of the aristocracy, or in the closet of the sovereign. He was welcome everywhere, for he "knew *what was what,* and *who was who,*" and that is more than one man in a thousand can say for himself, albeit it is a species of knowledge, every man—ay, and every *woman,* too—is especially desirous of acquiring.

Moreover, John Townsend, to use a grandiloquism much in vogue with the biographers, was "the *architect* of his own fortune;" for, although his venerable coal-whipping papa had laid the foundation of that fortune in a very unlikely locality—to wit, in the coal-shed of a prison, he himself raised it up, step by step, and floor by floor, until he found himself *at home* in a *palace,* with kings and princes for his auditors and lord-chancellors for his hail-fellows! In plain English, although he began life as a dirty little shoe-black and cinder-sifter in "his Majesty's jail of Newgate," he went up and up continually, until he became a useful and respected appendage of his Majesty's *palaces* at Westminster and Windsor! And this he did, not by his "*larning,*" as he himself confessed, for he "never had no heady-cation;" but he did it, as "another great man," the renowned millionaire Rothschild, used to say of himself—he "did it all simply by the blessing of God and a little common sense!" And he died at last, full of years, honours, and three per cent. consols, a portly round man of three score and ten, leaving a disconsolate widow to mourn his departure from the surface of this breathing world.

And shall such a man be shovelled away into the dust, as "a fellow of no mark or likelihood," with no further record than the "*Hic jacet John Townsend*," inscribed on his grave-stone? Forbid it, Mr. Editor! and allow me "to keep his memory alive, although himself be dead," by jotting down a few characteristic anecdotes of Townsend and his times, as I occasionally received them either from *the* Townsend himself, *in propria persona*, or from magistrates, and others, who looked upon John Townsend as "a great curiosity."

JOHN TOWNSEND AND THE POLICE.

When Townsend first emerged from Newgate, wherein he had rapidly risen from the drudgery of shoe-black in ordinary to the high and onerous station of principal turnkey, he left it to become one of that redoubtable corps, "The six principal officers of the Public Office, Bow Street," a corps selected from the great body of the then constabulary, for their superior intelligence, activity, and vigilance.

"Well, Mr. Townsend," said the magistrate who admitted him to that honour, "you have spent most of your time hitherto in Newgate, I believe?"

"In Noogate, your worships;" replied the Townsend; and thereupon the following laconic colloquy ensued:

"And what did you learn there?"

"To be 'cute and keep my own council, your worship."

"And how did you like Newgate?"

"Very well, your worship, only there wasn't much room for a man's talents to blossom there."

"Ay, very likely. But you were not a *turnkey* the whole of the time you were there?"

"No, your worship; when I was a young chap, I was a valley to the people what's shut up there."

"Ay, so I have heard; and in that capacity you paid the most particular attention to the worst among them, I have been told."

"Your worship, I always endeavoured to do my dooty, and I always considered that when a man was ordered to die for the good of his country, he ought to be turned out for that purpose as decent as possible, if only in respect to the awful ceremony and the credit of the prison, your worship. So I *did* give his coat an extra brush or two, and put a better polish on his shoes; but there was never no complaint against me for that?"

"Complaint! I should think not. In my opinion your conduct was very kind and considerate, and I dare say even the condemned thought so?"

"Why, your worship, when a man is going a long journey *like that*, he has but little time to think of anything but *the start;* but some of them have thank'd me kindly, and others have said, 'Oh, bother! what's the use?'"

His worship smiled sadly, and, having given the Townsend some private advice and instructions touching his new duties, he dismissed him to his fellows.

JOHN TOWNSEND, PETER PINDAR, AND KING GEORGE THE THIRD.

Soon after the breaking out of the ever-to-be-remembered French revolution in ninety-one, and when "red hot roaring Jacobinism," at home here, was almost frightening England from its propriety, John Townsend received a sudden and very extraordinary elevation, for, from the humble occupation of a plodding, pains-taking Bow-street officer, he was at once elevated to the high and important post of private privy-councillor and personal protector of their most gracious majesties, King George the Third and Queen Charlotte, of blessed memory—"a post," as John Townsend remarked, which sent him "slap up to the top of the tree in the twinkling of a broomstick!"

Their majesties at that time resided principally at Windsor Castle, and they (the Queen especially) were suffering much alarm at the furious republican effervescence excited amongst the people generally, and the frequent appearance *of mysterious-looking strangers* in and about Windsor Castle and its precincts—insomuch that the government thought it necessary that their majesties should have the constant personal protection of some of the most vigilant and experienced police officers, and Townsend, with two or three of his comrades on the Bow-street establishment were forthwith appointed to this onerous and somewhat delicate service.

The appointment, however, excited much mirth among the rampant republicans of London, and it was instantly "immortalized" by that very playful poet, Peter Pindar, (*alias* Doctor Wolcot,) in "an Ode to Messieurs Townsend, Macmanus, and Zealous, thief-takers, and attendants on their Majesties." From which "Ode," take the following specimen:—

"What a bright thought in George and Charlotte,
Who, to escape each wicked varlet,
And disappoint Tom Paine's disloyal crew,
Fixed on *Macmanus, Townsend, Zealous,*
Delightful company, delicious fellows,
To point out, every minute, *who is who!*

"To bustle from before their noble graces,
Rascals with ill-looking designing faces,
Where treason, murder, and sedition dwell;
To give the life of ev'ry Newgate wretch,
To say who next the fatal cord shall stretch—
The sweet historians of the pensive cell!

"Laugh the loud world, and let it laugh again,
The great of Windsor shall the laugh disdain,
In days of yore, dull days, insipid things,
Kings trusted *only* to a people's *love*—
But modern times in politics improve,
And BOW-STREET RUNNERS are the shields of kings."

Whilst Peter was concocting his Ode, John Townsend and his colleagues were having audience of the king and queen, in the library of Windsor Castle; at which audience (as I have been told by one who was present), John Townsend was distinguished above his fellows, —for John had always a knack of "putting himself forward," and so taking one stride in front of his co-mates, he made his salaam with such an air, that his majesty, intently looking at him through his lunette, hastily demanded—

"Who—who are *you?*"

"I am Townsend—at your majesty's good service," replied John, with another profound obeisance.

"Townsend, eh? Good fellow, Townsend, they tell me. Good fellow—eh, Townsend?"

"Yes, please your majesty," modestly replied the Townsend.

"Hah!—I thought so—sharp, eh?—sharp and steady—and loyal, eh?—sing God Save the King—eh, Townsend?"

"Your gracious majesty, I never had no voice for singing, but I can *pray* God Save the King—*and I do*," was John's solemn and courtierly reply.

"Hah! good fellow, Townsend; pray, pray—that will do. No voice for singing, eh?—sharp eye, though—very sharp!"

As his majesty said this, he called the queen's attention to "that sharp, sharp eye," on which John particularly prided himself.

Whereupon her majesty was pleased to remark: "Mr. Townsend will have *occasion* for sharp eyes *here*."

"Yes, yes," rejoined the king—"very good, very good! Sharp eyes, eh, Townsend? Keep 'em open—keep 'em open!"

It was on occasion of this royal audience that Townsend first contracted that extraordinary *wink* of the eye, which ever after distinguished him, for in backing himself out from the royal presence, and turning round to descend the stairs, he winked his eye at himself, as who should say, "It's *all right*, John!" And he repeated the wink so frequently during the remainder of that proud day, that the muscles of his cheek acquired a peculiar facility of winking whenever he wished to wink, and that was not seldom.

What he thought of Peter Pindar and his "Ode," will appear by the following colloquy, which took place two or three days after the royal audience above mentioned:—

[SCENE—the North Terrace of Windsor Castle. TIME—eight o'clock in the morning. WEATHER—fine and sunshiny. ENTER John Townsend, with his hat cocked on one side and his cane shouldered, promenading the Terrace, and occasionally looking down upon Ramsbottom's Brewery with "supreme contempt." To HIM, enter one of the royal Equerries.]

ROYAL EQUERRY.—Good morning, Mr. Townsend.

JOHN TOWNSEND.—(Touching his hat.)—Good morning, sir. The heck'ry in waiting, I believe?

ROYAL EQUERRY.—The same. Well, I see, Mr. Townsend, that rogue, *Peter*, has been immortalizing *you* in an Ode!

JOHN TOWNSEND.—What's a Node?

ROYAL EQUERRY.—Oh! an Ode, you know, is a string of verses—a poem—a sort of song. You know Peter, don't you?

JOHN TOWNSEND.—No doubt of it, for it's my dooty to know everybody. Let me see—Peter—Peter—Peter! I can't call him to mind just now! What sort of a chap is he?

ROYAL EQUERRY.—(Laughing.)—'Pon my soul, I don't know; for I never saw *the chap*, as you call him. But he's a well-known man; I thought everybody knew Peter Pindar!

JOHN TOWNSEND.—(Thoughtfully.)—Is he any relation to the Pindars of Wakefield? They're a very bad lot, I believe.

ROYAL EQUERRY.—(Laughing again.)—That's a question I can't answer, but I should rather think not.

JOHN TOWNSEND.—And so he's been mortle-izing me, has he?

ROYAL EQUERRY.—Yes, he's been trying to raise a laugh against you and your comrades here.

JOHN TOWNSEND.—Hah! Well, I'll mortle-ize *him* if ever I drop upon him; and then I'll have the laugh against *him*, I guess, (winking his right eye, significantly.)

ROYAL EQUERRY.—I'll tell you what he says about your being *here*, if I can recollect it. Let me see. Oh! he says:

> " In days of yore,
> Kings trusted only to *a people's love;*
> But modern times in politics improve,
> And *Bow Street Runners* are the guards of kings."

JOHN TOWNSEND.—*A people's love!* My granny in a bandbox! No doubt, everybody *does* love the king, (lifting his hat very high, and glancing up at the windows of the royal dormitory;) but, if *one* precious blackguard among them watches his opportunity to pop a bullet into a king, how is *a people's love* to stop *that?*—you 'd as good try to stop a mad cat with a couple o' cobwebs! And when the blackguard's *bullet* has done its work, all that *a people's love* can do in the matter, is to hang the blackguard and snivul for the king!

ROYAL EQUERRY.—You grow quite eloquent, Mr. Townsend; but don't speak so loud—you'll be overheard.

JOHN TOWNSEND.—Oh, because I've no patience! *A people's love*, indeed! And so this Peter, as you call him, now prates about *a people's love*, does he?

ROYAL EQUERRY.—Ay, does he; but why are you so angry, Mr. Townsend?

JOHN TOWNSEND.—Angry! I'm not angry—not I; only, I was just going to say, I'll be bound this Mr. Peter What's-his-name is either a prig * or a peterman;† but now I see he's *only* a reg'lar born donkey!

ROYAL EQUERRY.—Ha! ha! ha! Well, good morning.

JOHN TOWNSEND.—Good morning to *you*, sir, (winking his eye at himself.)

[Exeunt different ways—the Equerry to his toilette, and the Townsend to his traps.‡]

MARCH.

BY EDMUND OLLIER.

MARCH has return'd; and now the passionate blast
Speaks like a trumpet in the forest boughs,
And, by its stern, resistless presence, ploughs
The panting sea into abysses vast.
Yet, though thy face at first seems grim, thou hast
Numberless beauties, March; for now is found,
Lying like drops of sunlight on the ground,
Hymen's own flower; and, when storms are past,

Those prophets of the summer, violets blue,
Cluster like stars; and cowslip buds unfold
Their crimson-freckled urns of pallid gold;
And throngs of leaves start forth; and ring-doves coo
A lulling melody; and, blithe and bold,
The bee begins his pilgrimage anew.

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* A pickpocket.

† A snatcher of luggage from travellers' carriages.

‡ Traps—thief-catchers. In plain English—" to his brother officers."

THE TRAPPER'S BRIDE.*

The trapper is as distinct a species among men as the hunting-tiger is among the feline race. With his fringed deer-skin frock, leggings, mocassins, and cap of bear's fur, the whole diversified by various hunting accoutrements, he is the beau-ideal of man as a hunting animal. Cooper and Washington Irving have made us acquainted with various specimens of the genus, of which Marryat has also given a graphic and faithful portraiture; and Mr. Percy St. John has undertaken, and that successfully, to shew us how the trapper can win an Indian bride.

The trapper of the great prairies, which stretch away far beyond the waters of the Mississippi, along the foot of the Rocky Mountains, and which are watered by the numerous tributaries of the Arkansas river, differs materially from the reserved, unsociable bear-hunter of the north-western territory. In the Canadian districts, the settler advances step by step as the Indian recedes, and as creek and forest, clearing or water power, present themselves for location. The Canadian trapper moves with, and most generally dwells upon the outskirts, or lives a little in advance of these pioneering settlements.

In the south-west, the prairie, or wilderness—Arabian-like—is upon such an immense scale, that the hunter moves far in advance of the settler, and winters in some isolated fort, which is also a link in the perilous caravan trade carried on in the same wild districts, across the mountains into the Mexican and Oregon territories. In the summer months, the trapper, often alone, takes his departure for the mountains, and there, during a whole season, pursues his avocations, perhaps more than a thousand miles from any spot inhabited by civilized man, living on the produce of his gun, eating buffalo and elk meat, often half starved, or perishing beneath the arrows and tomahawks of the red-skins. The bare ground is his only bed, where, by the light of some well-concealed fire, deep in a woody glen overhung by willow or spruce, the lone trapper sleeps, with the wolf or panther growling within twenty feet, and only scared from attacking him and his horse by the blazing fire of cedar-logs.

Similar circumstances so surely reproduce, in countries geographically remote from each other, the same forms and characters, that we recognise at once in Fort Bent all the peculiarities of an Arabian or Persian fortified post. The walls of unburnt bricks, the occasional towers, or bastions, and the heavy plank folding-doors, are in perfect keeping; nor much less so, in the interior, are the numerous offices, shops, stores, caral for the horses, wagon-house, and even the tops of the houses, flat, and gravelled over; and, lastly, that the similarity may be still more complete, there is a long piazza in front of the fort, where, in the garb of Indian chiefs, the hunters sit upon mats, smoking their long pipes, just as the Badawin groups await the stranger's arrival beneath the shadowy arcade, without the walls.

At certain seasons of the year, the Eutaw Indians come down from their villages in the rocky mountains, and encamp by these forts to barter and trade; and by the opportunities of acquaintanceship thus presented, a young trapper, Pierre by name, became enamoured of the Flower of the Eutaw, the lovely Moama; but her price was a dozen horses. Pierre had not a single mule; and his love being returned, he determined, with the assistance of a huge member of the vast fraternity known in Europe as "Yankees," yclept Ephraim, to carry her off by stratagem.

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* The Trapper's Bride: a Tale of the Rocky Mountains; with the Rose of Ouisconsin. Indian Tales. By Percy B. St. John. J. Mortimer.

To effect this purpose, the knights of the mocassins, when the time for the departure of the Indians came round, crossed the Arkansas, and, concealed within the sight of the usual Indian trail, watched the Eutaw party pass on their way home. Then, moving on their track, they followed cautiously in the rear, being, for the first few days, successful in obtaining food, with the help of their guns, hooks, and lines, but fish and game became scarcer as they neared the mountains; and by the time they had reached a willow-grove, where the Almager River, or Fontaine-qui-bouille, falls into, and increases the waters of the Arkansas, they had suffered, for forty-eight hours, the severest pangs of hunger.

"As the two men came within the shelter of the willow grove, they halted, and looked around them with curiosity.

"'Them varmint has camped here,' said Ephraim Smith—for he was one of the pair—'and on this identical spot. Thar's the locality of the fire, and thar's the willow poles,' pointing to several long branches of willow, thrust in the ground, and fastened at the top with a supple bough of the same material, 'which sarved them to throw their blankets on for wigwams. They've been gone, I reckon, since morning, for the embers is jist out.'

"'We are on their track at all events, which is all we require,' replied Pierre Lancel; 'and now to camp ourselves. Wood is plenty, so we can have fire enough to keep out the cold; but,' added he with a grim smile, 'eating, I suppose, is once more out of the question.'"

Ephraim, whose colossal frame could not, like the more supple form of Pierre, derive support from love alone, proposes to skirt the river in search of game, while Pierre should light a fire. His absence was prolonged, and, in the interval—

"Pierre sat before the blazing fire, thinking of these and other things in relation to the tribe, dwelling with pleasure on the image of the absent girl of his love, until, by dint of thinking and smoking, and smoking and thinking, he became utterly abstracted from all around, and, o'erleaping time and space, sat in his half-savage wigwam, while around him, the busy Moama, and the little miniatures of himself and her, their half white, half dusky complexion speaking their mixed origin, busied themselves about—she preparing his evening meal, they playing merrily in the expectation of sharing it.

"The wigwam was warm and neat. Conical in its shape, and supported by several sturdy poles, outside composed of huge buffalo-hides—within, it was wholly lined with the furred skin of various mountain animals. Guns, spears, axes, knives, hung from pegs protruding from the cross beam, while in the centre a steaming cauldron was suspended over a sparkling fire. The whole was calculated to awaken pleasant sensations in the human mind, but chiefly the meal which the lovely Moama was busily preparing. Before Pierre was spread a clean mat, on which two bowls, as many horn spoons, and a couple of knives were laid, while curling round his head, and, despite every effort to prevent it, creeping within his nostrils, entering his mouth, and awakening the anxiously awaiting ministers of the interior, rose the strong odour of an Indian stew, in which the quantity and variety of the ingredients were not the only attraction.

"Pierre felt contented and happy; he was hungry, and a plentiful meal, cooked by the fair hands of the sweet Moama, was about to be transferred from the parent cauldron to the more juvenile articles of furniture before him. Pierre smiled, laid down his long pipe reverentially by his side, and, bidding his lovely squaw good-humouredly to make haste, inhaled the savoury odour once more, and prepared to eat.

"'Well! I wish I may be shot if you arn't a pretty tall chap, you are,' cried Ephraim Smith; 'it's a caution if you arn't popped off some of these fine nights. Mind you don't wake and find yourself scalped, that's all. You'll remember then you're in a Ingian country, I reckon.'

"'Oh, Ephraim, Heaven forgive you!' replied Pierre Lancel, rousing himself 'but you woke me from the happiest dream I've known this many a day.'

"'My!' exclaimed Ephraim, advancing closer to the fire; 'so you arn't satisfied with sleepin', but you must dream. But, Peter, my shaver, whin you dreamed, did it look anythin' like that are. I reckon not. Arn't I a regular up-hill chap, first chop—and no mistake?'

"'An elk, by Uncle Sam's head!' said Pierre, jumping to his feet. 'Well, Ephraim, this is glorious!'

"'It don't convene to a chap as has been two days hungry to make much of a locrum; but I conclude I am the boy, when game's near, jist to nose it. I catched a sight o' this are brute a rubbin' his hams agin a tree, t'other side of the river. The moment I seed him, I felt his steaks war broilin', and didn't I let fly, though maybe he war out of rifle-shot? He stared, like a British jist landed in York; but it was, all of no use; my ball an't bigger nor two peas, but it war big enough to kill him.'"

The feast is disturbed by the arrival of Anglo-French-Canada trappers, whom they at first mistake for Indians, and then hospitably entertain upon the remainder of the elk. For four days more the two determined pedestrians pursued their way guided by Indian signs, until on the morning of the fifth, the Eutaw hills were visible the Spanish Peak, the highest in the range, towering above all around. Before them, as far as to the foot of the hills, was a stony desert, a hard, dry, flinty expanse, without a blade of green grass.

They were overtaken by a thunder-storm on this desolate and shelterless track, (very vividly described by Mr. St. John;) but still on they went, pinched by hunger that day and night, until they reached the banks of a stream where fish were plenty, and by following which, they next morning found their way into the outlying Eutaw hills. After some time, they came to a cliff, the summit of which they gained by a rude natural path. Beyond this was a gloomy pine forest, bounded by a ledge of rock. A pebble, inserted in the cleft branch of a low stunted pine, marked the pathway of the Indians. This was not very acute of the Eutaws; we have heard or read of tribes who guide themselves by the side on which the mosses grow. On gaining the confines of the wood, the village of the Eutaws was perceived at the bottom of a deep valley, which had three of its sides bounded by perpendicular walls of rock—a kind of rocky chasm or hollow, beautiful yet fearful to contemplate. The sides of the hills were girt with pine-forests, above which rose, distant some twenty miles, the snow-clad heights of Spanish Peak. Nearer, the waters of a mountain torrent rushed in foaming cataracts over ledges of rocks, to ultimately form a small lake, the exit of which was unknown.

When night rendered the venture less dangerous, Pierre descended into the valley, and by an agreed signal, obtained an interview with the flower of the Eutaws, who, proud of the difficulties he had overcome to win her, agreed to an almost immediate flight. To effect this, Ephraim secured, from the pastures of the Indians, three horses of the prairies, tamed by themselves; and, mounted on these, the trapper and his friend, and bride, pass over, in three hours, more ground than in a day of their pedestrian journey, while the outraged Indians followed in unavailing pursuit.

There is not much attempt at incident in this short tale; Mr. St. John intended it more as a sketch of life and scenery in the remarkable countries, to which it refers, and he has executed his task felicitously and effectively.

The Rose of Ouisconsin carries us to distant countries—the lake and rock districts of the Sioux territory—and is a skilfully-managed legend of Indian and Border life in the last century.

THE CELLAR IN THE LIBERTY, DUBLIN.

A TALE FOR MARCH.

BY RUSSELL GRAHAM.

PART I.—DOLORES.

It was near the close of one of our grog-parties. I recollect it all as well as if it had been but last night—the fixed look of the little adjutant, while telling the story, and the equally fixed looks of his auditors. It never struck me till now, that this might have been the effect of the mulled claret, whisky-punch, and sangaree, in which we had been indulging; but I rather think it was sheer fright. No one moved a muscle; while the lifted lips, and widely opened eyes, made the whole collection of heads look like a study of horror by Fuseli. But I am anticipating my story.

Amongst the members of our "round table," was a Major Von Brun, who having just returned from a long campaign in India, was exceedingly curious to hear about his old comrades; and as many of his brother officers had been known to some of mine, his inquiries were abundantly gratified.

At last, Pemberton's name came up.

"What! Lovelace, as we used to call him?" cried the major. "I remember him well—the most unpopular man in the regiment, and the proudest. But what extraordinary luck he had with the women!"

I observed the adjutant turn pale; but he said nothing.

"Not that he was handsome—far from it," continued the major;—"swarthy features, too stern in expression to be pleasing; but he had a splendid figure, fine eyes, and a voice which, when he chose, was music itself; and this did the business of half a dozen mere beauty men, who endeavour to grin down women, as Colonel Crocket did coons, and are astonished, after having gazed and simpered for a month, to find themselves less irresistible than they supposed. But what became of him? I left him making love to a miller's wife, in a little village in Essex, where we were quartered."

"Poor fellow! he has been dead these three years," replied the adjutant.

"Dead!" repeated Major Von Brun.

"Ay, and his death occurred characteristically enough," rejoined the adjutant; "but it is a terrible story, and before I begin it, I would advise you to fill your glasses.

"In the winter of 18—, the disordered state of Ireland rendering an increase of troops necessary, the regiment to which I belonged was ordered to Dublin, and I happened to be with the detachment quartered at the castle where Pemberton was likewise stationed.

"It was 'Patrick's day in the morning;' the saint had turned up the dry side of the stone, and in consequence bright bursts of sunshine added brilliancy to the gay affair of guard-trooping in the castle-yard; the men had marched off, the band continued playing, and amongst the other officers grouped or scattered over the parade, the tall, erect, figure of Pemberton, admirably displayed in his cavalry costume, was conspicuous. As Major Von Brun has just said, he was not handsome, but his free, soldier-like air, libertine reputation, and attention to trifles—for from plume to spur he was perfection in his appointments—gave him a great charm with the women.]

"Not being on duty, I remained in my own room, smoking, and amusing myself with what was going on below. The square was thronged with idlers whom the pageant and the fine band of the —th had collected; and there was Pemberton, like an embodied sunbeam, all glitter and gold lace, disporting himself amongst them, the envy of the men, and the admiration of their wives and daughters.

"Having finished my meerschaum, I went down and joined him, my mufti making a sort of shadow to the brilliancy of his equipments, and heightening their effect by the contrast.

"As we walked to and fro, amusing ourselves at the expense of the civilians present, I perceived my companion's eyes riveted on a girl, whose tall, graceful figure and gipsy-like freedom of movement had already attracted my attention. Her dress was poor and tawdry; but the natural grace with which her flimsy shawl was folded about her fine shoulders, was worthy of a duchess.

"Wherever she moved, a little, deformed old man, with his head sunk in his breast, and gibbous shoulders, closely followed her; and as her air and person, in contrast with the poverty of her appearance, could not fail of arresting attention, he appeared to grow impatient of it, and urged her to leave the place. As Pemberton gazed at her, a muttered 'My God, how like!' involuntarily burst from him, and then, in an undertone, he added, 'but it is impossible. And yet I could almost swear to the turn of her head, and that foot and ancle—how I wish she would look this way!'

"A moment after, his wish was gratified, the girl and her strange companion walked forward as if to approach where we were standing, and Pemberton, with a sudden pallor, passed his arm through mine, and turned hastily into the guard-room. Closing the door behind us, as if to shut out a mortal enemy, he poured out from a croft on the side-table, glass after glass of water, though his hand shook so violently that he could scarcely carry the glass to his lips.

"'What on earth can she be doing here?' he cried, throwing himself into a chair at the further end of the room, and lifting from his brow the heavy flakes of dark hair that hung upon it—'I left her in Cadiz. Arkwright,' he continued, as if the thought of my presence had only just struck him, "do me a favour—you are in plain clothes. Follow that girl, and find out for me where she lives? I will explain the motive of this request hereafter; but go quickly, or you will lose her.'

"I complied. She was still in the castle-yard; but she soon afterwards quitted it with her companion, and separating from him, led me a wild-goose chase through streets that rivalled in squalor and wretchedness the Rookery in Saint Giles's. In the midst of this labyrinth, I suddenly lost sight of her, and, much to my own chagrin, and that of Pemberton, returned to tell him of my ill success.

"From that day there was an alteration in my friend. He affected to think no more of the incident—played high, and drank deep—things he was by no means in the habit of doing; but whenever I alluded to the circumstance I have related, his countenance darkened, and he abruptly checked the conversation.

"I had a sort of conviction that I had somewhere seen the girl's companion before; and, on thinking the matter over, I perfectly brought back the circumstance. At this period, the 'Insurrection Act' was in full force, and White-boy hunting the principal duty of the military. A Protestant's suspicion was more important than a Catholic's oath, and in many instances where a party was arrested, though all proof of guilt was wanting, nothing but a Protestant gentleman's guarantee of previous good character could save him from transportation, or other punishment. A system of espionage was kept up by means of hired spies, and the magistrates, on receiving the information of those persons, immediately made a requisition for the military, and in this way the men were constantly kept marching and counter-marching from one part of the district to another. Sometimes our prowess was rewarded with a brace of suspected countrymen, and at others an old bullet-mould, broken pike-head, or rusty fire-lock were the trophies of weeks of exposure and fatigue. Scarcely a day passed, however, without prisoners being made by one party or another; and, as the sessions sat constantly, these cases were summarily disposed of. You could seldom walk along Essex quay without witnessing the infliction of the lash, or seeing some real or suspected member of White-boyism subjected to the pillory, or escaping from it maddened with shame and suffering. I blush to say, that at so low an ebb was humanity, and so excessive was the rancour of party feeling, that men of refinement, tender in their sensibilities when horseflesh was in question, stood by with absolute appetite when the flesh tortured was that of a supposed ribbonman, and not unfrequently encouraged the executioner to a more rigorous infliction of his revolting duties.

"One morning, not very long previous to that I was speaking of, I happened to come suddenly on a spectacle of this sort. The man just freed from the hands of the executioner, blood streaming from his dissevered auricles, and frantically struggling against the farther barbarity of tar and feathering (as the application of the pitch cap was facetiously termed), presented a sight to sicken man with his kind; and I was hastily endeavouring to force my way back through the crowd, when it opened right and left, and a prolonged shout of laughter, the view-halloa of the dismal game, burst from a group of young men near me, as the victim, wild with rage and agony, rushed past. I knew the laugh, and turning round, recognised Pemberton and a party of garrison men. The culprit, a dark, meagre, but athletic-looking fellow, paused, even in his escape from torture, and turning his blood-shot eyes savagely towards the scoffers at his misery, exclaimed, in a voice that after-circumstances fixed for ever in my ears—'May the curse of all belonging to me, living and dead, here and hereafter, stick to me, if I'm not quits with you before long, Mr. Pemberton, for your pleasantry this morning!' And again he ran on, the sympathizing crowd separating on both sides, and closing on his flight, as if fearful his threat should reach the ears of his judicial tormentors, and be the means of again resigning him to their hands.

"It was on this occasion I remembered seeing the old man, in the thick of the dispersing throng, jostled and jeered at, but without apparently noticing either the violence or insult. His appearance was not less singular than his equanimity, and it powerfully arrested my attention —though, after a few days, the circumstance was forgotten, and probably would have escaped me altogether, if I had not seen him again in the castle-yard, with the girl.

"About a week after that affair, Pemberton and myself had been walking in the direction of Portobello, and were returning along the banks of the canal, when we suddenly encountered the same girl walking towards us, so lost in rumination, that we were quite close before she perceived us. Never shall I forget her glance as she raised her eyes. Evidently of foreign extraction, her complexion was of that pale, olive shade through which every emotion impetuously reveals itself, and, for a moment, a flush like the ruby's dye mantled her cheeks—her dark eyes glittered with a startling light, and an expression of suppressed passion curled her lip. Then came the reaction—the blood ebbed slowly back, till her face grew wan as faded ivory, her eyes more dusky, with less of light in them, and her slight, plastic figure stood in our path, rigid as marble. I passed on, and Pemberton, startled out of his usual self-possession, hurriedly approached her. I did not see him again till it was time to dress for dinner, when he bolted into my room, his face flushed with apparent triumph, yet with a disturbed air, proving that his interview had not been altogether unmingled with unpleasantness.

" 'Well, Arkwright,' he said, assuming his usual tone of indifference, as soon as my servant had left the room, 'what think you of Dolores?'

" 'That she is most beautiful,' I exclaimed.

" 'Yes,' he continued, 'I rather think she must have fallen into good quarters, in spite of her assertions to the contrary. Bad air, a miserable abode, and fretting, are not things to mature a woman into such excellent proportions. The worst of it is, she remains as artless and credulous as when I first knew her. Would you believe it, the poor fool has brought her marriage certificate in her pocket, and has followed me from Cadiz hither to remind me of the right which she is simple enough to imagine an illegal ceremony, mumbled by an old Spanish priest, has given her to my protection—she has, upon my honour,' he repeated, mistaking my horror at his baseness for astonishment at the girl's credulity. 'It is a short story, and I hear the drummers collecting in the square, so finish your toilet and I will tell you all about it. The fact is,' he continued, 'as I went on dressing, 'I found no other way of overcoming her scruples, or of weaning her from her old father, but that of avowing myself a Catholic—and after a while, under the pretence that my friends had other views for me, and that the neighbourhood of my mother and family, who were then at Cadiz, required such a precaution on my part, persuaded her into a secret marriage, which, of course, from its illegality, I could at any time annul. I see you are thinking me a monster, but 'the gods are just, and of our pleasant vices make instruments to scourge us;' I have suffered more on this girl's account than all the women in the world could make me feel again. I abandoned her, it is true; but the remembrance of her never left me, and to have known she was dead would have been blessedness, compared with the horrible probabilities my uncertainty of her fate suggested. You look incredulous; but, depend upon it, Arkwright, 'the louder the laughter the less the mirth.' I have worn compunction, as old Fontaine did his belt of discipline, all the closer for the affectation of a want of faith in it. By Jove! there are the drums for dinner, so good by!'

" 'But Dolores?' I exclaimed, in the hope of ascertaining his intentions with regard to her.

" 'Oh! I shall see her this evening,' he replied, relapsing into his old tone of carelessness; 'and if I cannot get her to compromise, at least, I shall take care to provide for her.' And, with a forced laugh, he left me.

"God knows," added the adjutant, in parenthesis, "what induced him to make this shrift, but taking subsequent events into consideration, it always appeared to me very singular.

"After this, I was not surprised that he absented himself from mess. I fancied him *tête-a-tête* with Dolores, and I saw no more of him till ——but I must not anticipate. How I learnt the particulars I am about to relate, will appear in the sequel to my story.

"It was as dark a night as could be desired for any evil purpose under heaven—no moon—and the stars that glimmered through the murky sky were as often obscured by the drifting rack—the wind whirred sharply round the angles of the streets, and the few persons that appeared in them had their heads well buried in their cloaks, or coat collars, and walked on at the brisk pace usually adopted during the prevalence of an east wind. The regulation making it penal for any of the common people to be found out of their houses after a certain hour, had doubtless much to do with the deserted aspect of the streets, but it was just the sort of gusty, petulant March night, to make those possessed of a fire-side, sit very close to it. Here and there, at long distances, and these only in the principal thoroughfares, miserable, ill-trimmed oil lamps, threw a flickering light on the footpath, and beneath the piazza of the bank, just served to reveal the figure of the sentinel pacing to and fro, together with that of another man standing beneath the shade of one of the pillars. The latter wore his hat slouched, his throat muffled, and a horseman's cloak, the superfluous amplitude of which was thrown in a sort of negligent, but not ungraceful drapery, across his chest and shoulder. Presently a female, wrapped in the ordinary cloak of the country, the hood drawn over her bonnet so as at once to afford shelter and disguise, emerged from the opposite side of the way, and crossing over to where the personage I have just described stood, allowed her hood to fall back, and displayed the striking countenance of Dolores. And now mark the slight links that connected a chain of evidence strong enough afterwards to destroy her! That hasty glimpse sufficed to stamp her face on the remembrance of the soldier on duty, and was the most material point of his future testimony, inasmuch as it identified her with a second stage of it, on which the main presumption of her guilt was grounded. Pemberton (for it was he who stood within the colonnade) immediately joined her, and they walked on in the direction of the Castle. Those who chanced to pass them described that in the pauses of the storm they heard the voice of the man sometimes full of persuasion and entreaty, and at others vehement in expostulation or anger; while that of his companion, mournful with tenderness and reproach, seemed still to keep unswervingly to one determination. All this while, like a shadow projected by the man's figure, appeared on the opposite side of the way another muffled form, moving as they moved, pausing when they paused; but always keeping so close to the houses, and blank walls, as to be indistinct, except where the straggling lamp-light occasionally discovered him in passing. Then you might discern a haggard, fearful face, with matted hair hanging about it, and eyes that glared and rolled with the most deadly expression of malice. The man's beard had been unshorn for weeks, and large, bony, projecting teeth, from which the upper lip receded, added to the savage aspect of his unpromising countenance.

"In the meanwhile Pemberton and his companion turned into one of those miserable streets situated in what is called the 'Liberty'—streets originally intended for the occupation of wealthy tradesmen, but which the changes effected by political measures have left the habitation of all that is repulsive in poverty, and fearful in crime—the houses large, windowless, and dilapidated—the squalid objects who tenant them, the filth, the rags, the horrid odours, the obscurity shrouding its bad privacy—all these things are revolting even at noon-day; the scenes it must exhibit beneath the coverture of night, are unimaginable. But on this occasion none of the inhabitants were visible; the weather rather than the Insurrection Act, apparently keeping them within their wretched quarters, for strong in the evil repute of the place a few had ventured to infringe the regulation with regard to fire and candle; and sometimes peeping from the cellars, and at others, two or three stories high, a ray like a feeble star glimmered through the surrounding darkness, and showed that all the occupants were not retired. In the whole length of the street there was not a single lamp, for one of the privileges of the 'Liberty' was exemption from all rates as well as rent. But the signs of life thus struggling through the interstices of old rags, and garments thrust into the unglazed frame-work of the windows, occasionally discovered, hanging from poles that served the purposes of clothes-lines, bundles of shapeless shroud-like habiliments, swaying to and fro, and whirling overhead in the gusty wind, while heaps of second-hand articles in iron work and statuary (sinister-looking from their indistinctness), were piled against the houses, or under temporary sheds in front of them, indicating the ostensible craft of the inmates.

"In silence and evident anxiety the girl hurried her companion through the wretched street,—not so fast, however, but that the palpable darkness of a moving figure might still be traced on the opposite foot-path. Suddenly, turning a sharp angle, she entered a yet more dark and repulsive-looking court, in which the only gleam of light visible came from the area of one of the cellars, whence a dull, monotonous sound of hammering issued. In this underground workshop, Pemberton perceived a grisly, hump-backed old man seated on a coffin, and working by the light of a lanthorn upon one of those rude shells in which penury buries its dead. The same grim merchandise, in various sizes and states of progress, appeared about the room,—some standing upright, and others raised on trestles as if their pale tenants already occupied them, while the tic-tack of the hammer sounded incessantly on the ear, like the click of some gigantic deathwatch. A minute or two later, if his attention had been called to it, he might have discovered projecting slightly beyond a coffin turned on its end, the outline of a man's head—a head without ears! Even without this part of the spectacle, there was something in the scene by no means calculated to elevate the spirits; and though Pemberton was strong-nerved and courageous, the remoteness of the street, the darkness—the dismal clinking of the undertaker's hammer—and the fitful blasts of wind converting the creaking doors and broken casements, chimney-pots and water-spouts, into so many hoarse and wildly-sounding instruments, sent a chill to his heart.

"'Lean on me,' said Dolores, placing her hand in his, and descending some steps. 'Now, then, put your foot down—cautiously—one, two, three—that is all right.' And she lifted the latch of the unlocked door, and led him into what appeared to be a cellar.

"Pemberton shivered sensibly; but in a moment, Dolores lighted a rushlight, drew together the embers of a turf fire, and throwing on a few fresh sods, it sprang into a bright flame, exhibiting, with painful accuracy, all the cold nakedness beyond it—a wooden settle, a high-backed, worm-eaten chair, a huge chest, a table and low stool; while the unplastered walls, which at some period had been daubed with whitewash, were begrimed with dust and turf smoke, and rudely decorated with glaring pictures of the Virgin Mary, the Crucifixion, and half the saints and martyrs of the Catholic calendar. A door at one side communicated with the coffin-maker's workshop, the sounds from which were frightfully audible.

"'My God!' exclaimed Pemberton, withdrawing his eyes from a survey of the sordid apartment, and fixing them commiseratingly upon the girl, whose looks expressed strange exultation at his horror; 'this is dreadful! How on earth came you to fix your abode in such a place?' Then checking himself as he saw her eyes turned reproachfully upon him, he added, 'but you must not remain here another day, my poor girl. Something shall be done for you.'

"'Something *shall* be done for me;' she repeated, fixing her glittering eyes, coldly and scornfully, upon him.

"'Yes,' he said, with affected earnestness; 'anything—everything to make you happy; and, as far as possible, atone for the past.'

"'There is but one way to atone for it,' she cried, rising from the chair in which she had placed herself opposite to him, and bringing from the chest, at the far end of the room, a small casket, out of which she took a wreath of natural orange-flowers shrivelled and discoloured, a miniature case, and, lastly, from its very depths, a marriage-voucher. 'There is but one to atone for it,' she repeated, 'and that is, by acknowledging the claim this paper gives me to your protection.'

"A sudden temptation occurred to Pemberton. Leaning forward, he snatched the document from her hand, and suddenly thrust it into the fire, holding her forcibly off till it was consumed. Dolores turned white to the very lips with passion and anguish. Hate and revenge seemed on the instant to leap into life within her, and extinguish whatever remnant of affection her wrongs and miseries had left.

"'Ha!' she exclaimed between her teeth, as soon as surprise and indignation at the sudden outrage gave her the power of utterance—'you have done well—you have plucked from my heart the feelings of a wife, that I may be the more sensible of my wrongs as a woman, and the more courageous in revenging them. Horace Pemberton, you go not from this place till you have sworn to repeat the ceremony that confirms me your wife, and have left me in your handwriting an attestation that I am so, in lieu of the evidence you have destroyed.'

"'Poh—poh!' said Pemberton, with an assumption of the most perfect indifference. 'When you are less angry we will talk the affair over quietly, and you will find that when I spoke of atonement, I was perfectly sincere. But, as to marriage, my dear girl, that is out of the question. The old priest's farrago was a mere amatory ruse—a sacrifice to your scruples; and the bit of paper I have deprived you of, of no more use, as a proof of our union, than your mother's marriage-certificate would have been.'

" 'At least, it would have proved me not so guilty as unfortunate,' cried Dolores, vehemently—'it would have sheltered me from the world's scorn, and masked my shame from my father. But wicked and unscrupulous as you are, you shall yet do me justice. Here is pen, ink, and paper, write out the document I demand, and swear to make it legal.'

"Pemberton looked at her with all the imperiousness he could throw into his haughty features; but the look that met his was as unshrinking and resolute as his own, and he answered, slowly,—

" 'Never!—though one of your country's assassins held his dagger at my throat, it should not alter my determination.'

" 'Ha! ha!' laughed Dolores, in an ecstasy of unbridled passion; then suddenly dropping her voice, as if frightened at her own terrible suggestion, she added, 'I have but to utter a word, and one whose life is in my hands, whose will is bowed to mine abjectly as a dog's to his master's, and who can deal a blow effectually as one of my own countrymen, will appear, and, if needs be——'

" 'You dare not,' interrupted Pemberton, sternly.

" 'You ought to know,' said Dolores, fiercely, 'that there is nothing a Spanish woman dares not do to avenge herself.'

" 'You will give your own words the lie, then,' said Pemberton, carelessly. 'Let me go.'

"Dolores beat her little foot vehemently on the floor; but the clay returned too dull a sound to be heard above the driving of coffin-nails in the adjoining tenement, and clapping her hands sharply together, the door of the workshop opened, and the forbidding countenance of the Croppy appeared at it."

GHASELS.

(*From the German of Friedrich Rückert.*)

TRANSLATED BY JOHN OXENFORD.

[To many readers, an explanation of the nature of the Ghasel, or Persian ode, may not be superfluous. The first two lines rhyme, and with these rhyme the fourth, sixth, and all the even lines of the poem, the terminations of the odd lines being left perfectly free. In this measure, the poems of the celebrated Persian, Hafiz, are written; and Rückert, who particularly distinguishes himself by the use he makes of Oriental resources, was the first to introduce it into German literature. So great a difficulty of metre necessarily requires great licence in the selection of rhymes. Not only are simples and compounds, such as "fold," and "unfold," to be considered as fair rhymes, and used without scruple, but even the same word may be repeated as a rhyme with itself—a liberty which of course should be used sparingly. In the first two of the Ghasels given below, a kind of *refrain* ("come, breath of air,"—"from the night") is added to the rhyming lines, and the rhyme is with the preceding syllables, "mould, unfold," &c., and "clinging, wringing," &c. In the third, there is no such *refrain*. The Ghasels are from a collection which Rückert wrote in 1822.—J. O.]

I.

Cloud-forms to mould—come, breath of air!
 Flowers to unfold—come, breath of air!
Cleave all the lilies, rose-leaves kiss,
 Till they're unroll'd—come, breath of air!

Gale of the night, by whose soft voice
  Light dreams are told—come, breath of air!
Gale of the morn, by whom afar
  Shadows are roll'd—come, breath of air!
World-making power from God's own mouth,
  Ne'er growing old—come, breath of air!
Rock as it floats the cradle-grave,*
  Now warm, now cold—come, breath of air!
Thou, whom a mortal ne'er may lack,
  Never may hold—come, breath of air!
Quenching the taper, supporting flame,
  Timid and bold—come, breath of air!
Thou, by whom waves and human souls
  Both are controll'd—come, breath of air!
Come to my garden, hymns of love
  Lightly to mould—come, breath of air!

II.

Rise from where dark shades are clinging—from the night!
  Heart, to heav'n thy bright way winging—from the night!
See, God sends his messengers of love to thee,
  Glitt'ring salutations bringing—from the night!
Where the sun descended in the west, there gleam
  Streaks of red their lustre flinging—from the night!
Where the sun will from the east ascend, behold,
  Roses are already springing—from the night!
Thus the memories and hopes of light are wove,
  In a glitt'ring garland clinging—from the night!
And the endless stars look down from yonder sky,
  Notes of consolation ringing—from the night!
Ere the crown of double-roses there can fade,
  Comes th' eternal day up-springing—from the night!
Nightingale of heav'nly roses, Freimund,† rise,
  Songs of love and rapture singing—from the night!

III.

Swiftly flying, through the heavens I go,
  Roaming far the source of light to know.
First, I ask the moon, and I am told,
  From the sun her waves of radiance flow
Then I ask the sun, and he declares,
  'Tis a higher sun that makes him glow
To that higher sun I fly and learn,
  Suns still higher all their light bestow.
Thus I wander on from sun to sun;
  Each directs me higher still to go.
Through the radiance on I soar, and see
  Endless floods of radiance, beaming so,
That I tremble lest some sunny reef
  In this sea my bark may overthrow.
But an angel, hid by dazzling light,
  Standing close to me, exclaims, "What, ho!
Whither dost thou tend?—wouldst lose thyself?
  Dost thou think this ocean bounded? No!
Wave from wave proceeds, and all alike
  To th' eternal source their radiance owe.
Far and near, alike at every point,
  That great source will no distinction show;
Beams not nearer to the suns above,
  Than to thine own heart that beats below.
Mind thy bosom, then, is bright and clear,
  There, oh, Freimund, all thy care bestow!

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* Wiegengrab.
† The name given by Rückert to himself in these poems.—J. O.

FORTUNÈ GREY.

A TALE OF ST. LUCIA.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN, AUTHOR OF THE "TRAPPER'S BRIDE."

Few islands in the West Indies equal, in rough picturesqueness, healthful climate, and singular formation, that of Saint Lucia. One of the lesser Antilles, it is proverbially known for its wild and romantic scenery, its dark and gloomy forests, its fertile valleys and plains, its lowering precipices, shallow streams, and deep ravines. In some parts, lofty mountains tower to the skies—the bold majestic Pitons, for example—two pyramids of solid rock, of most remarkable character, near the beautiful Bay of Soufriere. Their summit has never been reached, the sides being fearfully precipitous, but their base is fringed with verdure and cane-fields. The Soufriere itself, a volcanic mountain, is one startling feature in the beauties of the island, and is perhaps one of the most remarkable volcanoes in the world, being in a continuous though mild state of eruption.

A far more agreeable circumstance connected with Saint Lucia, or Saint Lucy, as it is familiarly called, is the fact that it possesses one of the most extensive harbours in the whole West Indies, capable of containing in perfect safety the largest fleet that ever sailed.

Castries, though the most important place in the island, is situated on a low alluvial plain, below the level of the sea, while to the south towers the Morne Fortunè, with its fastnesses and fortifications, its barracks and buildings of every description.

Towards the end of the last century, when, after several struggles, Saint Lucia remained in the hands of the French, England having ceded it, on making peace, there dwelt in Castries one Michel Roseau, who, like the majority of his neighbours, took every advantage of this happy period of tranquillity to improve his fortunes. His crops were heavy, his returns rapid, and Michel rejoiced, as the bags of silver increased in weight beneath his eye; and negro after negro was added to the number of slaves on his plantation. He did not rejoice on his own account merely, but for the sake of his only daughter, whom he had resolved should be the richest heiress in Saint Lucia.

Marie Roseau was a beauty and sixteen, with a clear, red and white complexion, hazel eyes, and light hair, the delight of her father's heart—and, alas, the mistress of her father's house! To a certain extent, Michel being a widower, this was to be expected; but Marie was a spoilt child, and at sixteen she had gained a complete ascendancy not only over his whole household but also over him.

About the time that Marie attained her sixteenth year—that is, in the early part of 1792—Colonel de Gimat was governor of the island, and under his firm but mild rule, the most happy and prosperous era of the colony occurred. During the numerous changes of masters undergone by Saint Lucia, an English family of the name of Grey had settled on the island, the sole representative of which was Fortunè Grey. Master of a large estate, and owner of a vast number of slaves, Grey looked around him for a partner to share his happiness, and accident bringing him in contact with Marie Roseau, he declared himself her suitor. Michel was delighted, and Marie herself expressed no distaste for the match. But there was another secret aspirant to her hand, a young French Creole, named Vincent Goyraud.

One day Marie Roseau was seated, in company with her father and Fortunè, in the verandah fronting their house, which was close upon the water's edge, near a species of quay, along which lay numerous small vessels. It was not a mansion of much pretension, but of great comfort, and boasted a neat garden, in which coffee-bushes and vines were the chief ornaments. The party were admiring a schooner, moored to a buoy, and ready for sea.

Her long, black hull, low bulwarks, tall, handsome, raking masts, her huge mainsail and foresail flapping lazily in the light breeze; her squaresail on the foremast screened by a tarpaulin from the wet; her jib and flying jib hanging down over the long booms; her clear deck, her shining tarry shrouds, with not a single missing rattling, were all matter of admiration to the little party collected beneath the verandah. Nor were they its only admirers, for close in front of them, leaning against a post, with his back to the house, was one whose gaze had been riveted upon the schooner ever since they had come forth from the interior of the house.

"A sweet craft, such as one would love to travel in," observed Marie.

"If you wish to make a journey in her, she is at your service," said the man before them, turning round. "You have relations in Martinique, Monsieur Roseau; and if you and your pretty daughter desire to visit them, the 'Belle Marie' is at your service."

The young girl blushed, and looked delighted. Fortunè frowned, and even Michel looked displeased.

"I should like of all things to go," exclaimed Marie. "Dear father, let us accept the offer."

"You will not consent, sir," said Fortunè Grey, addressing Michel, respectfully, but firmly; "the 'Faithful,' which Monsieur Vincent Goyraud has on the spot re-christened the 'Belle Marie,' is no fit craft for your daughter."

Marie opened her eyes, in utter astonishment, Michel looked irresolute, while Vincent Goyraud frowned, and then, smiling, said—"'Tis for the lady to decide. Her ay or nay, and not yours, will decide it, Mr. Grey."

"My daughter declines your offer," interposed Michel, quickly.

Goyraud made no further remonstrance. Marie's colour went and came, her cheeks were flushed with crimson, her eyes flashed fire, and, darting an angry, scornful look at Grey, and curtseying to Vincent, she hurried from the verandah. Goyraud bowed, and whistling loudly, was speedily on board his handsome craft.

From that day, Marie treated Fortunè with much coldness; and though he persevered in his suit, it proceeded but slowly. Vincent, meantime, declared himself openly her lover, though Marie studiously avoided all allusion to his name.

About this time the first hollow murmurings of that mighty revolution, which, while it, hurricane-like, cleared the air of much foulness, was terrible and bloody in its progress, reached the island of Saint Lucia, and affected the parties in different degrees. By the governor and his friends it was viewed with undisguised abhorrence; by Fortunè Grey it was heralded as the advent of a great moral change for the better, while Vincent Goyraud, and those infected by the incendiary pamphlets, which arrived in cart-loads, hoped for what really happened.

In December, 1792, there arrived in Saint Lucia, the frigate "La Félicité," commanded by Captain La Crosse, with the news of the great events of the 10th of August. The governor immediately fled, Montdenoix and Linger, two republican agents, came and hoisted the tri-colour flag on the Morne Fortunè, while the Saint Lucians received permission, in consequence of their eminent patriotism, to send a deputy to the National Convention, which further conferred upon them the appellation of Faithful. A most lamentable state of things followed; the work of the estates was discontinued; the plantations were deserted, and anarchy and terror prevailed throughout the island.

Fortunè Grey was at first impelled to offer himself as candidate for the honour of representing Saint Lucia in the Convention, but being defeated by Citoyen Goyraud, he retired from any participation in the events that followed. Care of his negroes and his plantation alone occupied his attention. Citoyen Goyraud being now supreme, he and General Ricard issued a decree, abolishing slavery—a measure, dangerous in the extreme when suddenly carried into effect. The result proved it so. All the blacks refused to work, the estates went to ruin, and pillage and robbery were the order of the day. Grey and Goyraud often met as suitors to Marie; but her father refused his sanction to any marriage, until tranquillity was restored.

While this lawless state of things prevailed, a British fleet appeared before the island. War had commenced between England and France, and one of the first acts of the former power was to effect the reduction of Saint Lucia. The confusion and astonishment of the governor and of Citoyen Goyraud were beyond description; but hastily retiring with the garrison and their partizans to Morne Fortunè, they prepared for defence. Prince Edward, afterwards the Duke of Kent, led the van, and, after a fourteen hours' contest, planted the British colours on the summit of the fortress.

It was late in the evening—a short time after the surrender of the troops, who were immediately sent to France—that Marie sat alone in her chamber. The firing had ceased, and she began to wonder that her father and Fortunè were not returned from gazing at the fray, when a knock at the room-door startled her, and Vincent Goyraud entered.

The Citizen, as he was generally called, was pale and bloody; his clothes were torn; his hand clasped a sabre, while the red cap of liberty surmounted his brow.

"Marie!" he cried, "I am hunted for my life, like a dog." This was false; but Goyraud counted very strongly upon his power of exciting compassion. "In a few moments they will be upon me. I love you—passionately love you!—without you life is as nothing. If I depart now we never meet again. Victory has declared for the tyrants, and I must to the woods. Take pity on me, and let me not go alone."

Marie did not love Grey; his stern and firm character excited her fear at times; she knew that he would ever refuse what he thought it wrong to grant, and the spoiled child could not bear the idea of a master. Vincent Goyraud was handsome and ardent; he promised obedience to her slightest will; he was in imminent danger, and her compassion was excited; he spoke rapidly and earnestly; he was bold enough, while fondly urging his suit, to tell her that she loved him, though she was not conscious of it, and Marie Roseau was not the first woman who has been persuaded by a suitor to believe herself in love, when she really was not so.

When Fortunè Grey and Michel Roseau returned that evening, they found Marie gone. The grief of both was intense, shewing itself in the father in furious threats of revenge. In young Grey it was, perhaps, equally violent in reality; but he was silent on the subject, and, the next day, disappeared.

Meanwhile, St. Lucia was very far from being tranquillized. The slaves and other insurgents, as well as many French soldiers, retired to the woods, and Citoyen Goyraud was said to be at their head, styling himself "General Commandant de l'Armée Française dans les bois." The celebrated Citoyen Victor Hughes, civil commissary of Guadaloupe, lent him all the assistance in his power, and issuing a series of sanguinary proclamations, landed a considerable body of troops, which being joined by the disaffected of every class and colour, in a few days the whole colony, with the exception of Castries and Morne Fortunè, was in the possession of the enemy.

A short time after the flight of Citoyen Goyraud, and previous to the arrival of Citoyen Victor Hughes, Fortunè Grey appeared before Castries, with a hundred well-armed negroes, his whole body of slaves having remained faithful to their kind and considerate master. The young planter immediately waited on the English commander, and having had an interview with him of some hours' duration, departed that evening, in company with an equal number of English soldiers. On the following morning, the whole British force, under Brigadier-general Stewart, took the road to Soufriere.

St. Lucia is divided into two parts—the leeward and the windward, which, in consequence of the roads being then of the worst kind, were, though separated only by a few miles of rude mountains, very difficult to be communicated with. The journey from Castries to Soufriere was less than fifty miles, and yet three days were required to accomplish it. Ascending the winding road, leading up Morne Fortunè, Grey and his motley force then descended into the valleys of Grand Cul-de-Sac and Roseau, where the road of clay was a perfect quagmire. From thence to Soufriere is the best bridle-road in the island, a considerable portion of it being scarped from the solid rock, shaded by forest trees, and flanked by detached fragments of rock.

Overcoming these difficulties, Fortunè Grey arrived, on the third evening, in a deep wood near the foot of the volcano. He gave orders to his men to rest securely within the shelter of the forest, and on no account to leave it, or in any way give the alarm, until he should return. These commands issued, he crept to the edge of the wood, and ascending a lofty tree, remained in silent contemplation of the republican camp.

It was a brilliant moonlight night, and the whole arid surface of the burning mountain lay before him. Entrenched behind a rude, but well-placed and well-erected breastwork, that left no one weak point open to attack, the insurgents lay tranquilly awaiting the expected attack of the British forces. Their camp-fires were surrounded by groups of chattering negroes, while roughly erected huts and tents served to shelter them from the heavy dew when at rest. Several sentinels paced up and down, while an advanced picket was thrown out to within twenty yards of where Fortunè was concealed. Occasionally a black would emerge from the road which led thence to Castries, and now and then a foraging party came in laden with spoil. Presently, however, all bustle ceased, and the whole camp, the sentinels excepted, was wrapped in profound slumber.

Fortunè Grey, however, moved not, and, wrapping his cloak round his head, resigned himself also to sleep, from which he did not awake until aroused by the loud report of musketry, mingled with hurrahs and yells. Looking forth he saw a column of British infantry gallantly charging up to the insurgent breastworks, while the negroes and whites received them with equal courage.

Fortunè immediately slipped from his tree and headed his men, who were already under arms. To their great surprise he led them from the scene of conflict, and taking the road to Vieux Fort, presently plunged once more into a forest path, leading to the base of the other side of Soufriere. He had not advanced long, when, entering a deep ravine, he was challenged by sentinels.

Deep silence succeeded, and then volley after volley, followed by the heavy tramp of a charge, by which Fortunè Grey endeavoured to force this position. The defence, however, made by the negro insurgents was gallant in the extreme, and the fire from the mouth of a dark cavern, in the side of the ravine, so galling, that a retreat ensued. Again and again the young planter led his men on, and again and again they were driven back by the blacks. At length Grey divided his party, and, secreting one-half behind trees, directed them to keep up a constant fire, while with the rest he headed a charge. A faint resistance was now offered, and the young planter was master of the position.

Commanding his men to secure the prisoners, Grey rushed to the inside of the cavern. At first, by the dim light of a torch, he saw nothing; but presently his eye caught sight of an ancient negress leaning against the wall.

"This is the abode of Citoyen Goyraud!" cried Fortunè, fiercely. "Where is he?"

"Massa at Soufrière—him gone fight for libertee."

"Fortunè! Fortunè!" said a faint voice.

Next moment, the young planter knelt beside the pallet of Marie Roseau—Marie Roseau still—dying from the effect of a chance musket-ball.

"And I am your murderer?" cried Grey, passionately.

"Hush, Fortunè, hush!" said the dying girl. "God is very good to me. I have no time to say much. Listen, then, and do not speak until I have done. I have been dying this half hour; and during that time I have for the first time seen myself. I feel, that while I must blame my dear, kind father for humouring me so much, I have cruelly abused his fondness. Ah, Fortunè, the first time you thwarted me, you acted nobly and wisely; but I was blind, and I hated you for it."

"Oh!" exclaimed Grey, unable to repress his emotion.

"But not now," she added, faintly. "Accustomed to have my way in all things, I felt sympathy with the man who taught me to disobey.

Goyraud was my evil genius. During my journey here, I discovered that my heart had no share in my evasion—that pique and compassion alone urged me. I refused, therefore, to wed Goyraud, and have been a prisoner ever since. Tell my dear father this, Fortunè, and be a son unto him."

In conversation, gradually more heart-broken on the part of the young man, and fainter on that of Marie, one mournful half hour passed, and then, in the cavern of Mountain Soufriere, surrounded by the signs of a bloody struggle, died the spoiled child, a victim to a mistaken sense of kindness. With a different education, taught to control her wishes, and to be guided by reason and prudence, she might have lived a happy wife and proud mother, to gladden the hearth, and cheer the old age of her too fond parent.

Hastily forming a bier, and placing the body upon it, Fortunè ordered his men to march, and making for the highway, to Vieux Fort, reached it in time to join the retreating and defeated British column. The Beauty of Castries was buried on the rocky point of the island within the fort, and all his quiet hopes being interred with it, Grey took service with the British, and died, at an advanced age, a bachelor and a general.

Michel Roseau lived but a few months after his daughter; and Citoyen Goyraud, after governing Saint Lucia for fifteen months, was finally expelled by Sir Ralph Abercrombie and Sir John Moore, and died in exile.

ENJOY THY MAY OF LIFE.

BY EDWARD KENEALY, AUTHOR OF "BRALLAGHAN," ETC.

Those tresses, soft and beautiful as morning;
   Thy teeth that with the pearls may vie in whiteness;
The rosy buds thy milky cheek adorning;
   Those sweet fond eyes, insphering sunny brightness,
Shall not be always so, beloved!—but render
Up to the grasp of Time their dazzling splendour.

Go, seek the garden in the time of roses—
   Of Beauty, in her prime, a type portraying;
Seek it again, when Winter there reposes,
   And the once lovely flowers are all decaying.
So shall it be with *thee*, when Time shall scatter
Years o'er thy head, and all thy roses shatter.

Swifter than hinds, along the meadows flying,
   Fleeter than pards from hounds and hunters leaping,
Time rushes onward, in pursuit undying,
   His track of death with stricken mortals heaping;
Will He who crumbleth monarchs, warriors, nations,
List to a gentle maiden's supplications?

No!—fierce, relentless, blood-stained, on he hasteth,
   Gorged to the throat with spoil of youth and beauty!
Ere then, beloved, thy gentle charms he tasteth,
   Hearken—oh! hearken unto love's sweet duty!
Fondly thine arms of snow around me twining,
Enjoy thy May of life while May is shining.

CITADEL AND PALACE OF HARUN AL RASHID.

BY W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH.

Castle of Ja'bir—Station in the Forest—Great Reach of Euphrates—Locustrades—Ruins of Rákká and Ráfiká—Citadel and Palace of Hárún al Ráshíd—Arabian Astronomers—Callinicus of the Greeks and Romans.

At this season of the year (the first days in May), the sun began to make its genial glow sensible to ourselves and to all animated nature. I have already remarked that young boars and foxes were running about; juvenile locusts, an inch in length, were migrating in crescent shaped bodies; great Larvæ, incipient states of perfect insects, and not the spirits of wicked men deceased, with long forked tails, were out upon the river, delighting themselves in the swiftest parts of the current, or sporting in the eddies.

It was also curious, after the lapse of a few hot days, to observe the busy ants establishing open galleries in their earthen mounds, which had been converted by the flood into domes of clay; the long-legged beetles of the desert (Pimeliæ), which had also been buried under water, came out again after a few days' sun in full activity; and, strangest of all, a centipede I had put into spirits in October, although lacerated and almost blanched, also shewed symptoms of revival when exposed to the sun. Beneath its powerful beams life appeared to team forth in every direction; no wonder that in early times, on the Nile and on the Euphrates, the orb of day was worshipped as the principle of vivification.

The Tigris steamer quitted the station near Ba'lis, on the 3rd of May, and was followed by the steamer Euphrates on the morning of Saturday the 7th. The banks of the river were, at starting, low and pastoral, with occasional jungle of tamarisk; but we soon reached low cliffs, near which we must have passed unobserved, the ruins of Athis, placed by the Tables at twelve Roman miles beyond Ba'lis.

Beyond, a range of loftier hills made their appearance, on the Syrian side of the river, and caused the stream to take an easterly bend, which it preserved till it came in contact with other hills on the Mesopotamian side, on one of which, detached from the rest, and which advanced on the plain, as an isolated mound, were ruins of an ancient castle. The Syrian hills, called by the Arabs Abú Bárá, were woodless, and had a tame outline, with an elevation of from five to six hundred feet; there were one or two sheikh's tombs and towers upon the crest of the range. These hills terminated somewhat abruptly, at a low alluvial plain, which was cultivated by the Wúldá Arabs, and the corn being in ear, the land appeared to be extremely productive.

We found the Tigris lying at this point, and we also brought to for a short time, on the Syrian side; I took advantage of the delay thus afforded, to start with Mr. Thomson to the Abú Bárá hills, which were found to be composed of marles and gypsum. The castellated ruins on the Mesopotamian side were not visited; they appeared to consist of ruined walls and towers, which crowned a rock terrace of gypsum, itself supported by sloping and shingly acclivities of more friable marles.

This was the Kal'ahi Ja'bir of the Wúldá Arabs, who attributed its building to Alexander the Great. But its history is better known, for, although also called Kal'ahi Ja'bir by the Ayyubite geographer, (Abulphedæ Tabulæ Syriæ, p. 65, and 130,) we learn from Golius that it was called Dausér, after its founder, a follower, or freedman, of one of the Mundars. This, as we shall subsequently see that the same place was visited by Julian, in A.D. 362, must have been one of the first princes of that dynasty, who, under their first king, designated as Malik, "the king," κατ' ἐξοχην, subdued the territory of Irak or Babylonia from the Persians, about A.D. 210. The conquests on the Euphrates and Tigris were, however, only consolidated by his successors, Judaimah and Amrú I.; the last of whom distinguished himself by surprising the strongly fortified, and highly embellished city of Al Hadhr, in the Mesopotamian desert, and then governed by a heroine of the name of Zábbá, as the contemporary city of Tadmúr, or Palmyra, in the Syrian desert, had also been ruled by a princess, and, like Hadhr or Atra, was distinguished by the beauty and richness of its architectural decorations.

Stephanus, of Byzantium, also notices the castle by the name of Dausara; and it is related of the Emperor Julian, by his historian, Ammianus Marcellinus, that on quitting Charræ, he made a pretence as if he were going towards the Tigris, but, turning suddenly to the right, he reached Dauana, "a presidential castle," "*unde ortus Belias fluvius funditur in Euphrates*," which may allude to some small stream unobserved by us (or at least by myself,) which here joins the Euphrates; and which deduction is corroborated by the analogy of name; by the fact that Julian would have been anxious to join his fleet, left at the port of Hierapolis, as soon as possible; and by its being related of him (Ammian. Marcellinus, lib. xxiii. c. vi.), that he attained Callinicum, the day after reaching Dauana or Dawana. The "*Equites Mauri Illyricani Dabanæ*," are mentioned in the Notitiæ Imperii, as under the Duke of Osroene; and Procopius, (lib. ii. c. iv.) enumerates the castle of *Dabanas* among others.

It is recorded in history that Sulimán, chief of the Ughuz Turks, who was drowned in the Euphrates, was buried at this spot; and hence D'Herbelot says it was called Mízári Turk. Knolles, in his history of the Turks, calls it Ziebar Cala, and relates that it had previously been reduced by Sulimán, after whose burial there, it was called Mezari-Zuruc. (See also History of the Growth and Decay of the Ottoman Empire, by Demetrius Cantemir, Prince of Moldavia, translated by Tindall, London, 1734, p. 5.)

Sultan Selim, in one of his numerous expeditions, is said to have erected a mausoleum at the spot where the remains of his great ancestor reposed. A monastery of Durwíshes was also founded at the same place by the sheikh, Abú Bekr.

For the first time since the navigation of the Euphrates commenced, the two steamers started from Ja'bir together. The bed of the river was so free, and its waters generally so deep, that the precaution hitherto taken, of sending on a boat a-head to take soundings, was dispensed with; but the Tigris, which only drew eighteen inches water, took the lead at some short distance, so that in case she passed over a shoal, not feasible to the larger steamer, which drew three feet water, a signal to that effect might be communicated.

The hilly district of Ja'bir and Abú Bárrá, was soon left behind, and we entered upon a low, wooded district, with an undulating country of alternate greensward and gravel beyond; and having navigated the river without any accident, till the approach of evening, we then brought to in a narrow and deep channel, wooded on the Mesopotamian, and having a thickly wooded islet, and the main bed of the river beyond, on the Syrian side.

These woods in which we lay to, and amid which, the next day (May 8th), being Sunday, we continued to repose ourselves, were (although chiefly composed of tamarix, and a dense undergrowth of climbing and creeping plants) viewed by the Arabs, to whom trees are unfamiliar objects, as magnificent forests, and spoken of as such. The few trees that flourished were wild mulberries, very scarce, but becoming abundant below Rákká, and still more especially a silvery lanceolate-leaved poplar, whose seed-vessels were covered with a kind of cottony substance, in the summer months, of which the Arabs made excellent bedding. Paper has also been made from this cotton down. The tree is called Gharab by the Arabs, and must apparently be the same that is so frequently referred to in Holy writ, as that on which the daughters of Zion hung their harps, when—

> "Down by Euphrates' side they sat and wept
> In sorrow mute, but not to memory dead;"

for on no part of the river did we meet with the willow, still less that beautiful tree, consecrated to poetry, as the Babylonian or weeping willow. The latter is, however, a native of Persia, and may formerly have been cultivated in Babylonia. The most admired British kinds were introduced by Pope, who, observing that some rods, employed in a package which came from Spain, appeared as if they had some vegetation, planted a cutting in his garden at Twickenham, and it produced the willow-tree, that has given birth to so many others.

Beneath these few trees was a dense undergrowth of tamarix, brambles, prickly evergreen, climbing asparaginæ, box-thorn (Lycium), jasmin, and—

> "The clematis, the favour'd flower
> Which boasts the name of Virgin's bower."

And these were so intertwined, as often to render the wood impervious; the sharp spines with which some of these plants were provided, were also the cause of my accidentally obtaining, while roaming about in search of objects of natural history, a new and curious small quadruped of the Gerbillus genus, a species of which has already been described by the Russian naturalist, Pallas, as inhabiting tamarix woods. This poor creature had been transfixed through the tail by a powerful thorn, and having fallen, probably in its efforts to extricate itself, had been unable to regain the branch, and must thus have suffered a lingering and painful death. It is evident, that if it had not fallen in the endeavour to turn round, it could easily have ridded itself of this singular attachment. This was a much larger animal than that described by Pallas, being seventeen inches in length.

We were also much amused, and indeed, somewhat surprised at finding the domestic sparrow—so particularly the frequenter of human habitations—living as a social bird in these unfrequented forests, the silence of which was broken by their cheerful chirping.

At this period of the navigation, there was something exceedingly interesting in every new station we came to. No one was precisely like the other. Generally, in the course of the day's descent, we came to some town, or castle, or ruined city ; but when, as on the present occasion, chance threw us into the solitude of a wide-spreading lonely forest, we were far from being insensible to the charms of such a position. Surrounded by woods into whose depths the eye could not peer, and over whose luxuriant extent of growth it could not reach, and shut up, as it were, in the very deepest recesses of the great river, there was still something pleasing in thus feeling ourselves detached from the rest of the world, and left in communion with nature alone.

Monday evening, the 9th of May, the steamer dropped down the river, free of the woods, and brought to for a short time along some gravelly banks, in the holes of which the Nubian geese were at this season of the year nestling. From hence Colonel Chesney and myself, accompanied by the pilot and two seamen, started in an open boat to visit the renowned pass of Thapsacus, still called the ford of the Badawíns.

We had not descended far, before the river began to widen considerably, and taking an abrupt turn eastward, with an average width of about eight hundred yards, it had more the appearance of an inland lake, than of a river.

Thipsach of old, "from whence Solomon had dominion over all the regions on this side the river, even to Gazzah," (1 Kings, iv. 24,) now, like Nineveh and Resen, only marked by a line of low mounds disposed in the form of an irregular parallelogram, stood at one extremity of this sheet of water; Rákká, the "tribute to victory" of Alexander the Great, stood at the other. The banks undulated gently on the Syrian side, but were low and level on the Mesopotamian, out of which rose the tall towers of the Castle of Aráklá, ancient Zenodotium, marking the line of continuation on that side of the ancient road and causeway, which led from Palmyra, by the marble city of Resapha, to this the most renowned of all the passes of Euphrates. In the centre flowed the mighty stream, its waters deep and tranquil, as they swept onwards, to quote the old historian, Pliny, when speaking of this very spot—"to quit the Palmyrean solitudes for the fertile Mygdonia." Nearly in mid-channel was a bold naked mass of rock, somewhat like the Káyá Bábá, or father rock at the iron gates of the Danube. It is called Hájár Rásásí, or leaden stone, by the Arabs, possibly from iron clamps having been affixed to it by lead, in ancient times.

After spending some time in examining a point so full of the deepest historical interest as the place of passage of the armies of Xerxes, of Cyrus the younger, of Darius, of Alexander, and of Crassus, and where the Sultan Suliman perished, (see Ainsworth's Magazine, No. 13,) the approach of the steamers caused us to hurry to the boat. It was indeed a pleasing spectacle, standing as we were, upon the sunny banks of those old ruins, with the wide expanse of waters before us, to see those two steamers coming onwards with such apparent ease, and as if rejoicing in their novel and proud career. The Euphrates was on this occasion a-head, and so rapid was its progress, assisted by the current, that although several miles off, when we took to the boat we soon despaired of reaching the opposite side of the river in time, and began to contemplate intercepting the Tigris, when she lay to, and we got safely on board.

A brief navigation of this noble reach of the Euphrates brought us to its easterly termination, where the walls and towers of Rákká, "the place liable to inundations," and the Citadel of Hárún al Ráshíd, rose above groves of poplars ; while the more humble ruins of Ráfíká, "the retreat," peered from the grassy lands. We brought to here for the night, and a little below the same spot, the river Bilecna, coming from the rich territories of Haran and Sarúj, flowed amidst wood and jungle into the Euphrates.

Early next morning, I started alone across the groves which lined the banks of the river, towards the ruins which were on the skirt of what was now a desert, sandy wilderness. I soon found my progress arrested by a canal or ditch, about thirty feet wide, which had, however, failed to stop a swarm of locusts.

From being an inch in length at Bá'lis, they were now an inch and six-eighths, and the wings advanced another eighth beyond the body; all that had arrived first, were drowned, till they formed a bridge of carcasses over which others advanced to meet with a similar fate, and at the same time extend the insect bridge till it would carry the remainder right across the water. The Euphrates, which lay beyond, must,however, have been an insuperable barrier even to these myriad columns of insect life. This spring, Ibráhím Páshá, to whom the welfare of Syria was a real consideration, although he occasionally took Oriental methods of insuring it; took it into his head to carry on a war of extermination against the locusts ; for this purpose he compelled the aid of all the inhabitants of Aleppo, assisted by a garrison of 15,000 men. The bazars were closed the markets, neglected, and every one was obliged to join in the insect warfare. This will remind the classical reader, that in Cyrenaica the law enjoined three annual LOCUSTRADES; the first for the extinction of eggs, the second against the young, and the third against the perfect insect. In the island of Lemnos, it was even determined by law, what measure each inhabitant should bring. It is curious to think what European civilization would do, if in possession of the fertile regions of the East, to arrest the devastations of these insects; certainly not like the Romans of old, have recourse to the sybil; it appears that the eggs are deposited in autumn in very limited spaces, and the young are also at first so collected together, that it would be possible at that time to poison hosts.

Having, however, got round this canal, I soon reached the walls of the citadel. They were double, the outer one being lower than the inner, which alone was embattled. They were built of mud and sun-dried bricks, and surrounded on the outside by a moat, in which there was no water. With my compass in hand, I now began to pace the outside of this once flourishing fortress, during which operation I was much diverted by the number of jackals and foxes that dwelt in the ditch and adjacent ruins. Occasionally the young were playing at the entrance of their holes, into which they had instinct enough to retreat with great celerity at my approach ; at another time, Talib Yusuf, or "the scribe, Joseph," as the Arabs sometimes designate the jackal, from its cunning, or some aged and grey-coated fox, would find himself, by the sharp turn of a corner, unexpectedly in close contact with me. On these occasions the surprise was always so great as to bring the animal to a stand-still, and the open mouth, erect ears, and eyes scintillating with dismay, infallibly created a laugh at poor Reynard's expense, from which he would slily withdraw himself, with his tail between his legs.

I found the figure of the fortress to be that of an irregular decagon, having ten sides of unequal length ; that part of the wall which fronted the river being the most extensive, and having a length of 1430 yards. The two extremities of this frontage on the south-east and south-west angles, were occupied by circular towers, sixty-four yards in circumference. There were apparently four gateways. The one at the south-east angle was an ornamental Saracenic structure, thirty-two feet in front, having eight niches in the walls, and a doorway nine feet in width. At the northern gateway, was an Imám, or mausoleum, the base of which was a pentagonal tower, having a super-imposed structure, like an assemblage of pillars. The arch alone remained of a third gateway.

All traces of dwelling-houses except what was level with the ground had disappeared from the interior of the citadel or fortress, but there still remained the ruins of some rather remarkable public edifices.

The first to which I directed myself were the ruins of a saraï, or palace, afterwards ascertained to be that of Hárún al Ràshíd. Although very ruinous, it was a beautiful remnant of a polygonal building, of some architectural taste and rich decoration. In the interior, tapering columns rose half up the height of the building, and then sprang off with groined arches, with all the lightness and grace of our best Gothic structures on a small scale. The whole of the interior was beautifully ornamented with arabesques and fret-work of exquisite tracery, but fast crumbling into dust, and it had been at its best but a humble dwelling for so renowned a Khalif.

A short distance from the saraï, was a group of ruins of greater extent, which were distinguished by eleven arches still standing, supported by pilasters ; and close by which was a Minár or tower, faced with coloured tiles, except at the base, which was ornamented with round pilasters of marble, with capitals of alabaster. This tower was fifty-eight feet high, and had an interior staircase. These were probably ruins of a madrasah or college, and its associated place of worship. There were also ruins of a temple, or other public building, at the western angle.

Without the walls, at the south-west corner, were the ruins of a detached Saracenic castle, and beyond this the remains of a winter residence of the Arabs. There were also ruins of a Khan or Caravanserai at the south-eastern gate, and beyond this, more extensive ruins, which comprised a modern musjid or mosque, in the heart of an extensive burial-ground, to which a vast number of hewn stones, capitals of columns, and other fragments, had been removed, to decorate the graves of Al Fadhli Arabs. Not far from the mosque was a square tower, similar to the one at Haran. These latter ruins belonged to Ráfìká "the retreat."

When, after pacing round the outside of the city, I first entered into its interior, the wild beasts, its usual tenants, had taken flight; and there only remained a few hawks, blue crows, and bee-eaters ; while here and there monitors of great size stole about among the ruins : the distant parapet was at the same time lined with innumerable storks, which had assembled from the neighbouring marshes, to watch the unaccustomed visitor. The peculiarity of my position, alone, amidst such an extent of ruins, and watched and distrusted by everything around, made itself sensibly felt. Probably centuries had now elapsed, since a civilized man had trod within these once favoured precincts, whose brightest epoch was contemporaneous with the dark ages in Europe, and which suggested memories that lead almost involuntarily from the past, to the hopeful contemplation of the resuscitation which futurity might yet have in store for these once fortunate and flourishing countries ; or is it—once dead, for ever dead ? And do the lessons of history, and the sepulchral monuments of by-gone ages, lend their corroboration to the cheerless philosophy of a magnetic civilization, or a geological succession of dominating powers ?

In the afternoon of the same day, I again visited the ruins, in company with Colonel Chesney and a Múllah, or priest, who called himself Isma'l, of the tribe of Rámmál Dar, and who had been discovered living in the Masgíd of Ráfíká. He pointed out the ruins of the palace, as being that of Hárún al Ráshíd, the northern gate, or that of Taïnur the Tatar, the mausoleum, as a place of pilgrimage, sacred to Abú, also called Wásíl Káráni, and the central tower he called that of Sheïkh Awabú. He also pointed out inscriptions on the castle, which recorded that it was rebuilt and strengthened by Sultan Sulimán, son of Selim ; and at another point, Arabic letters equivalent in figures to the year 1090 of the Hegrah.

This Sulimán, son of Selim, reigned in the early part of the sixteenth century, and he is considered to have been one of the greatest of the Osmanli sultans. Besides his Hungarian wars, he was engaged in thirteen Asiatic campaigns, and he gave to the empire the greatest extent it ever attained.

The citadel had been reduced before this epoch by Taïmar the great invader of anterior Asia, but so great was its strength, that tradition relates that he was obliged to have recourse to stratagem, and that, feigning to take his departure from a prolonged and unsuccessful siege, he left behind him camels supposed to be laden only with some superfluous baggage, such as a discomfited army no longer cared to trouble itself with, but which in reality concealed soldiery, and who being taken into the city, opened the gate at night to the Tatar. It would be curious to know if this very ingenious and always felicitous proceeding, and which dates as far back as the siege of Troy, would meet with similar and ever attendant success in modern times ?

This citadel, with its contained palace, college, and tombs, owes its origin to the Khalif Hárún al Ráshíd, who, says Golius, "built here a splendid citadel where he was accustomed to dwell with great delight." It was called Rákká, "the white," or "the illustrious," because there was another lower down, called Rákká, "the dark or obscure," a large village, abounding with gardens, and which was one farsakh distant. This we did not visit. The name Rákká appears to have been given to the site in question from its being exposed to occasional inundations. The Khalif al Mámum, added the suburb called Ráfíka, said to have been built after the plan of Bagdad, and scarcely one-third of a mile distant from Rákká, so that the tower and masjid, a little eastward of the citadel, apparently belonged to Al Mamún's quarter. Rákká became a favourite place of residence with the khalifs in their most brilliant times, when the arts, literature, and sciences, were kept alive and diffused from the Arabian court, and when the chivalrous enthusiasm with which Múhammad had inspired his nation had not yet begun to decline under voluptuousness and the love of enjoyment.

It was at this epoch the centre of the Arabian astronomical observations; and hence it afterwards became the point selected by the astronomer of Batan or Batnæ, (Al Batani or Albategnus,)* as being exactly in the parallel of thirty-six degrees, from whence to commence his celebrated astronomical tables. Other astronomers, we learn from Golius, in his commentary on the astronomy of Al Fírgání, add a trifle to this figure—'Ibn Yunuz, one minute, and Ibn Shátir, three minutes. In the tables of Nasr-ud-dín, and of 'Ali Bay, Rákká is placed exactly in thirty-six degrees. D'Anville remarks that this difference shows that repeated observations were made, and that the discrepancies may arise from the places at which they were taken.

The true position of Rákká was then one of great interest to astronomers, and this was still further increased by the fact of its being nearly in the same parallel as the adjacent pass of Euphrates, and which was placed by Eratosthenes on his celebrated "Diaphragm of Rhodes." This learned keeper of the Alexandrian library under Ptolemy Evergetes, was the first, it is well known, to introduce a systematic arrangement on principles of approximate correctness, into the geographical science of the ancients. The foundation of his system was the protraction of an imaginary parallel between the thirty-sixth and thirty-seventh degrees of latitude from the pillars of Hercules, at the western extremity of this line, to the further limits of Asia upon the east. This diaphragm was carried in the assumed parallel of thirty-six degrees, twenty-one minutes, by Sicily, Rhodes, Gulf of Issus, Thapsacus, Nineveh, and Ecbatana, to the Caspian gates; and from it, he proposed to mark off the longitudinal measurements of the known world.

Ptolemy, it is to be observed, places Nikephorum (Rákká) inlatitude thirty-five degrees, twenty minutes, and longitude, seventy-five degrees, five minutes. Now the observations of Lieutenant Murphy, the astronomer of the expedition, placed this important station in north latitude thirty-five degrees, fifty-five minutes, thirty-five seconds; and east longitude thirty-nine degrees, three minutes, fifty-eight seconds, being only five minutes, twenty-five seconds, south of the position attributed to it by the Arabian astronomers, but at variance with the position attributed to it by the Alexandrian geographer; as well as considerably south of the Diaphragm of Rhodes, which would rather cut the Euphrates at the Zeugma, or bridge of Hierapolis; but as we find most of the other positions on the same diaphragm to approximate closely to the assumed latitude, we cannot but be led to suppose that the Zeugma of Hierapolis was the Thapsacus or pass held in view by Eratosthenes.

D'Anville, who, in his map, has adopted the parallel of the Arabian geographers for Rákká, has by previous errors of construction, placed all the portions of the river, from this pass of Hierapolis, southwards of this parallel, and then brought the river to flow in a northerly direction up to Rákká—a proceeding not at all corresponding to what is observed by the river Euphrates itself.

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* Muhammad Ibn Ja'bir, Ibn Sinán, Abú Abdullah, according to Gayangos, and as D'Herbelot also calls him Muhammad Ben Giaber; it would appear that that name was derived from the neighbouring castle of Ja'bir. As Albategnus is the Latinized form common to the middle ages, of his other surname, Al Batani, from Seruj, afterwards Batan and Batnæ, in Mesopotamia, where he was born. He, however, generally resided at Rákká, when he began his astronomical observations in A.D. 877, and continued them till his death. He is highly spoken of by Dr. Halley, as "vir admirandi acuminis ac in administrandis observationibus exercitatissimus." The best account of his works will be found in the Biographical Dictionary of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, and the new Supplement to the Penny Cyclopædia.

The Arabian geographers, Abú-al-fadá and 'Idrísí, state that Rákká was called by the Greeks, Balanicos, for which "misprint," as Williams calls it in his work on the campaigns of Alexander, "read Kalinicos." D'Anville calls it an error of the copyists, and Abú-l-fáráj has it Kalinicos.

These combined testimonies leave no doubt as to the identity of the Rákká of the Khalifat, with the Callinicus or Callinicum of the Greeks and Romans, which was a city equally distinguished by its strength as a fortress, the advantages of its situation, and its suitability for purposes of commerce.

Founded by Alexander the Great, according to Pliny (vi. c. 26), because of the advantages of its situation, the genius evidenced in such a selection has never been hitherto noticed. But situated on the Mesopotamian side of the most central pass of the Euphrates, and at the point of junction of the Bilecha with that river, it opened in a country where water is as necessary to a merchant or a caravan, as it is to an army, an easy line of access into the heart of Mesopotamia, and hence to all the territories of further Asia. The merchants of Syria and Egypt proceeded in patriarchal times by Tadmor, to the Euphrates at Thapsacus, from whence they proceeded by Ecbatana to the Caspian Gates. The country around was dotted with cities, among which were Resáphas, Sura, Anthemusia, Alama, with a royal mansion, and Ichnæ, leading the way to Saruj and Harran, of which scarcely one is tenanted in the present day, and even the sites of many unexplored.

Embellished according to Procopius, (lib. ii. de Œdif. cap. 7,) at the same time as Carrhœ, it was here that Galerius took refuge after his unsuccessful combat, fought, like that of Crassus, upon the banks of the Bilecha ; and Julian arrived at the same place from Davana, at a time when his historians (Ammianus Marcellinus, xx. iii. and Zozimus, iii. xiii.) describe it as "a strong fortress admirably adapted for commercial purposes."

Some difference of opinion exists as to the origin of its name. Valesius, in a note attached to Ammianus, says that Libanus in a letter to Aristœnetus, relates that Callinicum was so called, because Callinicus the Sophist was slain there. This Callinicus lived, according to Suidas, in the reign of Gallienus ; but others have remarked upon the improbability of a city being named after a private individual, "*quod mireris a privato homine urbem nomem accepisse*," and the statement of the Sophist, Libanus, is fully disproved by the fact mentioned in the Chronicles of Alexander, as quoted by Cellarius, (p. 714,) that Seleucus Callinicus built Callinicopolis, in Mesopotamia. It must, however, have had a foundation previously, as Alexander is described by Pliny and by Isidorus of Charax, as founding, after his successful passage of Euphrates, at this point, a city, which he called "the tribute to victory," (Nikephorum.) It preserves this name in Strabo, Tacitus, and Dio Cassius ; but Cellarius, who speaks of Nicephorum as "*nobilius et a pluribus laudatum*," treats of that city and of Callinicus apart; but the balance of testimony is in favour, as D'Anville has admitted, of the identity of the two.

It appears from the testimony of Stephanus of Byzantium, that it was also called, in the middle ages, Constantina, or, according to Suidas, Constantia; and it also appears, from the notices collected by Wesseling, that it was, in the beginning of the tenth century, and in the time of Constantine Porphyrogenotes, named after his father, (Leo, the philosopher,) Leontopolis. Proof enough, at all events, with the fact, that in the "Ecclesiastical Notices of the Low Empire," it is mentioned with Carrhœ, Batnæ, and Birtha, as one of four episcopacies under the metropolis of Edessa; that, from the time of Alexander, and under each successive dominating power, Macedonians, Romans, Byzantines, Persians, Khalifs, Turks, and Tatars, it never ceased to be regarded as a site of importance, until, with the decadence of a prostrate and nerveless power, it has been allowed to fall into ruin and desolation.

ON THE POETRY OF HISTORY.

BY THOMAS WRIGHT.

Many writers have undertaken to build romance upon history, but few, except those who have occupied themselves with researches into its sources, are aware how much of history itself is nothing more than legend and romance. In the first place, much which appears as serious matter of fact will not bear a close examination. Facts are conveyed to us, through the chroniclers of the time, disfigured by the prejudices of religious and political partisans, or exaggerated in their passage from one relater to another. The history of England abounds in stories of this kind, the falsity of which is only discovered from time to time in accidental researches. A singular instance was pointed out, some time ago, by Mr. Hunter, who was enabled to correct it, by discovering the original rolls of accounts relating to the event which was the subject of it. One of the persons most deeply implicated in the murder of King Edward the Second, in Berkley Castle, was Sir Thomas de Gournay, who subsequently made his escape to the Continent. One of our latest historians, Dr. Lingard, tells the sequel of his story thus: "Gournay fled into Spain, and was apprehended by the magistrates of Burgos. At the request of the King of England, he was examined by them, in the presence of an English envoy. What disclosures he made were kept secret: but we may suppose that they implicated persons of high rank, as the messengers who had him in charge received orders to behead him at sea, on his way to England." This is the account of Gournay's fate given by all historians, and founded upon contemporary writers: he was said to have accused Queen Isabella, and some of the more influential of her partisans. But we learn from Mr. Hunter's documents, that Gournay, having been set at liberty by the authorities of Burgos, was finally captured at Naples; and we have the account of expenditure by the persons who had him in charge during the whole of their journey, until they appeared before King Edward in England. They carried Gournay first, by sea, to Aigues-Mortes, and thence to Perpignan, and they were then obliged, by accidental circumstances, to shape their course through Spain, and so to Bayonne, and Bordeaux. During this journey, large sums are frequently paid to physicians for attending the prisoner, which proves both that he was labouring under severe illness, and that his guardians were anxious to carry him home alive. At Bayonne, we find the last payments to physicians, and their payments for embalming his body, so that he died there, and his body was brought thence to Bordeaux, and afterwards to England. Thus the common account of his death is a mere fabrication. This, however, is rather the fable than the poetry of history.

Strict historical truth has received injury from another source. During the middle ages, an immense number of romantic stories floated from country to country, and from mouth to mouth. These frequently took a colouring from place and circumstances, became located, and are handed down to us as historical facts. The first example of this kind of location of stories which presents itself, is the well known incident of the death of Henry the Fourth of England, who died in the Jerusalem chamber, it having been foretold that he should end his days in Jerusalem. Shakspeare has adapted this incident with great effect:

> "K. Hen. Doth any name particular belong
> Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?
> War. '*Tis call'd Jerusalem*, my noble lord.
> K. Hen. Laud be to God!—even there my life must end.
> It hath been prophesied to me many years,
> I should not die but in Jerusalem;
> Which vainly I supposed the Holy Land;—
> But bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie—
> In that Jerusalem shall Harry die."

This story had been told of other persons long before the time of Henry the Fourth. Pope Sylvester II.—the famous Gerbert—who was the subject of many a legend in after-times, died at the beginning of the eleventh century. Among other things, he is said to have had recourse to supernatural agency, in order to foreknow the length of his life, and was told that he should not die until he entered Jerusalem. Satisfied with this answer, he followed his worldly pursuits in perfect security, until one day, while performing divine service in a church in Rome, which he had never entered before, he was suddenly seized with sickness, and, accidentally inquiring the name of the church, he was told that it was popularly called Jerusalem. The pope immediately confessed himself, and prepared for death. This tale is not only told of other persons, but it appears in a variety of forms. According to a story of the fourteenth century, a certain person consulted the devil, and received for answer that he should not die until *he entered into a glove.* He soon afterwards came to the town of *Gaunt* (Ghent), and there he died.

It is wonderful how many stories of this class have crept into our history. The following occurs in a Latin manuscript, and appears to be at least as old as the thirteenth century. A wealthy English baron, who had extensive possessions in England and Wales, had three sons; when lying on his death-bed, he called them to him, and said—"If you were compelled to become birds, tell me what bird each of you would choose to resemble?" The eldest said, "I would be a hawk, because it is a noble bird, and lives by rapine." The second said, "I would be a starling, because it is a social bird, and flies in coveys." The youngest said, "And I would be a swan, because it has a long neck, so that if I had anything in my heart to say, I should have plenty of time for reflection before it came to my mouth." When the father had heard them, he said to the first, "Thou, my son, as I perceive, desirest to live by rapine: I give thee my possessions in England, because it is a land of peace and justice, and thou canst not rob in it with impunity." To the second, he said, "Because thou lovest society, to thee I give my possessions in Wales, which is a land of discord and war, in order that thy courtesy may soften down the malice of the natives." And to the younger, "To thee I give no land at all, because thou art wise, and will gain enough by thy wisdom." And as he foretold, the youngest son profited by his wisdom, and became chief justice of England, which, in those times, was the next dignity to that of king. An old chronicler tells a similar story of William the Conqueror. The monarch was one day pensive and thoughtful; his wise men inquired the cause; and he stated that he wished to know what would be the fate of his sons after his death. The wise men consulted together, and at length it was proposed that they should put questions separately to the three princes, who were then young. The first who entered the room was Robert, (afterwards known by the surname of Courthose.) "Fair sir," said one of the wise men, "answer me a question: if God had made you a bird, what bird would you wish to have been?" Robert answered, "A hawk, because it resembles most a courteous and valiant knight." William Rufus next entered, and his answer to the same question was, "I would be an eagle, because it is a strong and powerful bird, and feared by all other birds, and therefore it is king over them all." Lastly, came the younger brother Henry, who had received a learned education, and was on that account known by the surname of Beauclerc. His choice was a starling, "because it is a debonnair and simple bird, and gains its living without injury to any one, and never seeks to rob or grieve its neighbour." The wise men returned immediately to the king. Robert, they said, would be bold and valiant, and would gain renown and honour, but he would finally be overcome by violence, and die in a prison; William would be powerful and strong as the eagle, but feared and hated for his cruelty and violence, until he ended a bad life by an equally bad death; but Henry would be wise and prudent, peaceful unless when compelled to war; he would gain wide lands, and die in peace. When King William lay on his death-bed, he remembered the saying of his wise men, and bequeathed Normandy to Robert, England to William, and his own treasures, without land, to his youngest son Henry, who eventually became king of both countries, and reigned long and prosperously.

King Alfred's visit to the Danish camp in disguise of a harper, is another story of this kind. The same stratagem is said to have been re-acted a few years later, the parties being reversed, where one of the Danish chieftains, before the battle of Brunanburh, visited in the same disguise the camp of King Athelstan. This was a very common story in the middle ages, and is found applied to a multitude of persons, in history as well as in romance. In fact, in the early romances, no disguise is so frequently used by a spy, as that of a minstrel; because the minstrel was a sort of neutral personage, who was allowed to pass everywhere—he was thus, also, the chief popular instrument of conveying news from one country to another.

Such stories as these are highly poetical; they are not history, yet they enliven the otherwise dry pages of the annalist, without detracting, in any important degree, from his truth. They have become thus located, because they are characteristic of the person on whom they are fixed, and they may be considered as a form in which popular feeling has enregistered its opinion of the individual. These may truly be termed the poetry of history.

Popular tradition generally misrepresents the actions, but not the character of its hero, who is soon enlisted into a number of fabulous or half-fabulous adventures. If humility be joined with his bravery, he becomes the hero of such tales as that of King Alfred watching the cotter's cakes, and submitting to insult and scorn from the ill-tempered housewife; if only brave, we find him slaying lions and dragons; if pious, his life is a series of miracles. Here we have the source of many a purely poetic narrative, which makes its way into the pages of the historian, to puzzle those who try, in vain, to measure the degree of absolute truth which they would fain detect in it. It is surprising how soon historical personages become invested with romantic attributes, which often originated in popular songs.

The popular mythology of the people also had its influence. Thus the legend of mighty princes, carried away from the earth, to be restored in future ages, exists in the historical traditions of all countries. The German peasant still looks forward to the reappearance of the Emperor Frederic, as a few ages ago the Welsh and Bretons expected the return of King Arthur. Long after the battle of Hastings there were men who believed that King Harold had escaped from the slaughter, and this tradition has been a matter of discussion in our days. In the latter part of the sixteenth century, the Portuguese believed that King Sebastian had not perished in the fatal expedition against the Moors; but that he was still living in disguise among his native mountains. Even recently there were people in France who looked forward to the resuscitation of Napoleon.

The influence of this poetic creativeness, if we may use such a word, not only pervades all parts of our national history, but contributed largely to the formation of an interesting class of particular histories, of which unfortunately but few specimens remain. These are the half historical and half romantic lives of persons, the memory of whose actions, or whose fate, had made them notorious. They contain at once all the different classes of poetic fiction which are above enumerated as being scattered over the pages of general history; yet they, without doubt, give us a true picture of the individual, and of the character of his age,—far truer than that furnished by the annalist or by the critical historian. One of the most remarkable histories of this class, is the life of the Saxon Hereward, who held out for several years, with a band of followers, against the Norman Conqueror, in the wild marshy districts of Ely and Peterborough, and whose marvellous adventures were collected and woven into a narrative early in the twelfth century; for the compiler speaks of having conversed with those who had been personally acquainted with his hero. He confesses that many of his stories had been preserved in a poetical form, and we know, from other authorities, that the adventures of Hereward were the ordinary subject of popular songs during the greater part of the twelfth century. Some parts of the life of Hereward are undoubtedly fabulous; but we cannot hesitate in regarding the whole story as a true picture of the struggle between the last of the Saxon heroes and the oppressors of his country. We have two similar histories of personages who flourished in the reign of King John: one, an outlawed baron—a true Robin Hood—named Fulke Fitz-Warine; the other, a renegade monk employed by John, who was believed to have had dealings with the evil one, and who was popularly known by the name of Eustache the Monk.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF CREATION.*

THE vestiges of the natural history of creation are limited to certain gaseous bodies, simple combustibles, and metallic bases, which are the elementary constituents of all the solid, fluid, and aerial matters, that enter into the formation of the terrestrial globe, and of its circumambient atmosphere.

The existence, within our own astral system, of nebulous bodies, in all the varieties of clusters of nuclei, with nebulous matter around each nucleus; of luminous spherical objects, bright in the centre, and dull towards the extremities; and of nebulous stars in every stage of concentration, down to that state in which only a common star is discernible, having a *bur* around it, easily leads those whose imagination travels in advance of that positive demonstration upon which philosophy and science can alone depend, to believe that new planets, new suns, and, to go a little further, whole astral systems may be in the daily progress of formation. There is nothing in such speculations that involves an impossibility, but they belong to those tendencies of the imaginative faculty which are always ready to seduce learning into philosophical extravagance, and are positive deviations from that path of severe, laborious, and inductive science, which

> " from Creation's face
> Enchantment's veil withdraws."

From fifty-four to fifty-five substances have been discovered as constituent materials of the earth, which are, in the present state of science, considered as elementary; but science is probably in a state of infancy upon such a subject, more especially in what concerns the simple combustibles, which modern research tends to disclose as themselves compounds of more elementary gases. But the materials which appear to have played a prominent part in the first solidification of the globe are few in number. Oxygen alone forms one-half of the entire mass: in its combination with nitrogen, it constitutes atmospheric air; with hydrogen, water; and with a few metallic bases, the earths and alkalis.

Chemistry goes no further: whence these elements came remains a secret with the great Creator of all things—impervious even to star-eyed science, and over which no possible additional light can be thrown, by asserting that this globe is, as respects its constituent matter, and the physical and chemical laws governing it, a specimen of all the similarly-placed bodies in space—a kind of rotatory museum and laboratory, in which specimens from the sun and moon, from Venus, Uranus, or Juno, are collected for the benefit of mankind.

Upon the first oxidation of the solid and fluid materials of the globe (and which ought to have been expressed as a process of combustion), there were vast irregularities in the surface, enormous granitic mountains, interspersed with seas, having a depth sometimes of little less than a hundred miles. The vast process of disintegration, consequent upon such conditions, deposited in these great hollows, the earliest stratified rocks; these again were disturbed and tilted up by igneous operations, and the new conditions thus given birth to, were followed by new subaqueous degradations and deposits, till each and all, gradually terminating in the confined and limited action of simple ignivomous mouths (volcanoes), of alluvial deposition, from rivers, and the organic growth of coral islands, appear to have steadily approached, as a fixed point, the present stable condition of the earth's surface. There is nothing in the analogy of the present with the past, or in the investigation of the progressive physical changes which the earth's surface has undergone, to lead us to adopt those vain contemplations of future changes, which view them as likely to be as extended and as overwhelming as those which occurred in the early stages of our creation.

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* Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation. 8vo. John Churchill, London.

A detailed examination of the chemical constituents of minerals, placed in opposition to a few hasty generalizations, attest that the bases of the mineral constituents of the globe *were all in existence anterior to the first appearance of organic life.* Carbon must have existed ere a plant vegetated; it has not been satisfactorily shewn, that diamond—its purest form—does not belong to primitive rocks. Lime, which hypothesis associates with the first appearance of animal life, is an ingredient in feldspath and hornblend, essential mineral constituents of the primitive rocks. Sulphur, a produce of volcanoes, exists as a metallic sulphuret from the earliest geological epochs.

Then comes the wondrous chapter in the earth's history, which is told to us by geology, respecting the origin of the animated tribes. Vestiges in the natural history of creation, which hypothesis, surplanting science, views as a progressive development from embryo forms and imperfect organizations, (the Creator's first attempts at moulding, or the monstrous productions of circumstances unequal to more mature results), to more perfect creatures, and, ultimately, through monkeys, to man himself!

The history of organic creation teaches no such egregious lessons. At the earliest dawn of organic life we have gasteropodous mollusca high in the scale of organized perfection, and these are followed, almost immediately, by the cephalopodous tribes of the same class, which are but little removed from vertebrated animals.

We have fishes and traces of birds at a very remote epoch; but the positive remains of Pterodactyles, which belonged to the more perfectly organized family of the Cheiroptera, are found long anterior to any actual bird fossils, which are also anticipated by quadrupeds of the Marsupial family. There is here a strange discrepancy in a theory of progressive creation; nor, taking any one particular branch of the animal kingdom, can it be shewn that the Infusoria of the older rocks, or Syringipora, or Graptolithi of the first sedimentary deposits led the way to the Catenopora, or Cellepora, of the newer rocks, or to the corals or sponges of the present day. Nor does it appear that the Crinoidæ of geological antiquity are organic anticipations of the Galerites, or Spatangi, of more recent epochs. The same thing applies itself to the different orders of molluscous animals; and even among those truly extraordinary vestiges of the natural history of creation—the reptile tribe—we have the feet-marks of turtles with the first traces of Saurians; nor does it at all appear to the contemplative anatomist, that the strange combinations met with in the earlier forms of these creatures, attaining, at the same time, such gigantic dimensions, were not more complex in structure than the existing species—whether, in fact, (to reverse the argument of a progressive development of forms,) there was not, in what concerns the lower animals, a maximum of development during the dark ages of geology which ceased at the brighter epoch of man's creation.

There is another method of grappling with this subject, which has, also, had its advocates. It is to shew a progressive development of organization in existing species; but it has also had a learned and overwhelming intelligence to refute it.

The hypothesis of the spontaneous, or, it might be called, the accidental generation of animals, conduces to the expressed belief, that the Almighty did not produce the progenitors of existing species by personal superintendence, but that such flowed from new circumstances. It is supported by a few isolated facts: as the origin of infusory animals, of Entozoa, of an hydatid on the domestic pig, not found on the wild boar, and of the insects living on products of human industry, as the denizens of cheese, chocolate, and of wine or beer. If the Creator, in his infinite wisdom, produced forms appropriate for the era of the carboniferous, or chalk epochas, there is nothing that can limit him to the production of creatures adapted for existing circumstances and products; but to assert that they flow simply from those circumstances, is to overthrow the whole basis of natural historical science, which has no dependences but upon that fixidity of character, which the Creator has given to all living things, and which would be immediately lost if new forms sprang from each new order of circumstances as they arise.

Philosophic boldness is seldom carried to a greater extent than when imagination, becoming discursive upon the possible chemical composition of two animal substances, and the curious results of Mr. Crosse's galvanic experiments, ventures to contemplate an artificial generation, and when a comparison of a simple globular infusory animal with the germ of the most perfect of God's creatures suggests the possible aggregation of molecules into a scientific Frankenstein!

Man, at an early epoch of life, passes through a various organization. At first, his brain is that of a fish; then it becomes that of a turtle; next of a bird; and at the seventh month of his existence, it is that of a digitigrade; and at the eighth, that of a quadrumanous animal; yet, if man is born at the seventh or eighth month, he neither manifests the mental constitution of the one nor the other—he is neither a tiger nor a monkey.

Nor has man, in his matured organization, a similar mental constitution with animals. To the faculties common to him and to animals are superadded the knowledge of himself, the knowledge of God, and the sentiment of immortality; each and all acquired by the natural or instinctive operations of the mind of a creature who was made after God's own likeness.

It is possible, however, that in the arena of hypothesis, and of an uncurbed licence of pseudo-scientific speculation, that man may sometimes never attain a mature development of his organization; that the brain, for example, may remain steady at the progressive point attained, when it had reached a bird-like perfection; and that the author of a work, in which there is much beautiful language, united with much error in judgment and misdirection of genius, and concerning whose identity there has been considerable questioning, is, in reality, A MAGNIFICENT GOOSE.

DREAMS AND PHANTOMS.

BY CHARLES OLLIER.

(CONCLUSION.)

> "And this they call a light and a revealing!
> Wise as the clown, who plodding home at night
> In autumn, turns at call of fancied elf,
> And sees upon the fog, with ghastly feeling,
> A giant shadow in its imminent might,
> Which his own lanthorn throws up from himself."
>
> LEIGH HUNT.

SPEAKING of dreams, Dr. Millingen says: "Philosophical ingenuity has long been displayed in the most learned disquisitions in an endeavour to account for the nature of these phenomena. The strangeness of these visionary perturbations of our rest—their supposed influence on our destinies—their frequent verification by" (might he not more wisely have said, "their frequent coincidence with"?) "subsequent events—have always shed a mystic prestige around them; and *superstition, ignorance, and craft* have, in turns, characterized them as warnings of the Divine will, or machinations of an evil spirit."

Superstition, Ignorance, and Craft! Yes, these are the agents that "mantle our clearer reason"—enemies of the happiness, and thwarters of the progress of mankind. One might think a moment's reflection would convince any one that the assumed prophetic character of dreams could not arise from machinations of an evil spirit, (supposing such to exist,) since, to a spirit of this nature, no gratification could accrue from warning the dreamer against impending danger, or foretelling inevitable disasters. And surely the Supreme Dispenser of good, who is no respecter of persons, would not select a few individuals on whom to bestow, in dreams, the gift of foresight, and withhold such protection from others, who might perhaps need it more. Any man must be an insufferable egotist who claims, in his own case, an especial and divine interposition to ward off calamities that, on the vast majority of his fellow-creatures, fall without warning, and without even a suspicion of their liability to them. A belief in God's superintending providence is injured by nothing more than by giving credence to so-called partial and exclusive manifestations of it. In proportion as reason is obscured, so is piety clouded. To place any trust in supernatural agency, such as dreams, witchcraft, and ghosts, is to be essentially infidel. The Rev. Dr. Casaubon, in his "Treatise of Enthusiasm," says, with equal good sense and holiness (inseparable qualities), "I am one, I confess, that think reason should be highly valued by all creatures that are naturally rational. Neither do I think we need to seek the image of God in man elsewhere than in perfect reason, such as he was created in. *Holiness and righteousness were but fruits of it.*" In another place, the same admirable old divine thus expresses himself: "As for dreams, whereof the books and relations of ancients are so full (imputed by them to *revelations*), I see not anything, in most of them, but may very well be ascribed unto mere conceit and superstition. It is the more to be wondered at, I confess, that not only divers poets and some orators and philosophers should tell us of such, but that even learned physicians should ascribe so much unto such fancies. Hippocrates, in his epistles (if *genuinus* Hippocrates, which I can scarce believe), hath a large relation of the god Esculapius, how he appeared unto him about Democritus's business: Galen often, how that he had a dream to write such and such a book; to go, or to forbear, such a journey. If men give their minds unto such things, there is no question but they shall fancy sometimes—nay, often—much more than there is just ground for, and sometimes, it may be, somewhat may happen extraordinarily. But men, I think, were better want it, by far, if it come by superstition."

Nothing can be more true than this. No *want* can be supplied by Error—the fruitful parent of evil, never the harbinger of good. "In more modern times, we have often seen dreams resorted to, in order to assist the speculations of policy and priestcraft, some of them as absurd in their nature as revolting in their interpretations."* According to Doctor Abercrombie, insanity and dreaming are analogous, the impressions in the former being more or less permanent, while in the latter they are transient. Should this be so, the suggestions of dreams (if acted on) may more often be dangerous than beneficial, a truth of which a remarkable instance is recorded by Aubrey (that insatiable gossip), and alluded to in Evelyn's "Sylva." A gentlewoman had a daughter, who had long been ill. One night, the patient dreamed that a miraculous intimation had been made to her, that her malady would be cured, were she to take a decoction of yew-leaves. This *revelation* she communicated to her mother, who, after some hesitation, consented to have the draught prepared. The sufferer took it, in full confidence, and very soon her malady did indeed come to a termination—but it was by death! Here, then, is at once an instance of the fallacy of nocturnal promptings, and of their danger, arising from the folly of obeying suggestions originating chiefly in physical disturbance, and never meant to be obeyed.

Gay, the poet, has written a metrical tale in ridicule of belief in the augury of dreams. Scarcely anything can be more striking, than the manner in which this story is told; and were it not for the bad taste of the joke at its conclusion, to which we shall not further allude, (a species of offence which Swift, Prior, Gay, and others of that time absurdly mistook for wit,) the narration might be appealed to as a model of homely earnestness and grim solemnity. It is called "A True Story of an Apparition," and, as Gay's minor poems are little known, the present deserves a citation or two. A traveller, benighted in the forest of Arden, loses his way among innumerable trees, and is exposed to a storm of rain, thunder, and lightning. A length, he sees a stream of light "extending its level ray" between the branches, when, spurring on, he comes before a human habitation:

> "It was an ancient, lonely house, that stood
> Upon the borders of the spacious wood.
> Here towers and antique battlements arise,
> And there in heaps the moulder'd ruin lies.
> Some lord this mansion held in days of yore,
> To chase the wolf, and pierce the foaming boar:
> How changed, alas, from what it once had been!
> 'Tis now degraded to a public inn."

Having dismounted, the traveller is received at the gate by the landlord, who, "with frequent cringe," tells him his house is full, and every bed bespoken. To the traveller's solicitations for a garret and straw, or the kitchen fire and an elbow-chair, it is replied, that the garrets are occupied, and that a count's tired footmen had monopolized the kitchen, and were even then snoring round the fire. This was bad news on such a night; but luckily the maid of the inn took pity on the weary stranger:

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* Millingen's "Curiosities of Medical Experience."

"'Be brave!' she cries, 'you still may be our guest;
Our haunted room was ever held the best.
If then your valour can the fright sustain
Of rattling curtains and the clinking chain;
If your courageous tongue have power to talk,
When round your bed the horrid ghost shall walk;
If you dare ask it why it leaves its tomb,
I'll see your sheets well air'd, and shew the room.'

Soon as the frighted maid her tale had told,
The stranger enter'd, for his heart was bold.
The damsel led him through a spacious hall,
Where ivy hung the half demolish'd wall;
She frequent look'd behind, and changed her hue,
While fancy tipt the candle's flame with blue.
And now they gain'd the winding stairs' ascent,
And to the lonesome room of terrors went.

When all was ready, swift retired the maid;
The watch-lights burn; tuckt warm in bed was laid
The hardy stranger, and attends the sprite
Till his accustom'd walk at dead of night.

At first he hears the wind, with hollow roar,
Shake the loose lock, and swing the creaking door;
Nearer and nearer draws the dreadful sound
Of rattling chains, that dragged upon the ground:
When, lo! the spectre came, with horrid stride,
Approach'd the bed, and drew the curtains wide."

The ghastly phantom now points to its bosom, dyed with blood, and waves its hand thrice. Fortifying his courage with prayer, the traveller questions his nocturnal visitor, and is told, that on being bewildered in the forest, and benighted three years ago, he had put up at that inn, was conveyed to the very chamber he now haunted, where he had been murdered by the hostess, for the sake of his treasure, which the guilty perpetrator had hidden in an adjacent field. The spectre offers to conduct the traveller to the spot, and to reward him with the money, on condition of his bringing the murderer to justice. To what daring deeds will not the hope of riches nerve us?

"The stranger springs from bed,
And boldly follows where the phantom led.
The half-worn stony stairs they now descend,
Where passages obscure their arches bend.
Silent they walk, and now through groves they pass;
Now through wet meads their steps imprint the grass.
At length, amidst a spacious field they came;
There stops the spectre, and ascends in flame.
Amazed he stood; no bush, no briar was found,
To teach his morning search to find the ground.
What could he do?—the night was hideous dark;
Fear shook his joints."

At this moment, the traveller awakes in bed, and finds his night-vision to be nothing more than a dream, very naturally accruing from what he had previously been told by the maid-servant. Thus, the greater number of our dreams are (in Sir Thomas Brown's phraseology) merely "spinning out our awaking thoughts into the phantasms of sleep, which often continue precogitations—making cables of cobwebs, and wildernesses of handsome groves. Besides, Hippocrates hath spoke so little, and the oneirocritical masters have left such frigid interpretations, that there is little encouragement to dream of paradise itself."

Concerning ghost-craft, the Jews of the present day are said to entertain certain doctrines, in which credulity is combined with a singularly unconscious and ludicrous betrayal of unbelief. They hold, that an apparition has power to appear visibly, and to injure any person *who is by himself, and in the dark.* That to *two persons*, though in the dark, the apparition has only power to show itself, but not to do them any injury. And to *three persons*, being all together, though in the dark, it has neither the power of showing itself, nor of injuring any one of them. The *light of a single small candle* is a safeguard to a man against the power of an apparition, so as not to be injured invisibly. *The light of a flambeaux* is of equal power against an apparition, when a person is alone, as when three are together.

To what does all this amount, but that solitude and darkness create illusions, which could not come to pass in light, and amongst society? And even in solitude and darkness such preposterous deceptions would not arise were human beings, when in their infancy, carefully protected from the inoculation of superstitious ideas. That which is impressed on the brain in childhood can hardly ever be effaced. In after years reason may contradict it; but there it remains indelibly fixed on the sensorium, and in moments of moral or physical debility, its power becomes dominant. An Indian can no more restore to its natural shape his head, which had been flattened in infancy, than a civilized European can disclaim whatever belief has been instilled into him before adolescence. The absurdity, how great soever, becomes part and parcel of his moral being: the tree must grow as the twig is bent. Doctor Hibbert has done inestimable service to the present age, in his wise and conclusive work, the "Philosophy of Apparitions;" and even a hundred years ago, when superstition was more dominant than now, there were able labourers in the cause of reason—men who could use the weapons, both of argument and ridicule, against debasing and enervating credulity. "I cannot but think it an honest endeavour," says "The Craftsman" of November, 1749, "and a good office done to mankind, to expose popular lies, especially such as vitiate the understanding, and render reasonable creatures less wise or less sober. Superstition and credulity may appear innocent and impotent; but they are quite different things. Nothing is more powerful—nothing more formidable; and they are useful and important tools in the hands of designing men. I can bring a person to *act* what I please, by the same art and authority by which I can bring him to *believe* what I please; and if I can make him sufficiently credulous, I will undertake to make him likewise sufficiently cruel." No doubt. Here may be seen the origin of some of the blackest acts of our fellow-creatures.

Of the germinating effect of absurd stories implanted in infancy, a very amusing exposition is given in an old periodical work, called "The London Journal," of Oct. 7, 1732:—

"Some ghosts and spectres owe their existence to a timorous or distempered imagination, in the midst of a dark and gloomy interval;

others take their rise from the *reciprocal pleasure of deluding and of being deluded;* and for the rest, we must impute them to the early errors of infancy, and a motley mixture of low and vulgar education. Mothers and grandmothers, aunts and nurses, begin the cheat; and, from little horrors and hideous stories of bug-bears, mormoes and fairies, raw-head-and-bloody-bones, walking lights, will-o'-the-wisps, and hobgoblins, they train us up by degrees to the belief of a more terrible ghost and apparition. Thus instructed, *or thus imposed upon,* we begin to listen to the old legendary and traditional accounts of local ghosts, which, like the genii of the ancients, have been reported, time immemorial, to haunt certain particular family seats and cities, famous for their antiquity and decay. Of this sort are the apparitions that are natives and denizens of Verulam, Reculver, and Rochester; the demon of Tedworth; the black dog of Winchester; and the Barr Guest of York. Hence we proceed to many other extravagances of the same kind, and give some share of credit to the out-lying night-walkers and suburban ghosts, raised by petty printers and halfpenny pamphleteers."

Such is the rise and progress of ghost-craft.

It may be laid down as a general maxim, that any one who thinks he has seen a ghost, may take the vision as a symptom that his bodily health is deranged. Let him, therefore, seek medical advice, and, ten to one, the spectre will no more haunt him. To see a ghost, is, *ipso facto,* to be a subject for the physician. Every encouragement should be given to those who endeavour to account for any phenomenon by a natural solution. Of this kind is the following attempt, in 1755, to answer the question, why naked spectres have, under certain influences of weather, been seen hovering over graves, fields of battle, &c.:—"As a corpse dissolves, each species of particles returns to its element; the grosser to the earth, and the subtler to the air. These last pervade the pores of ground in which the corpse is laid, carrying with them some earthy particles, and are thereby hindered from sudden dissipation. Rising out of the ground in the order they lay whilst they compounded a mass, they represent a draught of the figure of which they were a part." Now, though we were not aware that such dreadful vapours were ever *seen* (they manifest themselves to *another sense* pretty frequently in city Golgothas), and though the verity or error of the explication must be left to the decision of able physiologists, we honour the man who sought a rational, instead of an irrational, cause for such spectra.

To shew how fond men are of the marvellous, it is only necessary to point to the story of a lady, buried before life was extinct, and who, having been roused from her trance by some one who came to rob her coffin, returned in the body to her husband's home, and lived many years afterwards. This, though it probably had a veritable origin, was so tempting to the imagination as to find an abiding place, and to be specially related as having occurred in every part of Europe. England has claimed it in two or three counties; so has Italy, Flanders, Germany, and France; and it is reported to have happened in different centuries. Boccaccio has recorded it, and so have many northern chroniclers. Now it is hardly within the doctrine of chances, that so astounding and peculiar an event could have happened, in all its particulars, more than once. But no matter for that: it was a marvel and a mystery, and, therefore, was too good a thing for any nation to lose sight of in its exciting traditions. Of this class of wonders—the more wonderful for being *real*—the following is the most ghastly relation extant.

Doctor Crafft gives many histories of persons, who, being interred alive, have expired in their graves and tombs, as has afterwards been discovered by various marks made not only in their sepulchres, but also in their own bodies. He, in a particular manner, makes mention of a young lady of Auxbourg, who, falling into a syncope (mistaken for death), was buried in a deep vault, without being covered with earth, because her friends thought it sufficient to have the vault carefully shut up. Some years after, however, one of the same family happening to die, the vault was opened, and the body of the young lady found on the stairs at its entry, without any fingers on the right hand.

No ghost-story in the world can compete with this in horror. One may laugh at phantoms, but here is, indeed, a scaring and hideous misery.

But to return to the flagrant fallacies of ghost-craft. An edifying story is told of a haunted house, in which, it was said, an heir-apparent had been murdered by his uncle. Dreadful sounds, shrieks, and unearthly moanings were heard in the mansion, (a baronial castle,) and for nearly a century no one dared inhabit it. At length, one of the heroes of Waterloo, to whom the property descended, was determined to unravel the mystery, for which purpose he resolved to sleep in the castle alone, on the night he took possession. After his first sleep, the screams and hollow moans were, as usual, audible; and leaving his bed, he followed the sounds till he arrived, as he thought, in their immediate vicinity. This was the great hall of his ancestors. The unseen voice evidently came from behind the arras in this place. Springing towards the spot, he ran his sword into it; but the blade was so fixed that he could not withdraw it. Having retraced his steps to his chamber, he betook himself to his couch, and slept till morning, when several persons called at the castle, inquiring if he had met the ghost. "Oh, yes," he replied; "the disturber is now dead as a door-nail; he lies behind the screen, where my sword has transfixed him. Bring a crowbar, and we'll haul the spectre out." With such a leader, and broad day to boot, the throng tore down the screen where the sword was fixed, when, in a recess, they found the fragments of a chapel organ, of which the wooden trunks had, a hundred years ago, been used as props to shore up the work when the hall was repaired. These had been forgotten; and the northern blast, finding its way through crannies in the wall, had played wild and discordant music on the pipes.

The following curious instance of a musical ghost occurred in the writer's own family. A lady having watched several nights by the bed-side of her sister, (a married woman,) suffering under dangerous illness, was at length fairly exhausted by physical fatigue and mental anxiety. Long privation of sleep had worked its bewildering effect. Further attendance was out of the question at that time. It was absolutely necessary that she should repair to her mother's house, and recruit her strength and spirits in order that she might better be able to resume her affectionate offices on behalf of one so dear to her: and her brother having undertaken to sit up with the patient's husband, and to communicate, in case of need, with his unmarried sister, the latter set out on her return to the maternal home, there to find repose of which she stood so excessively in need. Utterly weary, worn out, and plodding towards her residence, more by instinct than by perception of outward objects, she almost slept as she walked, and was only roused to consciousness by the sudden glare from a shop-window, produced by a strong light before a polished reflector. Looking about her, she could not distinctly remember how she came to be where she was. She felt bewildered and alarmed. Being in the neighbourhood of one of her friends, she thought it would be prudent to call, and, distrustful of further progress in the streets by herself, ask for some one to accompany her. Accordingly, attended by a servant, she reached her home safely. But whether her somnolency while walking, or the shock she had received on having been startled into consciousness, or the extreme agitation under which she laboured on account of the critical state of her sister—whether any or all these had brought about nervous irritability, certain it is that she had no tendency to sleep on sitting down in her own room, where she remained in a state of painful vigilance—her thoughts meanwhile shaping themselves in all kinds of dreary prognostics. A pianoforte, closed up, was in the room; and, as the almost-exhausted lady leaned back in her chair, she heard, (so she thought,) the keys of the instrument struck on a sudden by some unseen hand, which, after a wild and dismal prelude, performed a dirge-like melody. She had never before heard the air, nor could she imagine how so mournful, so ghastly, so funereal, so spiritual a character could be given to music. In the weakness of her fear, she started up, grasped the back of the chair for support, and ejaculated to herself, "My sister is dead!—these sounds which seem born of tears, announce to me her dissolution!" On a sudden the strains ceased; and the returning silence was quickly broken by a loud knocking at the street-door. Gasping with terror, she staggered to open it, when her brother appeared. "Maria is just dead!" she shrieked; "you come to tell me so!" "Be calm, I beseech you," he replied; "I bring you news from the physician that all danger is over, and that she will soon be well." The delight was too much. The poor watcher fainted in her brother's arms, was conveyed to bed, and, after a night's repose, waked happily at sun-rise.

The imaginary and presaging sounds were falsified, as such omens often are, though the failures are seldom recorded. Had not the hearer of them been so utterly worn out in mind and body, no such sounds would have seemed to be audible. Exhaustion is a cunning impostor.

THE MEXICAN MERCHANT.

BY CHARLES HOOTON.

I.

The old Miser putteth his chests of gold on board a Pirate ship.

As a miser old, I had treasured my gold,
  And my jewels so costly and bright;
Like the yellow moon look'd my gold at noon,
  And my diamonds like stars at night;
More than daughter or son was the wealth I had won,
  So precious it seem'd in my sight.

Neither child nor wife, nor yet my own life,
  Could be dearer to me than my wealth:
Think how I had toil'd, and sweaten, and moil'd,
  And sacrificed for it my health;
Nay, run the risk well of the fires of hell;
  And took, when I could, by stealth!

A smile of deceit to cover a cheat,
And a lie in the way of trade—
A pure white flam without pow'r to damn,
I often put on and said,
Without any ruth I strangled the truth,
For Riches, they *must* be made.

In a burning clime I pass'd my time,
'Neath a sun like a heav'n on fire;
But I made the poor work like a fiend of a Turk,
And I robb'd them of half their hire.
What matter, so long as my purse grew strong,
Whether tyrant, or thief, or liar?

The time came on when I must be gone,
For my years were wintering fast;
And I hanker'd to spend my hard life's end
In the land where my youth was pass'd:
So out on the sea I resolv'd to be,
And my all on the waves to cast.

To make more sure, I pretend to be poor,
And a beggar's garb I wear;
All my chests look old and unfit for gold,
And a bankrupt myself I swear;
But an evil eye at the time was nigh,
And such evil eyes I fear.

The Captain was deep, like a dog asleep—
Though his eyes were shut he saw:
Though nothing stirr'd, yet his quick ears heard
My gold in a hidden drawer;
And his snake's eyes keen saw my diamond's sheen
Glittering through a flaw.

" For half your pay, oh, Captain, pray
Take a poor man over the foam;
His hairs are white, and his life in its night,
And he fain would be buried at home.
For Our Lady's sake, sweet mercy take
On the lost who abroad do roam!"

'Twas thus I spake to that human snake,
And thus, in reply, spake he:
" For the sake of Christ I will lower my price,
And take but one-half of thee;
The poor and the old, who have saved no gold,
Have ever a friend in me."

So I went on board with my secret hoard,
And laugh'd in my sleeve to think
How well I had done that sea mother's son
Out of one-half his chink;
Little I thought, as I set him at nought,
That he had me on ruin's brink!

The sailors all, upgrown and small,
Treated me like a slave;
But insult and scorn are easily borne,
When by it our cash we save;
And life has no ill the heart to kill,
While we lose not the wealth we have.

They made me feel more than pointed steel,
'Tis poverty's lot to share
All cuffs and kicks and venom'd pricks
That the world may have to spare—
To stand in the way with nought to say,
But silently sorrow bear.

The Captain said he must measure my bread
By the measure whereby I paid:
So I starved for bread, and lived half dead,
Yet never complaint I made:
For one so poor to have purchased more,
My secret had sure betray'd.

Law hath no stay from the land away,
And justice no court at sea:
No judge looks grave on the wild blue wave—
No jailor is there with his key.
But justice they use as it suits their own views,
And law 's what they will it to be.

Timorous I grew of that reckless crew—
My heart was a thing of fear;
Like a reed I shook, if I saw them but look
On the chests that I held so dear;
Night brought me no sleep on that treacherous deep,
And my days were made dark by despair.

In moonshine white, we sat one night,
Watching the stars and sea,
When the Captain said, "Old Hoary-head,
Old Sinner, come here to me;—
Old Child of Shame, we 'll teach you a game
That is play'd by the Bold and Free!

"We know you're poor, but open your store,
For we marvel to think what gear
Such a beggar as you, with nought to do,
Can cram in your trunks so dear!
By blessed St. Mary, old beggars don't carry
Boxes blown-up with air!

"Old Cloven-feet! you thought to cheat
Your Captain of his due;
But now old chap, you're caught in a trap,
And your Captain has cheated you;
We are PIRATES all, both great and small,
And lords of the waters blue!"

II.

The Pirate crew break open the old Man's chests.

THEY seized me then, those fearful men,
And laugh'd, and jeer'd, and swore:
They tied me fast to a greasy mast—
Wretched old man and poor!
They took their prize, and before my eyes
Laid bare my precious store.

Then one by one, till all were gone,
They shared my jewels fine;
And bright doubloons, like yellow moons,
So lovely was their shine.
I thought my heart would break and part,
And my eyes go blind with brine.

Whoever has parted, half-broken hearted,
With the dead he lov'd too well,—
Sister, or son, or the girl he had won,
My feelings in part may tell.
None other can know from an earthly woe
What dreams we may have of hell.

In youth's estate it was my fate
  To see my mother die,—
Her rosy hue turn leaden blue,
  And the light flit from her eye;
And her lolling tongue from her mouth that hung,
  Was burning, and white, and dry.

Not half so bad, not half so sad
  That sight of death was then,
As now to behold my soul-dear gold
  Shared by those Devil's men;
And they said my pearls would do for their girls
  When they got ashore again.

Oh! sin and shame without a name!
  To steal my pure white pearls,
My ocean charms for queenly arms,
  To give to ribald girls!
They sure would fade to form a braid
  Amongst such wanton curls.

Your vicious mind is ever blind—
  It sees no fitness fit;
But black and white, and dark and light,
  Together putteth it;
And emblems sweet for Virtue meet,
  It casts in Vice's pit.

III.

The Pirate captain turneth the old Man adrift in an open boat.

The Captain sprung his men among,
  And stared into my face:
With bitter spite he met my sight,
  And said, " How feels your Grace?
Your conscience now is eased, I trow—
  Your heart in happy case?

" Your age has done where youth begun;
  With nothing you began—
With nothing end—so thank your friend,
  For *I'm* your friend, old man;
I know your purse has been your curse,
  And love of gold your ban.

" But Heaven is just, old Mouldy-dust,
  Old Rotten-heart, old Vice!
We men of blood and violent good
  Have paid you current price;
You're nothing worth but filthy earth,
  And food for worms and mice.

" To live in dust, to gather rust,
  Did God create thee, Fool?—
To breed up sin, thy heart within
  And be old Mammon's tool?—
To make thy breast a demon's nest,
  And go to hell to school?

" 'Twas not for this, old man, I wis,
  That soul of thine was made:
Though in *thy* thought, thy life is nought,
  But a heaving lump of trade;
And all is vain that is not in
  Thy ledger-book array'd

"*I* am no saint;—no holy paint
  Whitens this face of mine;
'Tween sea and sky, a sinner am I,
  And an evil soul is thine,
Thou'rt only fit for the bottomless pit,
  And death in this fathomless brine!

"Untie him, men!" said the captain then—
  "Small mercy has he shown:—
Put out a boat, and send him afloat,
  And mercy show him none;
The wind and sea his judges be,
  And his hope in God alone!"

Ere night grew dark the pirate's bark
  Went down 'tween wave and cloud,
With shriek and scream I follow'd them,
  And imprecations loud:
I cursed my foes, I tore my clothes,
  And vengeance dire I vow'd.

Poor fool!—none heard, save one sea-bird
  That swept around me wild,—
Forgetting how, more helpless now
  I was than any child.
Revenge from me! The very sea
  Laugh'd loud, and heav'n smil'd.

A gossamere aloft in air,
  An insect in the sky,
A thing too small to see at all,
  Is not more lost than I,
Oh, God! if this Thy justice is,
  Forgive, and let me die!

For fifty years I'd said no prayers;
  To me High God was vain;
I ask'd no place within His grace,
  No grace gave he again;
I stood alone as stands a stone,
  Upon a blasted plain.

No hope, no faith!—sole life-in-death!
  No Life-to-come believed;
No trial there for crime done here,
  No justice for th' aggriev'd.
And in my mind all human kind
  In Christ were much deceiv'd,

But when thus hurl'd from out man's world,
  Lone, lost, and lorn, and drear,
And myriad waves were myriad graves,
  Fell on me sudden fear,
I felt a Spirit round about,
  And saw God everywhere.

My soul was cowed, my knees were bow'd,
  My fingers skyward tend;
In broken speech I strive to reach
  That Fast Immortal Friend;
And bitter tears unshed for years,
  Their aid for mercy lend.

As after storm ensueth calm
  Too sudden to express,
So o'er me crept, as thus I wept,
  A most strange quietness:
And God and nature greater grew,
  And I myself grew less.

All worldly ills, all care that kills,
  All sorrow, love, and strife,
All aims for gain look'd idly vain,
  And vain my very life;
I thought all men must be insane,
  To look on death as grief.

To lie inurn'd, to dust be turn'd,
  To hope or fear no more;
To nothing know of care or woe—
  To be nor rich nor poor,
To leave for aye this troubled day
  Is happiness most sure.

Morn after morn, the naked sun
  Unclad, rush'd on his course,
No mists nor cloud his fires enshroud,
  No breezes blunt his force,
With heat and light I faint, till night
  Blows her black trumpet hoarse.

With dews and chills the sky she fills,
  The scale of pain is turn'd;
With nought to warm and shield from harm,
  I tremble where I burn'd;
So either way, or night or day,
  My misery I mourn'd.

The moon's dark side was toward the tide,
  But by my old boat's prow
Dead seamen's eyes in myriads rise,*
  And foam breaks up like snow:
And things of fear with wet eyes glare
  Savagely as I go.

I heard a shark rush through the dark,
  As through a wood the blast;
Like light he flew the waters through,
  As if a spirit pass'd;
In awful fright I spent the night,
  Clinging unto my mast.

I had no pow'r to mark the hour,
  Or day from day to note;
From one to four I counted o'er
  As children count by rote;
And then my hot distracted brain
  No more remark could quote.

Upon my brain a trance of pain
  Fell terrible and sore.
From trance and dream, oh, Lord redeem
  My soul for evermore!
The pains of sense are happiness,
  To the horrors then I bore!

I stood in space—I saw no face,
  But in a bloody sky,
A sin-stain'd heav'n, gash'd, torn, and riven
  Glitter'd One angry eye;
And a cloud-like scroll more black than coal
  Opened accusingly.

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* The luminous matters which display themselves at night in the track of a ship or boat, are superstitiously termed "dead men's eyes."

And hosts on hosts of dark grey ghosts,—
The poor whom I'd oppress'd—
Spoke, while I heard; and every word
Was an arrow in my breast.
No power had I one word to deny,
And a sinner I stood confess'd.

Fierce, and more fierce, that Eye did pierce
This sieve-like soul of mine,
That nought could hold, but the dross call'd gold,
And laugh at the Word Divine.
Then a voice cried "Dwell with Mammon in hell,
He's a father and God of thine!"

IV.

The old Man's life marvellously preserved by an Indian maid. He weddeth her.

Oh, blessed ray of nature's day!
Just then I woke, and found
My boat, that had been so long afloat,
Had buried her keel in the ground;
In noontide's smile a bright green isle
Scatter'd its hills around.

A painted woman, wildly mild,
A gentle spirit rude,
Such as at first when earth was cursed
Our calm forefathers wooed,
Came to me then with pitying mien,
And brought me drink and food.

As kind and free she gave to me,
Without a thought of pay,
As summer gives the fruit that lives,
Or God bestows the day;
Yet, selfishly, the wish did come,
I'd live as cheap alway!

But still, in part, that kindly heart,
Stung my hard conscience old,
And made me know, that pity for woe,
Is lovelier far than gold;
And diamonds rare are not so dear
As mercy that cannot be sold!

I resolved to embrace for the rest of my days
A life after Nature's plan;
To throw to the air all the anxious care,
That troubles your civilized man:
And Fashion, the Fool that the world doth rule,
To put under curse and ban.

Escaped from the sphere of civilized air
I saw that three-fourths, at least,
Of all that is done under Europe's sun,
Makes man but a viler beast;
Since the strife for pelf, and the love of self,
Swallow up all the rest.

So my ground I stake, and a hut I make,
And I marry, at sixty-five—
In order to show the deep debt I owe—
The woman who kept me alive.
Like wind on a hill, I have my own will,
And in happiness daily thrive!

The Compact.

LONDON, JOHN MORTIMER, ADELAIDE

REVELATIONS OF LONDON.

BY THE EDITOR.

Intermean.

III.

IRRESOLUTION.

On returning to the cabinet, where his fatal compact with Rougemont had been signed, Auriol perceived the pocket-book lying on the floor near the table, and, taking it up, he was about to deposit it in the writing-desk, when an irresistible impulse prompted him once more to examine its contents. Unfolding the roll of notes, he counted them, and found they amounted to more than a hundred thousand pounds. The sight of so much wealth, and the thought of the pleasure and the power it would procure him, gradually dispelled his fears, and arising in a transport of delight, he exclaimed—"Yes, yes—all obstacles are now removed! When Mr. Talbot finds I am become thus wealthy, he will no longer refuse me his daughter. But I am mad," he added, suddenly checking himself—"worse than mad, to indulge such hopes. If it be indeed the fiend to whom I have sold myself, I have no help from perdition! If it be man, I am scarcely less terribly fettered. In either case, I will not remain here longer; nor will I avail myself of this accursed money, which has tempted me to my undoing."

And, hurling the pocket-book to the further end of the room, he was about to pass through the door, when a mocking laugh arrested him. He looked round with astonishment and dread, but could see no one. After awhile, he again moved forward, but a voice, which he recognised as that of Rougemont, called upon him to stay.

"It will be in vain to fly," said the unseen speaker. "You cannot escape me. Whether you remain here or not—whether you use the wealth I have given you, or leave it behind you—you cannot annul your bargain. With this knowledge, you are at liberty to go. But, remember, on the seventh night from this I shall require Edith Talbot from you!"

"Where are you, fiend?" demanded Auriol, gazing around, furiously. "Shew yourself, that I may confront you."

A mocking laugh was the only response deigned to this injunction.

"Give me back the compact," cried Auriol, imploringly. "It was signed in ignorance. I knew not the price I was to pay for your assistance. Wealth is of no value to me without Edith."

"Without wealth you could not obtain her," replied the voice. "You are only, therefore, where you were. But you will think better of the bargain to-morrow. Meanwhile, I counsel you to place the money you have so unwisely cast from you, safely under lock and key, and to seek repose. You will awaken with very different thoughts in the morning."

"How am I to account for my sudden accession of wealth?" inquired Auriol, after a pause.

"You a gambler, and ask that question!" returned the unseen speaker, with a bitter laugh. "But I will make your mind easy on that score. As regards the house, you will find a regular conveyance of it within that writing desk, while the note lying on the table, which bears your address, comes from me, and announces the payment of a hundred and twenty thousand pounds to you, as a debt of honour. You see I have provided against every difficulty. And now, farewell!"

The voice was then hushed; and though Auriol addressed several other questions to the unseen speaker, no answer was returned him.

After some moments of irresolution, Auriol once more took up the pocket-book, and deposited it in the writing-desk, in which he found, as he had been led to expect, a deed conveying the house to him. He then opened the note lying upon the table, and found its contents accorded with what had just been told him. Placing it with the pocket-book, he locked the writing-desk, exclaiming, "It is useless to struggle further—I must yield to fate!"

This done, he went into the adjoining room, and, casting his eyes about, remarked the antique bottle and flagon. The latter was filled to the brim—how or with what, Auriol paused not to examine; but seizing the cup with desperation, he placed it to his lips, and emptied it at a draught.

A species of intoxication, but pleasing as that produced by opium, presently succeeded. All his fears left him, and in their place the gentlest and most delicious fancies arose. Surrendering himself delightedly to their influence, he sank upon a couch, and for some time was wrapped in a dreamy elysium, imagining himself wandering with Edith Talbot in a lovely garden, redolent of sweets, and vocal with the melody of birds. Their path led through a grove, in the midst of which was a fountain; and they were hastening towards its marble brink, when all at once Edith uttered a scream, and starting back, pointed to a large black snake lying before her, and upon which she would have trodden the next moment. Auriol sprang forward, and tried to crush the reptile with his heel; but, avoiding the blow, it coiled around his leg, and plunged its venomed teeth into his flesh. The anguish occasioned by the imaginary wound roused him from his slumber, and looking up, he perceived that a servant was in attendance.

Bowing obsequiously, the man inquired whether he had occasion for anything.

"Shew me to my bedroom—that is all I require," replied Auriol, scarcely able to shake off the effect of the vision.

And, getting up, he followed the man, almost mechanically, out of the room.

IV.

EDITH TALBOT.

It was late when Auriol arose on the following morning. At first, finding himself in a large and most luxuriously furnished chamber, he was at a loss to conceive how he came there, and it was some time before he could fully recal the mysterious events of the previous night. As had been foretold, however, by Rougemont, his position did not cause him so much anxiety as before.

After attiring himself, he descended to the lower apartments, in one of which a sumptuous breakfast awaited him; and having partaken of it, he took a complete survey of the house, and found it larger and more magnificent even than he had supposed it. He next supplied himself from the pocket-book with a certain sum, for which he fancied he might have occasion in the course of the day, and sallied forth. His first business was to procure a splendid carriage and horses, and to order some new and rich habiliments to be made with the utmost expedition.

He then proceeded towards May Fair, and knocked at the door of a large house at the upper end of Curzon-street. His heart beat violently as he was shewn into an elegant drawing-room, and his trepidation momently increased, until the servant re-appeared, and expressed his regret that he had misinformed him in stating that Miss Talbot was at home. Both she and Mr. Talbot, he said, had gone about half-an-hour ago. Auriol looked incredulous, but, without making any remark, departed. Hurrying home, he wrote a few lines to Mr. Talbot, announcing the sudden and extraordinary change in his fortune, and formally demanding the hand of Edith. He was about to despatch this letter, when a note was brought him by his servant. It was from Edith. Having ascertained his new address from his card, she wrote to assure him of her constant attachment. Transported by this proof of her affection, Auriol half devoured the note with kisses, and instantly sent off his own letter to her father—merely adding a few words to say that he would call for an answer on the morrow. But he had not to wait thus long for a reply. Ere an hour had elapsed, Mr. Talbot brought it in person.

Mr. Talbot was a man of about sixty—tall, thin, and gentleman-like in deportment, with grey hair, and black eyebrows, which lent considerable expression to the orbs beneath them. His complexion was a bilious brown, and he possessed none of the good looks which in his daughter had so captivated Auriol, and which it is to be presumed, therefore, she inherited from her mother.

A thorough man of the world, though not an unamiable person, Mr. Talbot was entirely influenced by selfish considerations. He had hitherto looked with an unfavourable eye upon Auriol's attentions to his daughter, from a notion that the connexion would be very undesirable in a pecuniary point of view; but the magnificence of the house in Saint James's Square, which fully bore out Auriol's account of his newly-acquired wealth, wrought a complete change in his opinions, and he soon gave the young man to understand that he should be delighted to have him for a son-in-law. Finding him so favourably disposed, Auriol entreated him to let the marriage take place—within three days, if possible.

Mr. Talbot was greatly grieved that he could not comply with his young friend's request, but he was obliged to start the next morning for Nottingham, and could not possibly return under three days.

"But we can be married before you go?" cried Auriol.

"Scarcely, I fear," replied Mr. Talbot, smiling blandly. "You must control your impatience, my dear young friend. On the sixth day from this—that is, on Wednesday in next week—we are now at Friday—you shall be made happy."

The coincidence between this appointment, and the time fixed by Rougemont for the delivery of his victim, struck Auriol forcibly. His emotion, however, escaped Mr. Talbot, who soon after departed, having engaged his future son-in-law to dine with him at seven o'clock.

Auriol, it need scarcely be said, was punctual to the hour, or, rather, he anticipated it. He found Edith alone in the drawing-room, and seated near the window, which was filled with choicest flowers. On seeing him, she uttered an exclamation of joy, and sprang to meet him. The young man pressed his lips fervently to the little hand extended to him.

Edith Talbot was a lovely brunette. Her features were regular, and her eyes, which were perfectly splendid, were dark, almond-shaped, and of almost Oriental languor. Her hair, which she wore braided over her brow and gathered behind in a massive roll, was black and glossy as a raven's wing. Her cheeks were dimpled, her lips of velvet softness, and her teeth like ranges of pearls. Perfect grace accompanied all her movements and one only wondered that feet so small as those she possessed should have the power of sustaining a form which, though lightsome, was yet rounded in its proportions.

"You have heard, dear Edith, that your father has consented to our union," said Auriol, after gazing at her for a few moments in silent admiration.

Edith murmured an affirmative, and blushed deeply.

"He has fixed Wednesday next," pursued Auriol; "but I wish an earlier day could have been named. I have a presentiment that if our marriage is so long delayed, it will not take place at all."

"You are full of misgivings, Auriol," she replied.

"I confess it," he said; "and my apprehensions have risen to such a point, that I feel disposed to urge you to a private marriage, during your father's absence."

"Oh, no, Auriol; much as I love you, I could never consent to such a step," she cried. "You cannot urge me to it. I would not abuse my dear father's trusting love. I have never deceived him, and that is the best assurance I can give you that I shall never deceive you."

Further conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Talbot, who held out both his hands to Auriol, and professed the greatest delight to see him. And no doubt he was sincere. The dinner passed off most pleasantly, and so did the evening; for the old gentleman was in high spirits, and his hilarity was communicated to the young couple. When Auriol and Mr. Talbot went up stairs to tea, they found that Edith's aunt, Mrs. Maitland, had arrived to take charge of her during her father's absence. This lady had always exhibited a partiality for Auriol, and had encouraged his suit to her niece, consequently she was well satisfied with the turn affairs had taken. It was near midnight before Auriol could tear himself away; and when he rose to depart, Mr. Talbot, who had yawned frequently but fruitlessly to give him a hint, told him he might depend upon seeing him back on the evening of the third day, and in the meantime he committed him to the care of Mrs. Mailtand and Edith.

Three days flew by rapidly and delightfully; and on the evening of the last, just as the little party were assembled in the drawing-room, after dinner, Mr. Talbot returned from his journey.

"Well, here I am!" he cried, clasping Edith to his bosom, "without having encountered any misadventure. On the contrary, I have completed my business to my entire satisfaction."

"Oh, how delighted I am to see you, dear papa!" exclaimed Edith. "Now, Auriol, you can have no more apprehensions!"

"Apprehensions of what?" cried Mr. Talbot.

"Of some accident befalling you, which might have interfered with our happiness, sir," replied Auriol.

"Oh, lovers are full of idle fears!" cried Mr. Talbot. "They are unreasonable beings. However, here I am, as I said before, safe and sound. To-morrow we will finish all preliminary arrangements, and the day after you shall be made happy—ha! ha!"

"Do you know, papa, Auriol intends to give a grand ball on our wedding-day, and has invited all his acquaintance to it?" remarked Edith.

"I hope you have not invited Cyprian Rougemont?" said Mr. Talbot, regarding him fixedly.

"I have not, sir," replied Auriol, turning pale. "But why do you particularize him?"

"Because I have heard some things of him not much to his credit," replied Mr. Talbot.

The significant whisper.

LONDON: JOHN MORTIMER, ADELAIDE STREET, 1846.

"What—what have you heard, sir?" demanded Auriol.

"Why, one shouldn't believe all the ill one hears of a man; and, indeed, I *cannot* believe all I have heard of Cyprian Rougemont," replied Mr. Talbot; "but I should be glad if you dropped his acquaintance altogether. And now let us change the subject."

Mr. Talbot seated himself beside Mrs. Maitland, and began to give her some account of his journey, which appeared to have been as pleasant as it had been rapid.

Unable to shake off the gloom which had stolen over him, Auriol took his leave, promising to meet Mr. Talbot at his lawyer's in Lincoln's Inn, at noon on the following day. He was there at the time appointed, and, to Mr. Talbot's great delight, and the no small surprise of the lawyer, paid over a hundred thousand pounds, to be settled on his future wife.

"You are a perfect man of honour, Auriol," said Mr. Talbot, clapping him on the shoulder, "and I hope Edith will make you an excellent wife. Indeed, I have no doubt of it."

"Nor I,—if I ever possess her," mentally ejaculated Auriol.

The morning passed in other preparations. In the evening the lovers met as usual, and separated with the full persuasion, on Edith's part at least, that the next day would make them happy. Since the night of the compact, Auriol had neither seen Rougemont nor heard from him, and he neglected no precaution to prevent his intrusion.

V.

THE SEVENTH NIGHT.

It was a delicious morning in May, and the sun shone brightly on his gorgeous equipage, as Auriol drove to Saint George's, Hanover Square, where he was united to Edith. Thus far all seemed auspicious, and he thought he could now bid defiance to fate. With the object of his love close beside him, and linked to him by the strongest and holiest ties, it seemed impossible she could be snatched from him. Nothing occurred during the morning to give him uneasiness, and he gave orders that a carriage and four should be ready an hour before midnight, to convey him and his bride to Richmond, where they were to spend their honeymoon.

Night came, and with it began to arrive the guests who were bidden to the ball. No expense had been spared by Auriol to give splendour to his fête. It was in all respects magnificent. The amusements of the evening commenced with a concert, which was performed by the first singers from the Italian Opera; after which, the ball was opened by Auriol and his lovely bride. As soon as the dance was over, Auriol made a sign to an attendant, who instantly disappeared.

"Are you prepared to quit this gay scene with me, Edith?" he asked, with a heart swelling with rapture.

"Quite so," she replied, gazing at him with tenderness. "I long to be alone with you."

"Come, then," said Auriol.

Edith arose, and passing her arm under that of her husband, they quitted the ball-room, but in place of descending the principal staircase, they took a more private course. The hall, which they were obliged to cross, and which they entered from a side door, was spacious and beautifully proportioned, and adorned with numerous statues on pedestals. The ceiling was decorated with fresco paintings, and supported by two stately scagliola pillars. From between these, a broad staircase of white marble ascended to the upper room. As Auriol had foreseen, the staircase was thronged with guests ascending to the ball-room, the doors of which being open, afforded glimpses of the dancers, and gave forth strains of liveliest music. Anxious to avoid a newly-arrived party in the hall, Auriol and his bride lingered for a moment near a pillar.

"Ha! who is this?" cried Edith, as a tall man, with a sinister countenance, and habited entirely in black, moved from the farther side of the pillar, and planted himself in their path, with his back partly towards them.

A thrill of apprehension passed through Auriol's frame. He looked up and beheld Rougemont, who, glancing over his shoulder, fixed his malignant gaze upon him. Retreat was now impossible.

"You thought to delude me," said Rougemont, in a deep whisper, audible only to Auriol; "but you counted without your host. I am come to claim my victim."

"What is the matter with you, that you tremble so, dear Auriol?" cried Edith. "Who is this strange person?"

But her husband returned no answer. Terror had taken away his power of utterance.

"Your carriage waits for you at the door, madam—all is prepared," said Rougemont, advancing towards her, and taking her hand.

"You are coming, Auriol?" cried Edith, who scarcely knew whether to draw back or go forward.

"Yes—yes;" cried Auriol, who fancied he saw a means of escape. "This is my friend, Mr. Rougemont. Go with him."

"Mr. Rougemont!" cried Edith. "You told my father he would not be here!"

"Your husband did not invite me, madam," said Rougemont, with sarcastic emphasis; "but knowing I should be welcome, I came unasked. But let us avoid those persons."

In another moment, they were at the door. The carriage was there with its four horses, and a man servant, in travelling attire, stood beside the steps. Re-assured by the sight, Auriol recovered his courage, and suffered Rougemont to throw a cloak over Edith's shoulders. The next moment she tripped up the steps of the carriage, and was ensconced within it. Auriol was about to follow her, when he received a violent blow on the chest, which stretched him on the pavement. Before he could regain his feet, Rougemont had sprung into the carriage. The steps were instantly put up by the man-servant, who mounted the box with the utmost celerity, while the postillions, plunging spurs into their horses, dashed off with lightning speed. As the carriage turned the corner of King-street, Auriol, who had just arisen, beheld, by the light of a lamp, Rougemont's face at the window of the carriage, charged with an expression of the most fiendish triumph.

"What is the matter?" cried Mr. Talbot, who had approached Auriol. "I came to bid you good bye. Why do I find you here alone? Where is the carriage?—what has become of Edith?"

"She is in the power of the fiend, and I have sold her to him," replied Auriol, gloomily.

"What mean you, wretch?" cried Mr. Talbot, in a voice of distraction. "I heard that Cyprian Rougemont was here. Can it be that he has gone off with her?"

"You have hit the truth," replied Auriol. "He bought her with the money I gave you. I have sold her and myself to perdition!"

"Horror!" exclaimed the old man, falling backwards.

"Ay, breathe your last—breathe your last!" cried Auriol, wildly. "Would I could yield up my life likewise!"

And he hurried away, utterly unconscious whither he went.

END OF THE INTERMEAN.

HORACE FOR THE MILLION!

A FEW WORDS ANENT HORACE,

BEING INTRODUCTORY TO HIS APPEARANCE IN AN ENTIRELY NEW CHARACTER.

Every one knows, or, what amounts to the same thing, every one might know, if he took the pains to inquire, that Horace, Quint, Flack., was the son of a respectable old gentlemen of Venusium, of that class styled freed men; he received the rudiments of his education at the grammar-school of his native place, and made considerable progress in his studies, under one Orbell,* a celebrated teacher of that period. He was subsequently sent to the University of Athens, but does not appear to have graduated, for before he had completed his terms, he joined the army, and commanded a regiment of cavalry, under General Brutus, at Philippi. The defeat and utter annihilation of his party had a serious effect upon his prospects: his estate was confiscated—he himself obliged to give sureties for his good behaviour—and, fortunately for us, betook himself to literary pursuits. As there were neither newspapers nor monthly mags at that date, we have not been able to discover when and how he first burst upon the public view in all the dignity of a lyric poet and satirist; and the few fragments that remain of the "Roman Quarterly," edited by Aulus Gellius, throw no light upon the subject.

His wit and bon-hommie soon attracted the attention of the clubs, and procured him an introduction to the prime minister, by whose interest he obtained a free pardon and pension from the emperor, and, probably, was an annuitant of the literary fund.

Disliking the turmoils and strife of public business, and having, through the munificence of his patrons, obtained a small landed estate in the Sabine country, he spent the chief of the remaining portion of his life there, in the society of a few choice and congenial spirits, where he composed those volumes which have been the admiration of the scholar and gentleman for nearly two thousand years, and will lose none of their attraction till time shall be no more.

In person, Horace was what we should call a stout little fellow, inclined to pinguetude, with a merry twinkle of the eye, somewhat after the style of Tom Moore; his constitution was never particularly strong, and he does not appear to have been over careful of himself, consequently his life was not very extended. From one or two passages in his writings, we fancy he indulged in Grimstone's eye-snuff, if not Cockle's pills; and, defunking at the age of fifty-seven, was buried near Mæcenas, just outside the city walls, the Kensal Green of Rome.

Now, the foregoing, or preceding, we pronounce an elegant piece of biography—concise and consistent—no superfluous eulogium on Quint's predilection to cheat at marbles when at school—no precocious display of hitherto unheard-of mental qualifications—all simple, quiet, truthful, and calculated to prepare the reader for a similar practical dissertation on the Horatian school of poetry.

Imprimis, then, which, by the way, does not necessarily imply a secundo or tertio; the poetry of Horace is *sui generis;* and we must acknowledge our surprise that this discovery has not been made long ago. We do not mean to say that Sappho, or Sanchoniathon, never wrote an ode, or Juvenal or John Bull a satire; but neither of these distinguished paper-stainers approximate in any recognised mathematical ratio to our man. Horace would Flack the whole kith and kin of his cognates:

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* Orbilius.

> "Ode, didactic, epic, sonnet—
> Quintus, Flaccus, you're divine."

But, exclaims the reader, what has all this to do with *his* peculiar school? Just nothing, you egregious spoon! And for this simple reason—we never intended it should. Far be it from us to write an art of poetry—Monostrophs, Sapphics, Alcaics, spondees, dactyls, *ana*pests, are *all* pests to us. We eschew them, but we love Horace; and loving him, disdain to permit him a longer exile from the public. We, therefore, commence our

HORACE FOR THE MILLION!

and would wager our meerschaum against Colonel Sibthorp's whiskers, that in six months he—namely, Horace—shall be the best known and most popular of Latin writers—not confined to Cambridge, Oxford, or the public schools, but familiar as household words. The butcher's boy, with his tray of beef, shall chant him to the tune of "Jenny Jones;" the tripeman shall carol his lyrics as he watches the transformation of a pair of leather breeches into something edible; the postman shall give an Horatian knock; the milkmaid's heart curdle like her cheese at the recital of his *ode-ities;* the parson turn satirist, as he listens to this best possible public instructor, made easy to the meanest capacity;—and one and all bless us for having thus catered for their advantage and amusement. We have music for the million, polka for the privileged, and Mammon for all. Why should not the prince of poets, and the poet of princes, take his proper place in popular literature. Why should a dustman be deprived of the delight, or a postman of the profit, a milkmaid of the mirth, or a governess of the grin of delight, which must attend the perusal of his pages? Why? It shall no longer be. Here begins—

Horace for the Million.

BOOK I. ODE XXII.

The man whose heart and purse are light,
Whom adverse fortune can't affright,
Needs no police to watch at night
His goods and chattels.

Whether he rambles through St. Giles',
Or wanders by the two Turnstiles,
His time away he calmly wiles,
And fears no battles.

For instance, 'twas but t'other day,
When, wavering 'twixt the grave and gay,
Thinking of Grisi and the play,
I met a beggar.

Sturdy he was, as Russian bear,
A face that would a judge outswear,
And such a varmint head of hair,
And bullying swagger.

I did but raise my weather eye,
Without the echo of a cry—
My wig! to see the fellow fly,
In Irish fashion.*

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* One leg before the other.

You would have laughed, for ten police—
Men, warranted to keep the peace,
Could not have won me such release,
With all their dash-on.

Then what care I for street or alley,
Through all the lanes I fearless sally,
And scatheless still, without a pal, I
Securely tottle.

In Piccadilly, or the Park,
I take my morn or ev'ning lark;
And when I'm tired, or it grows dark,
I tap my bottle.

LIB. I. ODE III.

"Sic te Diva potens," &c.

TO WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

Let the steam propitious rise,
With grateful incense, to the skies,
Which bears the labours of your pen
To the extent of mortal ken.
May the returns be quick and heavy
Which on the public purse you levy,
And all your ventures far exceed
The usual editorial meed!
He was a valiant scribe, I ween,
Who started first a magazine,
Nor feared the host of adverse railers,
Who swore such darers must be failers.
And vowed the broadsheet was far better
Than any curt octavo letter—
Said, better brave the battle-field
Than trust the literary shield;
For critics, though they seem so placid,
Write with steel pen and Prussic acid.
In vain the Romans hated messes
Springing from types and printing presses,
With which, if they were well acquainted,
Their knowledge has come down quite tainted;
But whosoe'er the inventor was,
"Terris incubuit cohors,"
Reporters, authors, printers, writers,
Poets, historians, inditers
Of nothings, both in verse and prose,
For sense, too quickly, far arose.
"Pennis non datis," some aspire
To strike Apollo's mystic lyre;
And would-be 'n writing Herculēses,
Think their small doggrel rhyming pleases.
But, as of old, so now we find
This spawn of poetastic kind
Forget that gods and men refuse
To recognise a bastard muse;
And for our sins alone we meet
Such small-beer scribblers in each sheet;
But now no more will such be seen—
We've Ainsworth's proper Magazine.

ODE V. BOOK IV.

TO LORD ALBERT CONYNGHAM. SUPPLICATORY.

Return, Lord Albert, to the lists,
Thou hope of archæologists;
Too long,[*] if but a day, we mourn
Thy absence, quick, oh, then, return!

The clouds, which o'er our prospect lour,
At once dissolve beneath thy power,
Which gilds,[†] like summer sun, the sky,
And tells of immortality.

Let Way[‡] and Barnwell, Bromet, Blore,
And any other learned bore,
Bewail their want of taste and tack,
So long as you, my lord, come back,
And kindly meet the general hope,
And give our plans a wider scope.

Sanction'd by thee the cause must thrive,
The mighty dead be yet alive,
And Druid's temple, Saxon mound,
Once more be voted holy ground;
The Celt resume its ancient place,
And many a rich museum grace,
Whilst Roman urn and British ware
Each, in their turn, our worship share.

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[*] Divis orte bonis, optime Romulæ
Custos gentis, abes jam nimium dice.

[†] Gratior it dies.

[‡] Quis Parthum pareat? quis gelidum scythen?

Secure in this, we still pursue
The glorious path late oped to view,
And, bent on antiquarian lore,
The records of the past explore.
Then with a heart o'ercharged, we raise
Diotæ foaming to your praise.
Vote you our head, our Patron Lar,[*]
The antiquarian's polar star!
Exclaiming, "Long,[†] most noble Lord,
May you both life and light afford
To all who revel in the fruits
Of antiquarian pursuits!"

This song we'll sing when morning dawns—
This song when Luna fills her horns,
With sober Buncle[‡] taking tay,
Or quaffing Beaume with Rabelais![§]

THE NELSON LETTERS AND DISPATCHES.[‖]

This is the most complete and satisfactory literary monument which has hitherto been compiled to the memory of the greatest of our naval heroes. Southey's life has been justly deemed an example of what a biography should be; and that written by the "Old Sailor" is also a very fair and deservedly popular narrative. Clarke and M'Arthur's life, and the little less ambitious memoirs by Mr. Charnock, are also standard works, but have the disadvantage not only of being incomplete, but in both cases, the style of the writer has been subjected to a kind of literary revision, by which, to use Sir N. H. Nicolas' expression, Nelson's own natural and nervous words, have been made to give place to what were considered more genteel or more elegant expressions; as if a hero could never think, write, or speak naturally, but must always appear in full dress. Such a critical interference with the letters of Lord Nelson was indeed insufferable; and those who ventured upon it ought to have been prepared to fight the battles of the Nile and Trafalgar with their pens.

Besides furnishing us with a vast mass of additional correspondence, Sir N. H. Nicolas has been enabled to revise most of the correspondence already printed, with the exception of the letters to Admiral Sir John Jervis, afterwards Earl St. Vincent, the originals of which he has not been allowed to inspect. It certainly appears that if Mr. Tucker, the historian of Earl St. Vincent, intends publishing this portion of the correspondence on his own account, being authorized to do so by the late Earl's family, that he had a perfect right to withhold them from Sir N. H. Nicolas; but as it can scarcely be expected that such fragments of a voluminous correspondence can ever form the nucleus of a new history, and as from the very numerous resources opened to the present editor, the Nelson Letters and Dispatches are now presented to the public in a more complete and satisfactory manner than they have hitherto been, it is very much to be regretted that a portion of the correspondence should be allowed to suffer for want of fidelity. It is due to Nelson, and to the public, that the most perfect work hitherto compiled, to record the deeds of our greatest naval hero, should be as perfect as possible, and it is sincerely to be hoped that this trifling drawback will be remedied, in a future edition, by the courtesy of Vice-Admiral Sir William Parker.

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[*] Laribus tuum
Miscet nomen.

[†] Longas ô utinam. Dux bone, ferias
Præstes.

[‡] . . . . . . dicimus integro.

[§] Sicci mane die : dicimus uridi
Cum sol oceano subest.

[‖] The Dispatches and Letters of Vice-Admiral Lord Viscount Nelson, with Notes by Sir Nicholas Harris Nicolas, G.C.M.G. Vols. 1 and 2.

If the life of Lord Nelson, as contained simply in his own letters and dispatches, occasionally illustrated by editorial notes, does not present so learned or so wise a biography as genius has produced, it is in this case more complete, and it presents a great advantage, inasmuch as it enables every person to form his own individual opinions, both of the character and actions of so distinguished a man, and so great a commander. The whole correspondence, indeed, exhibits, beyond controversy, a warm, affectionate, and generous nature. It is also characterized by an unrestrained expression of the sentiments which inspired him at the moment—an expression of the same feeling which communicated to his will the tendency to act by impulse, and which undoubtedly conduced to several of the most brilliant actions of his life. There is also everywhere prominent a deep and enthusiastic love of his country, and which, combined with personal thirst for glory, great confidence in himself, and equal reliance on those immediately associated with him, undoubtedly contributed largely to the performance of noble deeds, while they, at the same time, embued one so gifted with no small contempt for those who did not possess the same zeal and ardour as himself.

A character so constituted, could never succeed so well as in command. It was with Nelson as with other great men, "Aut Cæsar aut nihil." At Cape St. Vincent he was a bad subordinate, but a wondrous conqueror; and if the same ardent temperament seduced him for a moment from domestic ties into the toils of a passionate love, the punishment was with himself—the public has only to know that it was but the error of the same heart, which, from its fulness, secured to Great Britain the empire of the seas, to at once and for ever discard from its mind the memory of a correspondence which ought never to have been published.

Nelson's education was evidently a thoroughly practical one, and which at first gave him so great a horror of the royal navy, that he could scarcely get reconciled, after his journey in a West India ship, to a man of war.

> "However, as my ambition was to be a seaman, it was always held out as a reward, that if I attended well to my navigation, I should go in the cutter and decked long-boat, which were attached to the commanding officer's ship at Chatham. Thus, by degrees, I became a good pilot for vessels of that description, from Chatham to the Tower of London, down the Swin, and to the North Foreland; and confident of myself amongst rocks and sands, which has many times since been of the greatest comfort to me."

In this way he was trained, till he joined Lord Mulgrave's well-known expedition to the North Pole; and on this occasion when the boats were fitting out, to quit the two ships blocked up in the ice, he exerted himself in obtaining the command of a four-oared cutter, which was given to him with twelve men, and he characteristically says, "I prided myself in fancying I could navigate her better than any other boat in the ship." This self-confidence, having its origin in an exercised skill and dexterity, was a master principle in all Nelson's early naval exploits, in which some striking act of seamanship is always observed to prelude the bold and intrepid result which invariably followed.

Nelson mounted the ladder of promotion with a celerity quite unknown in these peaceful times. On arriving in the West Indies, Sir Peter Parker took him into his own flag-ship, the Bristol, as third lieutenant, from which he rose, by succession, the same year (1778), to be first. In the same year he was appointed commander of the Badger brig; and on the 11th of June, 1779, he was made post into the Hichinbrook. While in the West Indies, he distinguished himself by many gallant feats, more especially in the expedition against St. Juan's. But Nelson was only in embryo, till his appointment to the Agamemnon 64, and his mission to the Mediterranean under Lord Hood. This was in 1793, after his marriage, and after his acquaintanceship with H. R. H. the Duke of Clarence had begun. He had, in the interval, resided at Bath on half-pay; been employed in the Albemarle, 28 guns, off the North American Coast; favoured the jesuitical town of St. Omer's for a short time with his residence; suppressed illegal traffic in the Leeward Islands, with the Boreas of 28 guns; and enjoyed some brief domestic felicity at Burnham Thorpe, the place of his nativity, in Norfolk.

The Agamemnon had not been long in the Mediterranean, when she fell in with a small French squadron, consisting of three large frigates, a corvette, and a brig. Nelson did not hesitate to attack one of these, La Melpomene, of 44 guns, and which, in his dispatch to Lord Hood, he says he would have captured, had not the wind failed him, for they were just getting alongside when a light air headed them right off. The enemy, although so superior in numbers, did not venture to bring the Agamemnon into action, and she, on her part, was so cut to pieces, as to be unable to haul the wind towards them.

After the evacuation of Toulon, attention was directed to the island of Corsica, many of the natives of which were known to be disaffected towards the French. Nelson's capabilities and resources were probably never more strikingly exhibited than in all the circumstances which attended upon the reduction of that remarkable island. It is impossible, however, not to smile at an incident which accompanied his first exploit on shore, which, like his first engagement with the French ships, was not his most creditable one.

A "fine day," or its unprotected condition, invited him into Porto Novo, where he sent a message on shore, to say that he was come to deliver them from the republicans. The answer he got was,—"Nous sommes Republicains. Ce mot seul doit suffire. Ce n'est point au Maginaggio, lieu sans defense, ce qu'il faut vous adresser. Allez à St. Florent, Bastia, ou Calvi, et l'on vous repondra selon vos desirs." This was rather a gasconading rap at the captain of the Agamemnon, who, nevertheless, landed, struck the national colours with his own hand, and destroyed about ten sail of vessels; afterwards giving what he called a literal translation of said answer, in his dispatch to Lord Hood, and yet in which he evidently judged it convenient to omit the "lieu sans defense."

The siege of Bastia was quite another thing. In his dispatch of the 19th February, 1794, Nelson sent in to Lord Hood the results of his reconnaisance of the place, in which he stated it as his opinion that it would require 1000 troops, besides seamen, Corsicans, &c., to make a successful attempt. The capture of St. Fiorenzo having taken place on the 7th, the British brigade, under General Dundas, was able to march to the heights above Bastia, a distance of only twelve miles, from which, however, they as quickly retired, without effecting anything. General Dundas, in offering his explanation to Lord Hood, said, that "after mature consideration, and a personal inspection for several days of all circumstances, local as well as others, I consider the siege of Bastia, with our present means and force, to be a most visionary and rash attempt, such as no officer could be justified in undertaking."

Notwithstanding this opinion, so strongly expressed, and the withdrawal of assistance and co-operation of the army, Lord Hood determined to undertake the reduction of the fortress, and entrusted the command of the enterprise to Nelson. The feelings which both the naval commanders felt at the general's stubbornness are frequently expressed in various parts of the correspondence. The troops from the ships were landed on the 4th of April, the general still refusing a single soldier, cannon, or stores, to assist in the siege. Several batteries were opened upon the town with effect, and the siege was carried on with the greatest spirit till the 19th of May, when a truce and negotiation was entered upon; and on the 22nd the troops took possession of the out-posts. He then records the surrender of the town, May 23rd, as follows:—

> "This morning the British grenadiers took possession of the town gates, and the gates of the citadel; and on the 24th, at daylight, the most glorious sight that an Englishman can experience, and which, I believe, none but an Englishman could bring about, was exhibited;—4500 men laying down their arms to less than 1000 British soldiers, who were serving as marines."

At five o'clock on the evening of the 19th, after the negotiations had been entered upon, the troops from St. Fiorenzo made their first appearance on the hills; and on the 20th, General d'Aubant and the whole Fiorenzo arm, consisting of the 18th, 50th, and 51st regiments, 12th regiment of Dragoons, with 100 artillery, came on the hills to take Bastia!

The siege of Calvi followed upon the capture of Bastia. This was conducted by General Stuart and Captain Nelson, who had command of the seamen, and who shared with Captain Halliwell the very arduous and fatiguing duty in the advanced battery, twenty-four hours at a time, from the 19th of June till the 10th of August, when the town surrendered. It was while fighting this battery that Nelson lost his eye.

Like a true sailor, Nelson was rejoiced after serving at two sieges, when he got on board the Agamemnon again. "My ship's company," he says, in one of his letters, "are all worn out;" and he himself was still suffering from his wounds, but his indomitable spirit was in no ways affected; and in March of the ensuing year the occasion presented itself for the performance of his first really brilliant and characteristic naval exploit. On the 13th of that month, the English fleet, under Admiral Hotham, consisting of fourteen ships-of-the-line, fell in with the French fleet of fifteen ships. The French had been sent out to destroy the English ships, and retake Corsica; but it did not appear, when the opportunity for doing so presented itself, that they were very anxious to avail themselves of it.

The English had indeed to give chase, nor is it probable that any engagement would have taken place, had not the Ca Ira, an 84 gun-ship, ran foul of La Victoire, and carried away her fore and main topmasts. This enabled the Inconstant frigate to get up to her, and rake and harass her, until, according to Admiral Hotham's despatch, the coming up of the Agamemnon; but, according to Nelson's version, receiving many shot, she was obliged to leave her. Be this as it may, the Ca Ira continued to fire her stern guns so truly, that, on the Agamemnon's coming up, not a shot missed some part of the ship, and her gallant captain was obliged to open fire sooner than he intended, for he says it was his intention to have touched her stern before a shot was fired.

> "At a quarter before eleven, A.M., being within one hundred yards of the Ça Ira's stern, I ordered the helm to be put a-starboard, and the driver and after-sails to be braced up and shivered, and as the ship fell off, gave her a whole broadside, each gun double-shotted. Scarcely a shot appeared to miss. The instant all were fired, braced up our after-yards, put the helm a-port, and stood after her again. This manœuvre we practised till one, P.M., never allowing the Ça Ira to get a single gun from either side to fire at us. They attempted some of their after-guns, but all went far ahead of us. At this time the Ça Ira was a perfect wreck, her sails in tatters, mizen topmast, mizen topsail, and cross jack yards shot away. At one P.M., the frigate hove in stays, and got the Ça Ira round. As the frigate first, and then the Ça Ira, got their guns to bear, each opened her fire, and we passed within half-pistol shot. As soon as our after-guns ceased to bear, the ship was hove in stays, keeping, as she came round, a constant fire, and the ship was worked with as much exactness, as if she had been turning into Spithead. On getting round, I saw the Sans Culotte, who had before wore with many of the enemy's ships, under our lee bow, and standing to pass to leeward of us, under top-gallant sails. At half-past one P.M., the Admiral made the signal for the van-ships to join him. I instantly bore away, and prepared to set all our sails,* but the enemy having saved their ship, hauled close to the wind, and opened their fire, but so distant as to do us no harm; not a shot, I believe, hitting. Our sails and rigging were very much cut, and many shot in our hull between wind and water, but, wonderful! only seven men were wounded."

At daylight the next morning (the 14th), the Ca Ira and a line-of-battle ship (Censeur, 74,) who had her in tow, were seen three-and-a-half miles off, the body of the enemy's fleet about five miles. All sail was made to reduce the enemy to the alternative of abandoning those ships, or coming to battle. Although, says Admiral Hotham, in his dispatch, the latter did not appear to be their choice, they yet came down with the view of supporting them, and from eight to ten ships became engaged. The duty of engaging the disabled ship and its consort had been delegated to the Captain, 74; and Bedford, 74; that was at forty minutes past six, and at twenty minutes past seven, the Agamemnon was ordered to their assistance. It would appear, also, that other ships came up. At five minutes past ten, the Ca Ira and Censeur both struck, and were boarded by the Agamemnon's lieutenant. Notwithstanding this, Nelson was not mentioned in the Admiral's dispatches of the day, nor in connexion with the capture of the ships in James's Naval History.

The correspondence relating to this engagement is contained in the second volume of the "Letters and Dispatches," and in a letter addressed to Mr. Suckling, he says, "Could I have been supported, I would have had the Ca Ira on the 13th." And further on—"Had the breeze continued, so as to have allowed us to close with the enemy, we should have destroyed their whole fleet." In a letter to his brother, he describes the Ca Ira as large enough to take Agamemnon in her hold, "I never saw such a ship before." And when writing to his wife, he says—

> "What has happened, may never happen to any one again; that only one ship of the line, out of fourteen, should get into action with the French fleet, and for

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* In a letter to Captain Locker, dated March 21st, Nelson says, probably more accurately, "The Sans Culotte at last bore down, when the Ariadne called me off."

so long a time as two hours and a half, and with such a ship as the Ca Ira. Had I been supported, I should certainly have brought the Sans Culotte to battle, a most glorious prospect."

The French fleet was at first refused admittance to Toulon—the Republicans were so annoyed at its conduct; but being reinforced by the arrival of six sail-of-the-line, and two frigates, from Brest, it took to sea twenty-two sail-of-the-line strong. The English fleet, reinforced by the arrival of Admiral Man, consisted of twenty English, and two Neapolitan ships-of-the-line, under Admiral Hotham. Nelson did not, however, approve of the commander. He says, in a letter to the Rev. Mr. Hoste—

> "This fleet must regret the loss of Lord Hood, the best officer, take him altogether, that England has to boast of. Lord Howe certainly is a great officer in the management of a fleet, but that is all. Lord Hood is equally great in all situations which an admiral can be placed in. Our present admiral is a worthy, good man, but not by any means equal to either Lord Hood or Lord Howe."

Nelson had, however, no misgivings as to the result. In a letter to his brother, he says—

> "Lord Hood's absence is a great national loss; but if we have the good fortune to fall in with the enemy's fleet, the event will be what no Englishman can doubt."

At this time, Nelson also wrote to his brother :

> "I have to boast, what no officer can this war, or any other that I know of, being, in fifteen months, 110 days in action, at sea and on shore."

On the 24th of June, the Dido, a little eight-and-twenty of nine-pounders, and the Lowestoffe, a two-and-thirty, of twelve pounders, beat La Minerve, 42 eight-pounders, and L'Artemise, 36 twelve-pounders, and captured the first, in which Nelson afterwards served for a time. On the 13th of July, the French fleet was come up with about six leagues south of the Hieres Islands, but owing to a calm coming on, nothing of importance occurred, although Agamemnon, and five other ships-of-the-line, were for a while engaged, without being able to close with the enemy, who was exceedingly retiring, and more anxious to avoid, than to get into an engagement.

> "Thus," says Nelson, "has ended our second meeting with these gentry. In the forenoon we had every prospect of taking every ship in the fleet; and at noon, it was almost certain we should have had the six near ships. The French admiral, I am sure, is not a wise man, nor an officer: he was undetermined whether to fight or to run away; however, I must do him the justice to say, he took the wisest step at last. Indeed, I believe this Mediterranean fleet is as fine a one as ever graced the ocean."

This is in a letter to H. R. H. the Duke of Clarence. Nelson was now sent as commodore, with a small squadron of frigates, to co-operate with the Austrian General De Vins, in driving the French out of the Riviera of Genoa.

The gallant commodore's activity and resolution were, however, of no avail to him, at a point where an ill-observed neutrality was only a mask to French influence; and the dilatoriness of the Austrians opposed but slight impediments to the triumphant progress of Napoleon. Worse than all, the blame of the want of success was attributed, by the discomfited Austrians, to the non-co-operation of the British fleet. General de Vins did not, indeed, consider the squadron at Nelson's disposal as sufficient for the purpose, although the latter proposed a plan by which he would have cut off all supplies from the enemy to the eastward ; and they must, he says in a letter to Sir Gilbert Elliot, then Viceroy of Corsica, have abandoned their stupendous works at St. Esprit.

At length, on the occasion of some bullocks, destined for the English ships, being detained, the mask of neutrality was thrown off; and shortly afterwards, upon the occasion of capturing a French vessel laden with warlike stores, all the guns of Genoa opened fire on the British ships. Under these circumstances, the capture of the Island of Capraja, as interposed between Genoa and Corsica, was resolved upon, and the undertaking entrusted to Nelson, which he further accomplished, in the words of Earl St. Vincent, with his customary skill, judgment, and enterprise. Elba had also become, nearly at the same time, a British appurtenance.

This state of things lasted, however, but a short time. There is a remarkable letter of Nelson's to his wife, written at sea, Feb. 13, 1794, in which he says—" We are anxious to hear how Parliament likes the war. I am still of opinion it cannot last much longer ; not by the French having an absolute monarchy again, but by our leaving them alone ; perhaps the wisest plan we can follow !" In October, 1796, it was found necessary to evacuate Corsica. The Spaniards had declared war, Admiral Man had gone home with his squadron, to let events take their own course, and the French fleet was daily expected from Toulon. Under these adverse circumstances, the British fleet was ordered to return from the Mediterranean, but Nelson's spirit rose above the difficulties which then encompassed the English, and he never ceased to uphold the opinion that the English fleet could have successfully engaged the fleets of the Allied Powers.

In a letter to Earl St. Vincent, dated 3rd September, he says—

> " I yet hope for a good and glorious campaign by sea and land, and I wish Mr. Wyndham's fears may be realized, and that the Toulon fleet may come out; but I fear they will not."

When the land part of the campaign was decided, his reliance on the English remained unchanged. In a letter to Mrs. Nelson, dated 17th October, he wrote as follows—

> " We are all preparing to leave the Mediterranean, a measure which I cannot approve. They at home do not know what the fleet is capable of performing; anything, and everything.
>
> Much as I shall rejoice to see England, I lament our present orders in sackcloth and ashes, so dishonourable to the dignity of England, whose fleets are equal to meet the world in arms; and of all the fleets I ever saw, I never beheld one in point of officers and men, equal to Sir John Jervis's, who is a commander-in-chief able to lead them to glory."

To Captain Locker he wrote at nearly the same period :

> "So soon as our fleet is united, (anticipating Admiral Man,) I have no doubt but we shall look out for the combined fleet, who, I suppose, are about thirty-four sail of the line, badly manned, and worse ordered; whilst ours is such a fleet as I never before saw at sea. There is nothing hardly beyond our reach."

To H. R. H. the Duke of Clarence, he wrote—

> " I calculate on the certainty of Admiral Man's joining us, and that in fourteen days from this day, we shall have the honour of fighting these gentlemen; there is not a seaman in the fleet who does not feel confident of success."

January 6, 1797: His Royal Highness observed in a letter to Nelson—

> " I believe in the abilities of Jervis, and in the good order and discipline of any fleet under his command, and more particularly of one so well officered; still,

however, even had Man joined you, twenty-two British ships ought not to be risked against thirty-four of the enemy."

March 13: After the battle of St. Vincent's, his late Majesty wrote—

> "DEAR NELSON,
>
> "I am, believe me, very happy to own myself in the wrong, and in future to acknowledge that the British fleet, when well disciplined, well officered, and nobly commanded, can beat any number of Spaniards."

The fleet sailed from the Mediterranean on the 2nd of November, and on its arrival at Gibraltar, Nelson was dispatched in La Minerve frigate, accompanied by the Blanche, to embark the troops left at Porto Ferrajo. On this expedition he fell in with, and captured La Sabina, of forty guns, but unfortunately the Spanish Admiral coming up, she was retaken, with Lieutenants Culverhouse and Hardy, and the English crew on board. La Sabina was commanded by Don Jacobo Stuart, a descendant from the Duke of Berwick, son of James II., and Nelson relates privately of this engagement, in a letter to his brother—

> "When I hailed the Don, and told him, 'This is an English frigate,' and demanded his surrender, or I would fire into him, his answer was noble, and such as became the illustrious family from which he is descended—"This is a Spanish frigate, and you may begin as soon as you please." I have no idea of a closer or sharper battle. The force to a gun the same, and nearly the same number of men; we having two hundred and fifty. I asked him several times to surrender, during the action, but his answer was—"No sir, not whilst I have the means of fighting left." When only himself of all the officers was left alive, he hailed, and said, he could fight no more, and begged I would stop firing."

Nelson returned to Gibraltar on February 9, and on the 13th joined Admiral Sir John Jervis's fleet off Cape St. Vincent, when he re-hoisted his broad pendant in the Captain, just in time for the battle of Cape St. Vincent, which occurred on the 14th instant, on St. Valentine's day, as he particularizes in all his letters referring to that event. In connexion with the part which Nelson took in this memorable engagement, in which fifteen British ships-of-the-line were opposed to twenty-seven Spanish ships-of-the-line, and of which they captured four, there exists a leading document, signed by Nelson and Captains Miller and Berry, called "A few remarks relative to myself in the Captain, in which my pendant was flying on the most glorious Valentine's day, 1797;" and which were published soon after they were written, but of which Sir N. H. Nicolas has given another copy from an autograph draught in the Nelson Papers, signed by Nelson only, and which is highly deserving of being introduced here:

> "On the 13th of February, at 6 P.M., shifted my pendant from La Minerve frigate to the Captain.
>
> "Valentine's day, at daylight, signal to prepare for battle; at 10, saw some strange ships standing across the van of our fleet, on the larboard tack, which was sailing in two divisions, eight in the weather, seven in the lee, on the starboard tack. About 11, signal to form the line, as most convenient. At twenty-five past 11 the action commenced in the van, then passing through the enemy's line. About 1 A.M., the Captain having passed the sternmost of the enemy's ships, which formed their van, consisting of seventeen sail of the line, and perceived the Spanish fleet to bear up before the wind, evidently with an intention of forming their line, going large—joining their separated divisions—or flying from us. To prevent either of their schemes from taking effect, I ordered the ship to be wore, and passing between the Diadem and Excellent, at ten minutes past 1 o'clock I was in close action with the van, and, of course, leewardmost of the Spanish fleet. The ships, which I know were the Santa Trinidad, San Josef, Salvador del Mundo, San

Nicolas, San Isidro, another first-rate and seventy-four, names not known. I was immediately joined and most nobly supported by the Culloden, Captain Troubridge. The Spanish fleet, from not wishing, I suppose, to have a decisive battle, hauled to the wind on the larboard tack, which brought the ships above mentioned to be the leewardmost ships of their fleet. For an hour the Culloden and Captain supported this apparently, but not in reality, unequal contest, when the Blenheim, passing to windward of us and ahead, eased us a little. By this time the Salvador del Mundo and San Isidro dropped astern, and were fired into in a masterly style by the Excellent, Captain Collingwood, who compelled them to hoist English colours, when, disdaining the parade of taking possession of beaten enemies, he most gallantly pushed up to save his old friend and messmate, who was to appearance in a critical situation: the Blenheim having fallen to leeward, and the Culloden crippled and astern, the Captain at this time being actually fired upon by three first-rates and the San Nicolas and a seventy-four, and about pistol-shot distance of the San Nicholas. The Excellent ranged up with every sail set, and hauling up his mainsail just astern, passed within ten feet of the San Nicolas, giving her a most awful and tremendous fire. The San Nicolas luffing up, the San Josef fell on board her, and the Excellent passing on for the Santa Trinidad, the Captain resumed her situation abreast of them, close alongside.

"At this time, the Captain having lost her fore-topmast, not a sail, shroud, or rope standing, the wheel shot away, and incapable of further service in the line or in chase, I directed Captain Miller to put the helm a-starboard, and calling for the boarders, ordered them to board.

"The soldiers of the 69th regiment, with an alacrity which will ever do them credit, with Lieutenant Pierson, of the same regiment, were amongst the foremost on this service. The first man who jumped into the enemy's mizen-chains was Captain Berry, late my first-lieutenant. He was supported from our spritsail-yard; and a soldier of the 69th regiment having broke the upper quarter-gallery window, jumped in, followed by myself and others, as fast as possible. I found the cabin-doors fastened, and the Spanish officers fired their pistols at us through the windows, but having broke open the doors, the soldiers fired, and the Spanish brigadier (commodore, with a distinguishing pendant) fell as retreating to the quarter-deck. Having pushed on the quarter-deck, I found Captain Berry in possession of the poop, and the Spanish ensign hauling down. The San Josef at this moment fired muskets and pistols from the admiral's stern-gallery on us. Our seamen by this time were in full possession of every part: about seven of my men were killed, and some few wounded, and about twenty Spaniards.

"Having placed sentinels at the different ladders, and ordered Captain Miller to push more men into the San Nicolas, I directed my brave fellows to board the first-rate, which was done in a moment. When I got into her main-chains, a Spanish officer came upon the quarter-deck rail, without arms, and said the ship had surrendered. From this welcome information, it was not long before I was on the quarter-deck, when the Spanish captain, with a bended knee, presented me his sword, and told me the admiral was dying with his wounds below. I gave him my hand, and desired him to call to his officers and ship's company that the ship had surrendered, which he did: and on the quarter-deck of a Spanish first-rate, extravagant as the story may seem, did I receive the swords of the vanquished Spaniards, which as I received I gave to William Fearney, one of my bargemen, who placed them, with the greatest sang-froid, under his arm. I was surrounded by Captain Berry, Lieutenant Pierson, 69th regiment, John Sykes, John Thompson, Francis Cook, and William Fearney, all old Agamemnons, and several other brave men, seamen and soldiers. Thus fell these ships. The Victory passing saluted us with three cheers, as did every ship in the fleet. The Minerve sent a boat for me, and I hoisted my pendant on board her, directing Captain Cockburn to put me on board the first uninjured ship-of-the-line, which was done; and I hoisted my pendant in the Irresistible, but the day was too far advanced to venture on taking possession of the Santa Trinidad, although she had long ceased to resist, as it must have brought on a night action, with a still very superior fleet. At dusk, I went on board the Victory, when the admiral received me on the quarter-deck, and having embraced me, said he could not sufficiently thank me, and used very kind expressions which could not fail to make me happy. On my return on board the Irresistible, my bruises were looked at, and found but trifling, and a few days made me as well as ever.

"H. N.

"N.B. There is a saying in the fleet too flattering for me to omit telling—viz., 'Nelson's patent bridge for boarding first-rates,' alluding to my passing over an enemy's 80 gun ship; and another of a sailor's taking me by the hand on board the San Josef, saying he might not soon have such another place to do it in, and assuring me he was heartily glad to see me."

The Captain being disabled, and unfit for sea, Nelson was appointed to the Irresistible, 74, in which he again proceeded to Porto Ferrajo, from whence he rejoined the fleet at Cadiz, where he hoisted his flag in the Theseus, and commanded the in-shore squadron, engaged in bombarding that town.

It was from this arduous duty that he proceeded on a still more dangerous and untoward task—the attack upon Santa Cruz, in Teneriffe. It is difficult, at this distant period of time, to form a correct notion of the cause of failure in this bold undertaking. Sir N. H. Nicolas attributes, as a principal cause of its failure, that an essential part of his original plan was not carried out—namely, the assistance of a large body of troops; but much was also undoubtedly to be attributed to Nelson himself being disabled at the very onset of the affair; and still more to the fact that the attack itself appears to have been a very rash one. The first attempt was intended to have been made in the night of the 21st, but the ships were discovered before they effected a landing; the line-of-battle-ships could not get near enough to batter the fort, nor could the troops possess themselves of the heights necessary to command it:

> "Thus foiled," says Nelson, in his own detail of the proceedings, "in my original plan, I considered it for the honour of our king and country, not to give over the attempt to possess ourselves of the town, that our enemies might be convinced there is nothing which Englishmen are not equal to."

This is an error so truly on the right side, that it is impossible to do otherwise than sympathize with the failure, but it appears more than doubtful that if Nelson himself had gained the town with Captain Troubridge, that he could have effected more, or have obtained more honourable terms of capitulation than that gallant officer. Nelson's depression of spirits in losing his right arm appears to have been great, but more so from the regret at his incapability of any longer being useful to his country, than any thing else. In his letter to Earl St. Vincent he says—

> "My dear Sir,
>
> "I am become a burthen to my friends, and useless to my country; but by my letter, wrote the 24th, you will perceive my anxiety for the promotion of my son-in-law, Josiah Nisbet. When I leave your command, I become dead to the world; I go hence, and am no more seen. If, from poor Bowen's loss, you think proper to oblige me, I rest confident you will do it; the boy is under obligations to me, but he repaid me, by bringing me from the Mole of Santa Cruz.
>
> "I hope you will be able to give me a frigate, to convey the remains of my carcase to England. God bless you, my dear sir, and believe me, your most obliged and faithful.
>
> "Horatio Nelson."

This was his first letter written with his left hand. The second volume of the Letters takes us home with the now mutilated Rear-Admiral, and, arrived at which, he proceeded to Bath, and thence to London, where he was installed with the ensigns of the Order of the Bath, returned thanks in St. George's, Hanover-square, for his recovery from his wound, and, being once more ready for active service, was appointed to the Vanguard, 74.

THE CELLAR IN THE LIBERTY, DUBLIN.

BY RUSSELL GRAHAM.

PART II.—THE PRICE OF BLOOD.

"As I before said," resumed the adjutant, looking round at his auditors, whose countenances proclaimed the strong interest they took in his recital—"as I before said, Pemberton was a man of strong nerve; but the determined looks of the Croppy, whose dreadful visage he remembered, and who was evidently ready at a moment to aid Dolores in any purpose she might resolve on, coupled with her own excited appearance, made it difficult for him to maintain an appearance of indifference. Watching his countenance with the most eager anxiety, and fancying she saw in his momentary hesitation symptoms of returning tenderness, Dolores made a sign to the Croppy to retire, and then, with every trace of violence lost in the wild re-action of feeling, she threw herself at Pemberton's feet, and, with all the earnestness and pathos of despairing grief, urged him to recal the past. But he was not to be moved from his determination. He repulsed her entreaties with scorn.

"'No more of this,' he said, 'I beg of you; it is as much out of place as the effort at intimidation that preceded it. Your conduct has made it utterly impossible we should be anything more than strangers to one another. Let me pass; and remember, that from this night I hold no terms with you.' And impatiently releasing himself from her grasp, he moved haughtily towards the door.

"For a moment Dolores remained crouched on the ground, as if stricken there by a blow; but the next, springing to her feet, with lips quivering, frame panting, and eyes flashing with rekindled passion, she exclaimed, in a voice, harsh and unnatural from over-wrought excitement—

"'Neil Orrigen! to the door! Do not let him go forth!'

"Pemberton's answer was an endeavour to struggle past the Croppy, who, hearing their renewed altercation, had returned to his post; but the fellow's athletic strength was too much for him, and looking round for some weapon with which to second his efforts, he snatched from the hearth an old iron bolt that had probably served the purpose of a poker. Perceiving this, and knowing his resolution, Dolores suddenly drew forth a small dagger, hitherto concealed in her dress, and rushed madly towards him. In a moment Pemberton had disarmed her, but not before she had inflicted a trifling wound on his hand, from which the blood leaped to her face; and with a look expressive of the utmost aversion and contempt, but without uttering a word, he turned away.

"'Neil Orrigen!' she screamed, wild with defeated passion, 'avenge me, for my own hand has failed!'

"And the Croppy, with a savage look of triumph, confronted him, 'Ay! lave him to me,' he exclaimed. 'I have an account of my own to settle with him.' And he pointed, with a truculent smile, to his mutilated ears.

"'Stand off, fellow,' said Pemberton, lifting his arm to strike; but at the instant a blow from a mallet rendered the limb powerless, and the next the Croppy had closed with him, and an unequal, and on the officer's part, useless struggle ensued. Pemberton was soon overpowered, and as his ruthless assailant once more lifted his fearful weapon, he cried aloud to Dolores for help. The next moment he fell heavily to the ground. A deep groan escaped him, and then, except for the wind howling in the chimney, and shaking the doors and framework of the shattered window, a dead silence succeeded.

Immediately after, Dolores came forth precipitately into the coffin-maker's room, her face deadly pale, her hair deranged, her clenched teeth gleaming through her separated lips, her figure looking taller than before, and her dark-browed forehead ghastly from the smear of blood upon it. Her hands were clasped tightly on her breast, as if to suppress some violent emotion, and she tottered rather than stepped, to the first object that offered support, and sat down on the unfinished coffin. The hunchback was nowhere to be seen, but she presently heard his voice in the cellar, to which he had obtained access from the area, and he soon after came out, followed by the Croppy, who had a mallet in his hand, the head of which he wiped with handfuls of shavings, which he afterwards carefully burnt. After some farther conversation, the Croppy approached Dolores, and, with all the kindness his repulsive features could assume, addressed her—'The ould man says it's better for you to cum' down to my sisther's for the night, an' not to be killing yourself this way, asthore.'

"Dolores started as if from some deep dream, and shuddering as she perceived who was beside her, turned away her head, muttering, 'No! no!' to the proposal.

"'Anyway, there's no use in fretting yourself now,' the Croppy continued; 'an', indeed, 'tis little he disarved it ov you. Badly he used you in the beg'ning, an' worse in the ind, the decaiver of the world!'

"Dolores bowed her head on her hands, but made no answer.

"'Women are the queer cratures,' continued the Croppy; 'afther ruining my sowl to serve you, I b'lieve 'tis to hate me worse you do. You hav' no compassion.'

"'I had none,' murmured Dolores, hoarsely.

"'Bedad! this is the dthroll story,' muttered the other. 'Afther yourself setting me the example, an' bidding me strike. Well, this surpasses!'

"'He would have relented,' murmured Dolores—'would have taken pity on me when he thought over all I have suffered. But now—now!' And she clasped her hands in an agony of distress.

"'This 'ill not do, at all evints,' interrupted the Croppy, who began to fear that her grief would grow clamorous and betray them. 'If it is lamenting him you are, we must find a quieter place for you; so cum' wid me quick, for the night is going from us, an' all thrack ov the business must be out ov this before morning.'

"Dolores, however, resisted, and neither threats nor persuasions moved her to leave the place; and at length, having apparently given up the point, he left her, and renewed his conference with the hunchback. After a while, the old man proceeded to the farther end of the workshop, and taking from a press what appeared to be a quantity of wearing apparel, but was, in fact, a parcel of funeral gear, before Dolores could have an idea of what was intended, threw it over her head and shoulders, and placed her in the arms of the Croppy, who carried her out of the house. The girl's mouth was so muffled that it was impossible for her to cry out, and her strivings to free herself from the sinewy arms that detained her proved futile. By and by, however, fatigue compelled the Croppy to put her down; but his grasp relaxed not a jot, and in this way she was hurried through lanes and bye streets, till they arrived nearly opposite the College.

"The storm was now at its height, hurling down slates and chimney-pots, grappling with every obstacle in its way, as if in its frenzy it would have uprooted them, rushing round the corners of the streets, and howling and yelling in its mad career. Breathless from its violence and his own exertions, the Croppy paused; and Dolores, who had managed in her struggles to extricate her head from the coil in which she was wrapped, perceived through the darkness the outline of an equestrian statue, and at once recognised the place they were in, and the presence of the adjacent sentry. Instantly the idea of seeking the soldier's protection occurred to her; and while the Croppy, anxious to escape detection, and knowing that on such a night, after the relief had turned out (and it was just on the stroke of the hour) there was little chance of finding the sentry beyond his box, was endeavouring to distinguish the usual challenge and ringing of firelocks through the hubbub of the storm, she burst from his grasp, and retaining by instinct rather than intention the covering that had been wrapped about her in lieu of a cloak, rushed on, taking the direction of the Bank. But her strength was not equal to the effort, and just as she fancied herself secure, a rough hand grasped her shoulder, and the coarse voice of the Croppy exclaimed, 'Ye mathaun ov the world, where are ye going to, or what are ye afeard ov? If I intinded any harm to you, isn't the cellar beyond as good a place as any for it? but, on the conthrary, it is to keep ye from frettin' an' throublin' yourself that I'm takin' you where you 'ont be put in mind ov anything.'

"'Let me return!—I will not go with you!' screamed Dolores.

"'Then all that's left for me,' returned the Croppy, 'is to take you.' And he once more attempted to lift her in his arms; but she shrieked wildly, and the cry was instantly answered by the sharp challenge of the sentinel. Pushing her from him with a force that threw her to the ground, and muttering curses on her folly, the Croppy fled.

When the soldier, raising the girl, drew her beneath the lamplight, he recognised the same beautiful face, only pale and terror-stricken, that he had observed in the early part of the evening; for the events I have related must have occurred almost as rapidly as I am describing them; and it was not yet two hours since Pemberton, in all the pride of strength and flush of anticipation, had stood where the wretched trembling Dolores now crouched.

"'Young woman,' said the soldier, as he perceived the streak of blood on her forehead, 'I'm afraid you're hurt; there's blood just above your eyebrow.'

"'Is there?' she said, shudderingly. 'Oh, it is nothing! A pin's scratch. I didn't feel it.'

"'Well,' he continued, with rough courtesy, 'if you're still afraid of being run away with, you can stop in my box, and I'll walk about for five minutes; by that time the guard will be relieved.'

"Fearful that the Croppy might still be lingering in the neighbourhood, though with a vague idea that her present situation was as inimical to her safety as his company, Dolores crouched down in the sentry-box till the man told her the relief was coming, and then, with reeling brain and unequal steps, she turned into an adjacent street, where she remembered to have seen an empty house, and in this she took refuge for the night. When the light of the next morning broke in upon her, she found that the covering in which the undertaker had enveloped her was an old moth-eaten pall.

"But to return to the cellar. No sooner had the Croppy quitted the workshop than the hunchback bolted the door, and piling up some of his grim ware against it, by way of further protection, took up his lanthorn, and passed stealthily into the adjoining cellar. He paused at the door, looking behind and around him, as if he fancied the walls were aware of his purpose, and then elevating the lanthorn so as to throw its light far into the wretched-looking room, he beheld, between the fire-place and the settle, a bulky, prostrate object, the movelessness of which encouraged him to proceed. The light fell on the up-turned face of Pemberton; but the large, wide-open eyes received its rays without winking. Awed by the sight, the old man hastened to throw fresh fuel on the almost extinguished turf embers, as if their warmth would make the spectacle less chilling; but whereever he moved, whether to the door, to the hearth, or to the opposite end of the cellar, the glazed stare of those unmoving eyes seemed fixed upon him, and almost scared him from his intention. As the fire burnt up, however, his resolution returned, and, taking the candle in his hand, he threw a cloth over the dead man's face, and proceeded to ransack his pockets. In these he found several guineas and a note for a considerable amount, and, having possessed himself of the gold first, he hesitated for awhile at appropriating the note, but in the end cupidity prevailed, and he took it. He neither disturbed watch, chain, nor rings, for these he knew the Croppy had already registered; and having secured his private share of the spoil, he was rising from his task, his conscience-stricken looks wandering round the apartment, when, happening to glance at the window, he beheld, through the single pane of glass that remained in the dilapidated framework, a pair of red, rheumy eyes gazing in on him. Instantly the light fell from his hand, and he heard, or he thought he heard, a mocking laugh follow its extinction. It was some minutes before he recovered himself sufficiently to look up again; when he did so, the eyes were gone. Having relighted the candle, and hung up a coarse screen before the casement, he returned to the outer room, and had just resumed his wonted employment, when the voice of the Croppy demanding admission sounded at the door.

"'By gonies! if it isn't a cat I saw, I'm afeard 'tis himself was at the window,' muttered the undertaker. 'All the neighbours are in bed, and who else 'ud be stirring in the Liberty at this hour ov the night.' And with no little apprehension, he removed the things from the door, and the Croppy entered; vexation and anxiety adding to the natural unpleasantness of his appearance.

"'Yea! Neil a vich! What ails you?' inquired the old man.

"'Throuble enough,' answered the other, doggedly, 'I'm afeard this is the worst work I ever put hands to.'

"'Arrah! why so?' asked the hunchback, anxiously.

" ' The girl is taken prisoner this way,' rejoined the Croppy; ' an I'm in dthread ov my life she'll tell all.'

" ' Tell what?—tell on herself, is it?' said the undertaker, ironically. ' How soft you have it! But how cum ye to let her go from ye at all?'

" ' 'Faith, I kept her well enough,' resumed the Croppy, ' till we got on to the Bank; an' then the screech she gav', you'd think the life was lavin' her, an' wid that the senthrys ran out in purshuit ov us; and though I held a fast grip ov her, thinking I'd hav' her out of that before they got up to us, she was like an eel in my hands, twisting this way an' that way, an' so I was obliged to lave her there, for fear 'tis taken myself I'd be. I blieve 'tis hate me she does, for what happen'd widin there,"—pointing to the cellar; ' for all her own hands wud hav' done it, if the strength 'ud let 'um.'

" ' Yea, don't ye know that's always the way wid women?' returned the hunchback. ' Fast as they do a thing, they're sorry for it after. An' bad as she thought the *bochel* widin there two hours ago, I'll engage she'd giv' her life now to hav' him back again. But there's no help for spilt milk,' he added, philosophically.

" ' Let us not be talkin',' continued the Croppy, ' but bear a hand, an' conthrive sum' way to put the corpse out ov that, before the neighbours 'll be stirring.' Upon which, he took the light, and they proceeded together to the cellar, the presence of one ruffian giving courage to the other.

" ' Faith, you're low enough now, at all events!' exclaimed Neil Orrigen, regarding his lifeless victim with malignant triumph. ' No fear ov your cropping any more Christians like curs, sending them about the world for a show. Hah! didn't I tell you,' he continued, stooping down to the haughty face, as if it was conscious of his taunts, —' didn't I tell you, one ov these days, I'd be quits wid you?' And he struck, with the brutality of a savage, the livid cheek with his hand. Instantly a gush of blood bubbled from the mouth, and the murderer and the thief looked at one another without speaking. When the qualm of superstition had passed away, the two men conferred as to the best means of disposing of the body, and as a preparatory step, the Croppy finished the work of despoiling it, which the other had begun.

" The next morning a rumour prevailed that Pemberton, who was for guard, was not in garrison, and the circumstance was accounted for by such surmises as the well known habits of the man would naturally suggest. Noon came, and he had not returned; night, and no intelligence of him; and then minute inquiries began to be made amongst us as to when and where he had last been seen. His servant knew no more than that his master had dined in his own room on the preceding evening, and had gone out shortly afterwards; and the sentries in the castle-yard corroborated the latter circumstance. But this was all the light our own people could throw on the affair. When, however, two or three days passed away without his return, or any information of his whereabout having been received, the most anxious fears began to be felt for his safety, and active measures were taken to discover, if possible, the cause of his disappearance. The magistrates were consulted, and, in conjunction with the military, were indefatigable in their endeavours to unravel the mystery, and a reward was offered on the bare suspicion of foul play, in the hope of gaining some slight clue. As is usual in Ireland, (whatever be the crime, or the real motives for its commission,) party feeling was immediately supposed to have some share in the business; and as Pemberton had made himself remarkably conspicuous in the zeal with which he had entered on the extirpation of private stills and White-feet, the magistrates were unanimous in concluding some mischief had happened to him in consequence, and rigid inquisition was accordingly made by means of their familiars; but no Jem O'Brian or Paddy M'Cue of their acquaintance could throw a light on poor Pemberton's fate. For my own part, remembering his appointment with Dolores, and dating his disappearance from that evening, strange and horrible apprehensions filled me.

"A few mornings after this, happening to be the officer of the day, while paying my official visit at the hospital, one of the men, who was recovering from some slight illness, and had only just heard of the affair, as I was passing on, after asking him the ordinary questions, requested me to hear something he had to say in reference to the missing officer. I need hardly tell you with what eagerness I listened, while he described to me the circumstances of Pemberton's meeting with Dolores at the Bank; for though the former, as I have told you, was muffled up, with an evident desire of concealment, the soldier was too well acquainted with his appearance to be deceived in him; and as to the female, if I had even been ignorant of Pemberton's appointment with Dolores, the man's description would have left no doubt on my mind of her identity. Subsequently he informed me of the outcry in the street, and of the reappearance of the woman, her disordered looks, and apparent distress, and how, when her assailant had made off he had allowed her to remain in his box till she had in some degree recovered from her terror; and, lastly, he produced a ring, which he had picked up immediately after she had left the spot, and which he felt satisfied was not there previous to her coming—for it lay where the lamplight fell upon it, and its glitter must have discovered it at once. The ring was similar to one I had seen Pemberton wear frequently, and which I particularly remembered he had on the evening he had last been in my room. Yet, after all, what did it prove? If, as the man seemed convinced, it had not fallen from Pemberton's hand, he might have given it to her. But I became more than ever anxious to discover Dolores, who, beyond a doubt, had so much later intelligence of him than we had; and remembering the neighbourhood in which she had vanished, on the occasion of my endeavouring to find out her abode for Pemberton, I deserted Dame-street to lounge in the Liberty, grew curious in old clothes, second-hand silver, and every other variety of stolen goods, which readily found a mart in this privileged locality. And whenever circumstances rendered my personal espionage impolitic or impracticable, I found efficient proxies in two or three old confidential serjeants, eager as myself to sift the affair to the bottom.

"In the meanwhile, so general had become the presumption of Pemberton's murder, that government added a large sum to the reward already offered, with a free pardon to any one, but the principal, who would come forward with such information as would lead to the conviction of the perpetrators of the crime. And this was seconded by a still more liberal reward on the part of his relatives and friends; so that you could not pass a blank wall or scaffolding throughout the city, or its suburbs, without being painfully reminded by huge handbills, of the poor fellow's probable fate.

"Many a hollow-eyed artizan, many a rollicking whisky-drinker, paused to spell through the terms of the proclamation, and turned away thankful that ignorance kept them free from the temptation of enriching themselves by the price of blood. But there was one upon whom its effect was terrible, into whose heart the promise of all this money ate and ate, till it corrupted the only spot that was not already cankered. This was the hunchback. Morning, noon, and night did he pore over those huge figures, and cursed the power of comprehending them. On the wall-sides, the newspapers, plastered on lamp-posts, and round the trunks of trees, everywhere appeared the overgrown—'500 GUINEAS REWARD!'

"He shut his eyes, and imagination forged them; he slept, and the chink of them was in his ears. Now he longed for rain, and storm, and mischievous imps of boys to pluck down and destroy the fearful temptation, and at last begged one of a bill-sticker, that he might feast secretly on all it promised. Five hundred guineas!—to him who had never had five hundred pence, free of the day's necessities ; five hundred guineas, and all the same as his own—there was the satisfaction, the delight! However wide-spread the advertisement became—however numerous the eyes that read it, he alone possessed the power of claiming the proffered treasure—500 guineas! The walls of his workshop seemed covered with those figures ; they produced a sort of amaurosis,—obscured his sight—distempered his brain. Now he fancied the gold spread before him, now piled into separate heaps. Now he hugged, in imagination, the glistening coins to his heart, and then while his skinny fingers thrilled at the touch, let them fall, that he might satisfy his ears with their musical ringing.

"At first there was a glory in resisting all this temptation, and he plumed himself, evil as he was, upon the rude magnanimity that kept him poor, rather than betray his associates ; but by degrees this feeling wore away, and he began to look upon the reward as a fund on which he might draw at pleasure. Thus, while the Croppy was hiding in the outskirts of the town, fearful from consciousness rather than from any appearance of suspicion against him, and the wretched Dolores, without the means of return to her own country, or of support where she was, continued to eat his bread and share the shelter of his melancholy abode, the undertaker sat among his coffins, counting over and over, in imagination, the price of denouncing one of them to government, for, in his estimation, the production of either of them would be sufficient for the ends of justice. But which was he to choose? The Croppy, Neil Orrigen, was his near kinsman, and prejudice naturally leaned in his favour; so summoning up all the courage with which villany could invest him, and sheltering himself beneath the secrecy of night, he called on a magistrate and denounced Dolores as the murderess.

"In those days, the civil power trusted little to its own force, unassisted by the military; and upon receiving the old man's deposition, the magistrate immediately sent to request my assistance in the arrest of the prisoner, in case of attempt at rescue. A few smart soldiers were quickly turned out, quitting their beds cheerfully in such a cause and, accompanied by the magistrate and some of the police, we pushed on, at nearly midnight, for the Liberty. A fine moonlight did little for the aspect of the place, except to render its repulsiveness more visible, and the grim, half-ruinous houses appeared to exceed their ordinary appearance of hideousness and gloom, from the soft rim of light in which they seemed set. Not a single light appeared, nor did we meet any one but a few straggling collegians in the course of our midnight march. Arrived at our destination, the old man pointed out to us the cellar in which he intimated our prisoner would be found; and then falling back as far as possible out of sight, as if already ashamed of his part in the transaction, or desirous of screening himself from the reproaches of his victim, he awaited the issue of his information. Huddled in her cloak, with her head drooping on her hands, Dolores sat at one corner of the settle, asleep, probably tired of waiting for the old man's return; and as I looked at the helpless creature, I blushed for the show of force which my friend had thought necessary for the arrest. Startled by the sudden light and the unusual noise of our entrance, she rose up, shrinking with terror at finding herself surrounded by soldiers and police; but when the magistrate, stepping forward, formally stated to her the crime for which she was arrested, though she trembled violently, she did not attempt to deny the charge, but quickly prepared to accompany us. She was altered much since I had seen her. The warm richness of her complexion had become absolute paleness, her eyes had lost their fire, and her brow and mouth their imperiousness, while that wan look, only seen in those whose spirits are beaten down by the force of some mental conflict, gave a subdued expression to her features. Guilty as I believed her to be, my heart bled for her. But, to be brief, a car waited to convey her to Newgate; and, seating myself on one side of her, while my friend placed himself opposite us, we proceeded through the silent, moon-illumined streets. The lateness of the hour, and the suddenness of the event, caused some little delay in delivering the prisoner; but the jailer having been called up, two grim-looking turnkeys presently sprang to the steps of the vehicle, and laying hold of the trembling girl on either side, conveyed her into the prison.

"Never was I concerned in so painful a business. My knowledge of the story of Dolores, and of the provocation she had received, though it could not lessen her criminality, produced a strong feeling of commiseration towards her, and made the duty that devolved upon me, both then and afterwards, exceedingly distressing. My evidence was most important,—the very key-stone, in fact, of all that followed,—and, conjointly with the sentinel's at the Bank, proved, beyond a doubt, the fact of their meeting, and the identity of Dolores. Then came that of others, who had, as I have before described, passed them on the night in question, and whose description of their appearance, &c., added another link to the chain of evidence, and traced them on to their entering the Liberty.

"But I should have mentioned, that in the sharp examination to which the magistrate had subjected the hunchback, all his preconceived ideas of a partial revelation of the facts were completely overthrown; he found that he had compromised himself beyond retreat, and that, to ensure the reward *two* lives must be sacrificed instead of *one*. Nay, that not even the forfeiture of those five hundred guineas would relieve him from the toils of his own horrible machinations; and, to save himself from being criminally involved in the affair, and having for his life's sake to disclose the information that would now be pressed forth with gold, he confessed to the magistrate, and subsequently on the trial, the details I have already related. The only incidents he withheld, were his own robbery of the dead man, and another circumstance that I shall quickly come to. A delay had been expected in the trial, in consequence of the Croppy not being forthcoming; but after a few days' hard hunting on the part of the military, he was discovered lurking in the adjacent mountains, and placed, at the same time with Dolores, in the felon's dock at Newgate.

" The contrast between the culprits was not more marked than the feelings with which those in court regarded them. The gaunt, half-savage-looking man, branded already by the shears of the executioner, looked capable of any atrocity, and created little commiseration. But for Dolores, who could look upon her without sympathy? Early on the day of the trial, in consequence of some additional admissions, as to the manner in which the body had been disposed of, a rigid inspection of the undertaker's premises took place, and curiosity, as well as interest, induced me to be present at the scrutiny. The workshop was first examined, but without offering anything to bear out the information ; and the cellar, which had been closed since the night of the arrest, was then explored. Nothing could be more gloomy and repelling than the aspect of this place. The disarray of its rude and scanty furniture, the half-burnt ashes on the hearth, the melancholy, crape-like cobwebs hanging from the blackened rafters and unplastered walls, and swaying to and fro, with a changeless motion,—all formed a dismal picture. Even the scattered articles of female wear, which, in her silent agony and confusion of mind, Dolores had prepared to take with her, but had forgotten, added to its desolation ; while the cold, damp, naked appearance of her chamber sent a chill to the heart. The chest, the settle, the floor, had been examined, but to no purpose; when it struck me, that a part of a broken flag-stone, near the hearth, appeared to have been lately removed. It was taken up, and not a foot from the surface, with the face turned upwards, appeared a witness that left no doubt on the subject of the murder. It was the trunkless head of poor Pemberton ! Never shall I forget those sunken eyes—those still haughty features, unchanged, but for the dreadful hue of death—that profuse dark hair, sullied by the clinging mould, but still bright and fresh in places. It was a horrid sight! Fancy the effect of this terrific testimony in the witness-box, at Newgate, whither it was immediately conveyed. The groan of horror from the spectators, the wild shriek that rose from the dock, as the ghastly countenance confronted Dolores,—for it appeared that the reason of her having been taken from the house on the night of the murder, was to prevent her knowing of this mutilation of the corpse, and the resistance to it, which the Croppy and hunchback naturally expected she would offer,—these circumstances produced the result naturally to be anticipated—namely, the conviction of the prisoners.*

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* The result, in all probability, would have been the same, even if this proof had been wanting. The law on this point has since, very properly, been altered, and the production of the dead body *must* now take place, either before a coroner's inquest, or otherwise.

"A recommendation to mercy was attempted to be made for Dolores, but the friends of the murdered Pemberton were clamorous for justice, and it was unattended to. In those days the law was summary, and but a short space intervened between the sentence and its execution. But even in that brief interval the undertaker had lived an eternity of horror and remorse. He sat outside the walls of Newgate, moaning and gibbering, and counting five hundreds on his fingers—mad, and yet possessing consciousness—looking into the grim faces that went in and out of its gloomy gates, whispering to them that "the little Spanish girl didn't do it;" till, at last, the people of the Liberty, who had execrated him as he passed, looked upon him as one whom the judgment of God had punished, and withheld their reproaches and abuse.

"It was a lovely April morning, on which the Croppy and Dolores were to die ; warm and sunny, as if to aggravate by contrast the cold horror of the grave to which they were hastening. After a restless night, I awoke at six o'clock, and soon afterwards started for Newgate. Already, every avenue leading to the prison was filled with crowds of townspeople and country folks; and, alas! the majority of them were women!—women, with ruddy cheeks and bright eyes, clad in holyday caps and cloaks, looking about them and laughing as heedlessly as if the fearful thing they came to witness were some gay pageant. These thoughtless beings were counting the minutes that intervened between them and the spectacle, as if impatient of the span of life that remained to the unhappy culprits. From one of the upper windows of the gloomy fabric, on the outside of which the drop was contrived—swinging to and fro, in the fresh morning breeze—hung two ropes. On these every eye was fixed.

"Suddenly, the tolling of a bell made the throng concentrate, and close up nearer to the dreadful building, as if thirsting to behold intimately, the intensest horrors of the exhibition—then the voices hushed down into hoarse, anticipative whispers—and in another moment, there appeared at the open window, pinioned and helpless, the two principal figures in the horrible tableau. The man was clad in his grave-clothes, a strange, white garment, tied, like those of a corpse at an Irish wake, at the throat and wrists with black ribbons. Dolores was in her shroud, (the long, black robe of some religious order,) her face and hands bloodless, as if the very *fear* of death had scared away animation. She clung, tremblingly, to two Sisters of Charity, who, scarcely less wretched than herself, heroically struggled with their terrors and distress, to strengthen, and, if possible, console the miserable creature.

"It all appeared to me like some visionary scene—the height of the grim frame-work in which these pale figures were placed, the vast sea of heads rolling and swelling to and fro, and the murmuring of their many thousand voices combined to bewilder me. At this moment, just as my sense of horror appeared to have reached a climax beyond which I could not feel, a movement in the group above set every pulse beating and throbbing again with new sensations. Dolores had fallen between her two supporters. There was a pause in the frightful business, and at this moment the mob were diverted from the exhibition of the wretched Croppy, waiting, with the cord about his neck, for the restoration of his fellow-criminal, by the sight of a deformed old man, with a coffin strapped on his shoulders, who was endeavouring to work his way through the crowd to the entrance of the prison. It was the crazed undertaker, about to claim the body of Dolores, which had not been forfeited to the use of the hospitals. He was just in time, the syncope into which she had fallen, was that of death, and the executioner was cheated of a second victim.

"But, my good fellows, you who have *served* in Ireland, have all witnessed scenes such as that which followed, and I will neither harrow up your feelings nor my own, by describing it to you. Suffice it, the Croppy was hanged. Poor Pemberton! he had his good points—but, alas! his vices greatly predominated, and led to the fatal result I have described. His death and that of Dolores haunted me for months afterwards.

"And now let us have another jug of whisky punch."

THE STRANGER OF THE SILVER MINE.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

It was a fine, bright afternoon in the month of August, when the carriage which I had hired at Coblentz wound slowly down the long descent which leads from Ehrenbreitstein to Ems, after passing the barrier at the frontier of the Duchy of Nassau. I had leisure, in doing so, to admire the extreme beauty of the scenery; but, in order to enjoy it without interruption from the frequent jolts which the inequalities and steepness of the way occasioned, I got out of the carriage and proceeded on foot. The lofty hills seemed covered on every side with foliage of the richest description; but at a sudden turn of the road, I was struck by observing a precipitous cleft of dark granite, rising from a soil which gave little token of cultivation, though, above the summit of the rock, the woods were thick and luxuriant. A solitary cottage stood near; and the blackened ruins of its broken wall and dismantled hearth shewed that once it had been the dwelling of man, though now uninhabited. The loneliness of the building amid a scene of so much fertility and beauty impressed me forcibly, and I asked the driver what place it was. He answered, carelessly, that it was only an abandoned silver mine; and added, that there were some in full activity in the neighbourhood, if I was curious in such matters. I desired him to move on gently, and wait for me at the foot of the hill, while I bestowed a few minutes on the examination of the spot. The man resumed his pipe, and the guidance of his horses, and moved slowly forward as I approached the house which had attracted my attention.

The barrenness of the soil, mixed with the discoloured scoriæ and fragments of stone, were sufficient signs of the proximity of a mine, where nature seems, by the harshness of her aspect, to repel all search for the treasures which she conceals within her bosom; in vain, however, when science and the love of gain combine in prompting man to their discovery. I paused before the lonely cottage, which appeared quite tenantless—at least, so I judged from the broken door, which hung on one hinge, and was only halfclosed, as if the wind, or its fall, had fixed it in that position; a small, square window, with one slender bar of iron across it, yellow with rust, betokened, in my opinion, the absence of any inhabitant. It was, therefore, with some degree of surprise that I heard a low, chinking sound proceed from the hovel, which made me involuntarily start, imagining, as I did, that I was alone. I listened, and concluded that the cottage was perhaps the temporary abode of some miner, who still found it worth his while to work here. I then advanced towards the window, to see who could be the occupant of so slightly attractive a dwelling. A quantity of loose sand, which was spread about the ground, caused me to make my approach without noise, and I leaned over the window-sill to reconnoitre, while my surprise increased as I observed what was within.

Seated on a heap of stones, immediately before me, I saw the figure of a man, apparently above the middle height, intently occupied in chipping away, with a small hammer, the fragments of an obdurate lump of stone, or metal, and carefully putting each broken part into a leathern bag, which was suspended from his neck. His dress was of sombre hue, a kind of dark grey, and he wore high military boots, reaching above the knee, with black japanned spurs, and a low-crowned hat with a broad brim, which quite overshadowed his face as he bent over his work; beside him lay a long, black, riding whip.

By simply glancing at his occupation, I should have imagined him to have been only a geologist pursuing his quiet researches; but there was something in his appearance which contradicted that belief. I gazed at him, therefore, in silence, resolving not to interrupt his pursuit, till, by raising his head, I should obtain a glimpse of his features, and see whether they encouraged conversation. My reverie was, however, broken by the object of it.

"*Kennst du mich?*" was the abrupt interruption of this mineralogical amateur, which, without looking up, he uttered in a strong, deep voice.

It seemed strange that he should have been aware of my presence, for I stood obliquely in his rear, and he never ceased the work on which he was engaged. My approach, too, had unintentionally been as noiseless as the lizard's.

"*Kennst du mich?*" he repeated, as, in the surprise of being addressed so suddenly, I hesitated to reply.

"No, friend," at length I replied, "I imagine not. I am perfectly a stranger here, and know no one."

"You do well," he answered; "and it's lucky for you. Many *think* they know me, but few are quite right."

"Are you connected with this silver mine?" I inquired. "Perhaps you are the proprietor; if so, I should apologize for intruding on your property."

"I am the owner of something better than this," he replied, somewhat scornfully; "though this is mine, too. But you or any one may come here. I hinder no man's desires."

Neither the tone nor manner of my acquaintance seemed peculiarly inviting, notwithstanding the implied civility, and I therefore simply said—"Curiosity only brought me here for a moment; I will not interrupt you farther."

"Nothing impedes my work," he returned; "a spectator more or less makes little difference."

I lingered an instant, in the hope of catching a glimpse of the countenance of this zealous labourer in his unexplained employment, but his averted face remained still concealed; so, retiring from the hut, I gave him the common parting salutation of the country, of—"*Leben sic wohl!*"

"*Und sie desgleichen,*" was the reply, in a tone which seemed more earnest than usually accompanies the words.

I turned away; but while the chinking of the hammer was for a moment suspended, I heard a hoarse laugh attest the gratification this surly being experienced in being once more left alone. I soon rejoined the carriage, and was not sorry, in the rapidity of its motion, to change the current of my thoughts, which had become unpleasantly connected with the individual whom I had just seen. The sound of music, and the strains of a well-known waltz, as I passed the first inn after reaching Ems, soon turned them into a different channel; and when we stopped at the Hôtel de Russie, I had quite forgotten the slight incident which I have just narrated.

I was too late for the table-d'hôte dinner; and as it wanted two or three hours to the *Abend-essen*, or evening meal, I wandered forth till then, to make a general reconnoissance of the place. I passed the wells, the promenade, crowded with gay invalids, and strolled onward to the extremity of the baths, in the direction of Nassau, intending, if I saw anything sufficiently attractive, to try and establish myself quietly in lodgings, in preference to remaining in an hotel. With this object in view, I was struck by the appearance of a small, white building, with green *jalousies* closely shut to exclude the rays of the evening sun, and exhibiting an air of ease and comfort which made me long to be the tenant. I knocked at the door, but no one answered; and after two or three repetitions, I began to fancy that the house was not inhabited, or that the owner was absent. It looked, however, too full of promise to give it up lightly, and as I knew every house in Ems was to be had for money, I resolved to have no hesitation in making the inquiry, to effect which I tried the latch, and found that it yielded. I then knocked at the door of the only apartment on the ground floor, but obtaining no answer, I ascended a staircase opposite. Arrived at the landing-place, it seemed to me that I heard the sound of voices; nor was I deceived. I knocked—was desired to enter, and when I opened the door, was amused by the sight which greeted me.

In the centre of a spacious room was placed a small table, on which was an immense plate, full of the finest and ripest peaches; beside them rose, in graceful proportions, two long shanked, bell-mouthed, green glasses, the rims of which were richly gilt with flowers in festoons; and, to shew that these glasses were not uselessly there, a bottle of Schloss-Johannisberg, half expended, on which was the date "1757," formed the *sine qua non* of the entertainment. Seated at the table, and intent on doing justice to the golden juice of the Rhine (for I heard the glasses jingle simultaneously as I entered), were installed two personages. One was a man of ordinary mien, with little remarkable in his appearance; the other deserves a more particular description. He was a stout-built, elderly man, "inclining to three-score," with sufficient portliness of form to denote him one of those who neglected not the creature-comforts of the earth. His eyes shone with a merry twinkle, and a lively, joyous expression irradiated his whole countenance, from the corners of his expansive mouth to the extremity of his rubicund nose, which served as the beacon to the haven of Bacchus, which smiled beneath.

Here, in the glow of the evening, were these two worthies seated, the elder of whom, it was evident, was the host, the other his guest. The air of the former was not to be mistaken, as, with outstretched limbs, and a look of gratified pride, he leant himself back, "taking his ease in his inn," and enjoyed the combined luxuries of wine, fruit, and conversation, in indolent repose. When first I entered, I half imagined I was wrong in taking this abode for a caravansary; but the recollection of the words "*Tag. 2 fl.*," which I had seen over the door-way, reassured me; the answer to my question put the fact out of doubt.

"May I ask if this house, or any part of it, is to let?"

"*Fröhlich Mein Herr*," answered he of the merry countenance; "as much of it as you please. This is the prettiest house in Ems, and I am the owner of it. My name is Friedrich Heidenhaus—I keep the *Steinernen Haus*, close to the great wells, opposite the Promenade; I have my own wells and baths, where you may either drink or swim; the first for nothing, the last for a trifle."

While pronouncing this eulogium, the speaker arose, and proceeded to shew me the capabilities of his abode, which he led me entirely over; he then took me into the garden, and finally proposed that I should visit the cellar, expatiating all the while in the most voluble manner on everything around. "His waters," he said, "were good for everything, and cured every complaint; his wine was even better, for it kept people in such perfect health, that there was no occasion to drink his waters. His fruit-trees were the finest in Ems, and," he added, "he had that very day had the honour of sending a bouquet from his garden to the Princess Henriette, at the Kur-haus;" and he begged me to admire his aviary, which contained "some of the finest birds ever seen, with voices like Tyrolese minstrels, and plumage as gay as the uniform of the Duke of Nassau's hussars."

We soon arranged our mutual affairs, and after settling that I should set up my household goods in the identical room where I had first discovered the Herr Heidenhaus, I left him to resume his libations, and went back to supper at the hotel, having gained the intelligence that a countryman of my own was also an inmate of the cottage.

Every one knows the routine of existence at a public bath in Germany; mine was no exception to the rest. In the morning, we drank the waters, and circulated through the promenades amongst invalids and musicians, some seeking health, others merely appetite. Then came the reading-rooms,—the lounge at the bazaar,—the short walks in the valley, or some other amusement near home until the dinner hour at one o'clock, when each individual, hungry or otherwise, must repair to his chosen *Gast-Haus* to discuss, if he can, those commons which are anything but short. After dinner, parties are formed for the different excursions which the scenery round Ems invites, and in the evening the greater part of the company meet again at the promenade, where they remain till dusk, listening to the admirable music, both vocal and instrumental. The wiser few then seek their own houses: the less cautious majority resort to the *Redoute*, to lose their money, health, and temper at hazard, *rouge et noir*, or *roulette*. In all these recreations, except the last, I participated, lacking the stimulus which usually conducts most people to the gaming-table.

I was surprised to find, in a place where there were so few people—for the season was nearly over—that I had as yet formed no acquaintance with the Englishman who, I was assured, lived in the same house with me. Accident soon gave me to understand the cause. There happened to be a German Prince of some celebrity, who had just arrived at the baths, and whom I was desirous of seeing. One evening, just as it was getting dusk, I caught a glimpse of him, and having no particular object in view, I followed him into the *Redoute*, whither he bent his steps. At the door I met one of those persons with whom one always contracts a conversational acquaintance at these places, who entered with me; and after pointing out the Prince to my observation, proceeded, at my request, to name to me some of the company assembled, who had already begun to try their fortune. After mentioning two or three, he paused, and asked me if I observed a young man who had just taken his seat, and was evidently preparing with avidity for the business which had brought him there.

"But," he said, interrupting himself, "perhaps you know him, for he is a countryman of yours, living in the same house with yourself, and he is so well known since his sojourn here, though that is not long, that to describe him may be superfluous."

I assured him I was not acquainted with any Englishman at Ems, and was, moreover, particularly desirous of seeing the man who shared my dwelling.

"You will see enough of him this evening," replied my informant, "if you have patience or motive to remain as long as he does."

"Is he then so determined a gambler?"

"A constant one, at any rate, though his career will, I fear, be a short one; yet, perhaps, the shorter the better."

"He is an unsuccessful speculator?"

"Generally. At first he had a run of luck, but latterly the chances have gone against him. Last night he won largely, and, as he has just now said to one of the dealers, he means to-night to break the bank. Let us see how he means to carry his threat into execution."

If I had before felt an interest in a person unknown, it may easily be supposed that this feeling was increased by the few words I had just heard. I therefore stationed myself directly opposite to the Englishman (his name was R——), and attentively watched the fluctuations of the game, which, with all its fallacies, brought success to the table only. He seemed well provided with money, and the attention with which he pricked the game, shewed him not unobservant of the chances. At first his stakes were not higher than those of the moustachioed gamblers round him, who hazarded, at the utmost, a few Napoleons on the event. This style of play lasted some time. He seemed at length to weary of his *system*, though a safe one; and having backed "the colour" tolerably high, the result of which was not favourable, he suddenly changed his plan, doubled his stakes, and appeared resolved to contest the winning influence of *rouge*. At first he lost, and the ominous words, so indifferently uttered by the croupier, "Rouge gagne et la couleur——," seemed likely very speedily to annihilate the piles of gold which R—— so ostentatiously displayed. The game then took a turn, and with eager eyes and trembling hand he raked in the golden pieces; he recovered fresh confidence, became still bolder in his play; he won—lost—won—lost—lost!—and, finally, was *penniless!*

I cannot describe the high degree of interest which I had taken in the game, though without any stake in it myself. In the course of its fluctuations, I had moved round to the opposite side of the table, and at the conclusion of R——'s part in it, I stood behind him. When the last card was turned which beggared him, I saw that its effect was fatal, and heard him exclaim:

"It's all gone!—all! May the devil himself confound the fool who lost and the knaves who won!"

As this ebullition was uttered in English, I was not surprised that he spoke so loud; but when I heard a few words pronounced in English, a seeming comment on R——'s speech, it startled me, and engaged my attention.

"Such luck may happen!" said a voice near me.

I felt certain that I knew the tones, and turning, saw beside me a tall, spare man, whom I instinctively recognised as the same I had seen at the silver mine on the day of my arrival at Ems. His face was not entirely concealed, and I saw a countenance pale beyond humanity, with sparkling eyes, the fire of which was only repressed, not extinguished. The losing gamester remained for a few minutes absorbed apparently in the late sudden reverse of fortune, while the game continued, as though the utter ruin of a fellow-creature were either too frequent or too indifferent an occurrence to attract any attention. On the second repetition of the words, "Faites votre jeu, Messieurs," the Englishman started, as a Frenchman behind him politely tapped him on the shoulder.

"Pardonnez, Monsieur, si vous ne jouez pas, je voudrais bien profiter de l'occasion."

The Englishman rose gloomily, muttering some words which I could not distinctly hear, but I caught their meaning from what followed.

"I wish to God I knew where I could get a hundred Napoleons."

Such seemed the imperfectly expressed wish. As he spoke, the tall stranger who, like myself, had marked the progress of his game, caught his eye, and said in a low voice in English—

"The means are not difficult!"

"Do you speak to me, sir?" demanded R——, offended at the interruption and reply to a thought barely uttered.

"Who else should I speak to? Have you won money, or do you want it? I can help you either way!"

A gambler, like a drowning man, will catch at a straw. Though evidently inclined by nature to reject assistance so suddenly proffered, the demon of play overcame the proud feeling, and he inquired—

"Will you give me proof of this?"

"Yes."

"At once?"

"No; the means are not here."

"When can I have them?"

"To-night; at midnight I will be with you."

"Were you the devil himself, you would be welcome! To-morrow, then, I shall have my revenge."

This colloquy passed so rapidly, that, had I not been so unobservedly near, it would have been lost upon me. When it was over, the stranger suddenly disappeared in the crowd, and R—— also left the saloon. It was my wish to have spoken with him, for an undefinable feeling influenced me, and I followed, but he moved rapidly homewards, and had entered the house and shut himself up in his apartment before I could overtake him. As I lingered in the passage, I could plainly hear his footsteps, pacing the narrow limits of his lodging.

I did not venture to intrude, for reflection had given me time to remember that I had nothing to propose to him excepting fears for the object he seemed to have in view, and these were not likely to be well received. I mounted, therefore, to my own chamber, and sought by reading to dispel the excitement produced by the occurrences of the evening. My thoughts, however, wandered, and I soon retreated to my bedroom, resolving to banish them in sleep! Who ever did so successfully? I, at least, was an instance to the contrary! The night was hot, and the *jalousies* only were closed, admitting the breeze, as it faintly rippled the stream beneath. My bedroom, as well as the saloon which I occupied, was on a level with the garden, which rose a natural terrace above the ground-floor of the house, the ascent to which was by a flight of steps. In vain I courted the dull god; not Henry of Lancaster turned oftener on his uneasy couch than I on mine, while the impassive features of the croupiers, the changeful countenances of the players, and the varying incidents of the game still flitted before my mind's eye, and wearied me past expression. Perhaps these ideas were partly kept in action by the continued tread of the Englishman in the basement, which I could still distinctly hear. At length, however, it suddenly ceased, and I heard the door of his room unlocked, and presently a foot ascending the steps which led into the garden. Of course I was less inclined to sleep now than ever, and with a feverish degree of anticipation I raised myself in my bed, and waited for some further event, which I felt assured could not be remote. After a few minutes, during which no sound escaped me, I heard the hour of midnight chime from the belfry of the Kur-haus, and though I am positive that no latch was lifted for admittance, or ascending step heard to obtain access to the garden, yet scarcely had the echo of the last stroke on the bell died away, when I heard a voice, which I well remembered, accosting the Englishman R—— *by name*, and claiming the merit due to punctuality.

"If you are as punctual in *fact*, as in *appearance*, you are welcome," was R——'s observation.

"Let this be my answer," replied the stranger; and I heard the peculiar chink of metal, as if a heavy bag was struck or shaken.

"And on what terms am I to be supplied?" asked the expectant. "What security do you require of one who is unknown to you? What interest do you demand?"

"Oh! a personal security will answer my purpose, though you *are* a stranger to me,—and, for interest, a per centage in coin is hardly an equivalent. I prefer a voluntary return for the favours of a friend, where the end corresponds with the intention."

"I care not what the terms are," exclaimed the Englishman, "so as I secure the money. At the worst," he added, "I cannot be more utterly a beggar than I am at present."

"Step this way," returned the other, "and the terms of our agreement shall be ratified."

I listened, but their voices were no longer audible. I waited anxiously for a minute, which seemed of ten times its ordinary duration; and finding that the sound of their voices was lost, I rose cautiously and moved to the window, where, through the opening of the blind, I discovered the two figures at the bottom of the garden. The moon cast a fitful ray on the spot, and I perceived that the Englishman knelt, whilst his companion apparently uttered some words in a measured tone, as if they were the formula of their secret compact. A vague suspicion suddenly entered my mind, of a nature too wild and fearful to give utterance to, and, overpowered by the horrible thought, I sunk my head upon my hand, while I strove to banish the idea. When I raised it again, and glanced towards the spot where they had stood, I could discern nothing but the placid waters of the Lahn, on which the moonlight shed her faintest beams, with no sign, before me or around, of the scene which had impressed my every sense.

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On the following morning, a letter was brought to me from the post-office, conveying the intelligence that a most dear friend was lying dangerously ill at Frankfort, which induced me to depart immediately from Ems, though no motive less powerful could have withdrawn me at such a moment. Unwillingly, and yet anxiously, I set out, and found that the state of my friend's health had not been exaggerated. It required much care and attention to recover him from the effects of a violent fever, and a week, at least, elapsed before he was sufficiently recovered to take any interest in passing events. When he did so, I related to him my unfinished adventure at Ems, and the subject afforded us material for much speculation. A day or two after our last conversation, as I was sitting by his bedside, reading the *Frankfürter-Nachricht*, the following paragraph struck my eye:—

"Ems, September, 182—.—A circumstance of a remarkable nature has just occurred here. An Englishman, whose visits to the *Redoute* have lately been very frequent, has just disappeared. Immense sums of money have, it seems, been transferred by him to the *rouge et noir* table; but a discovery has been made since his departure, that a large amount of base coin is among the recent acquisitions. Suspicion points to the Englishman, for whose apprehension the officers of justice are actively engaged.

"Since writing the above, intelligence has been received that the Englishman has been discovered, but *dead.* His body was found in a lonely hut (*near an abandoned silver mine*) about half a mile from hence. A deep wound in the left side was evidently the cause of his death, inflicted by a large hunting-knife, which, smeared with blood, lay beside him. It is impossible to say whether self-destruction or murder has caused this fatal catastrophe."

"This," said my friend, "is the denouement of your adventure."

ZENOBIA'S RETREAT ON THE EUPHRATES.

BY W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH.

Plain of Siffín.—Ali's feats of valour.—Singular preservation from a snake.—Zenobia's retreat.—Citadel and palace.—The Necropolis.—Bridge and castle.—Fall of Zenobia.—Arabian heroines.

THE great easterly bend which the river Euphrates makes on quitting the Palmyrean solitudes, to wash the more fertile territories of Mygdonia, causes a considerable interval of barren, unproductive country to be left to the south and south-westward, which is bounded on the one side by the river, on the other by the ancient causeway which led from Palmyra, by Resapha, to Thapsacus. It is further limited to the south by a range of basaltic hills, which extend across the Syrian wilderness, from the City of Palms, to the great river itself, whose waters they hem in at a point where the tasteful Zenobia caused a palace and citadel to be erected, bearing her own name, and at a distance, by river, of ninety-one miles below the spot chosen by the khalifs as their summer retreat.

This great tract of country, designated as the "Palmyrean solitudes" by Pliny, was called, in the middle ages, *Campus Barbaricus*, as we learn from Procopius, who says that Sergiopolis and Zenobia were situated upon that same barbarian field or plain. The first is the name which Resapha obtained in times of early Christianity, from a Jacobite monastery erected there, and dedicated to St. Sergius. It is noticed by Assemani. The second is the site to which this portion of the journey immediately leads us.

The same plain, under the name of Siffín, derived some importance from its having been the scene of those disastrous civil conflicts, which terminated by dividing Muhammadinism into the two hostile sects of Sunnís and Shi'ahs, now almost equivalent to western and oriental Islamism.

Long debarred from the succession, Ali, son-in-law of Muhammad, had, by the death of Othman, and the overthrow of Ayesha, left only one enemy between himself and the vice-royalty of the Prophet on earth. This was Múawiyah, the lieutenant of Syria; and the two armies, said to have amounted to 150,000 Moslems, waged a desultory war of 102 days, in this spacious and bloody wilderness; for both competitors were unwilling to peril their cause by hazarding a general engagement. During this long interval, ninety actions or skirmishes are recorded as having taken place, and in all of these Ali rendered himself conspicuous at once by his valour and humanity. He generously proposed to save the blood of the faithful by single combat; but this was declined by the Syrian; Ali was too well known for extraordinary feats of personal strength and skill, which, however, are probably not a little indebted for their existence to oriental hyperbole and exaggeration, for "death itself," is related as having "dwelt on the point of his spear, and perdition in the hilt of his sword:" the hideous and gigantic Kirraib, who could obliterate with his thumb the impression on a silver coin, he cleft, at one stroke, from the crest to the saddle-bow, as he did another enemy, with such rapidity and precision, that the rider remained fixed on the saddle, the spectators concluding that he had missed his blow, until the motion of the horse threw the body in halves upon the ground.

This legend of valour came to England with the Crusaders, as having occurred at the siege of Antioch.

> "The Duke Godfrey, all so good, on the shouldren smote one,
> And forclave him all that body to the saddle anon;
> The one half fell adown anon, the other beleved still
> In the saddle, theigh it wonder were, as it was God's will;
> This horse bear forth this half man among his fellows each one,
> And they, for the wonder case, in dread fell anon."

This is from a modern orthography of "Robert of Gloucester." As often as Ali smote an enemy, the shout of "Allah Akbar," "God is great," arose; and Gibbon and Crichton have preserved, as credible, that in one nocturnal encounter on this dread plain, he was heard to repeat four hundred times, says the one, five hundred and twenty-three says the other, adhering more closely to the orientals, that tremendous exclamation.

At length, so desultory and unsatisfactory a system of warfare was brought to a close by the foremost Syrians advancing to the conflict, with copies of the Kúr-an affixed to their spears. The fanatical Arabs demanded that the sword should return to the scabbard, in reverence to the book, and Ali retired to perish at Kufa, while Múawiyah became the first of the Ommiade dynasty of khalifs.

On the morning of the 11th of May, the steamers dropped down the river a distance of eight miles south of Rákká, and brought to on the side of the plain of Siffín, not far from a small Arab encampment, belonging to the Afadíl tribe. The banks of the river were rather lofty at this point; and, beyond, a level plain of greensward extended inwards, till broken up by a long line of low undulating territory, out of which arose, at a distance of about four or five miles, a colossal white mass, standing apart like some isolated ruin or crumbling monument, but the character of which could not be determined at that distance.

While the ships were taking in provisions from the encampment, the Colonel proposed an excursion to the object which had excited our curiosity, and in which I gladly joined him. We reached it, after a little more than an hour's walk, and were somewhat disappointed at finding nothing more than a great mass of gypsum, or alabaster, detached from its parent rock, and its natural transparency converted, on the surface, into a milk-white opacity by the action of the air. While we were examining this still somewhat singular mass of rock, I perceived some Arabs approaching from the southwards, a fact which I immediately communicated to the colonel, with certain intimations of the advantages of being off, which, however, he did not seem to be in a hurry to accede to. The consequence was, that, on leaving the rock to advance into the plain, the dusky rovers of the desert, armed with their jaríds, or short spears, and in light travelling costume, their long sinewy arms and limbs being quite bare, came up to us, with insulting jeers, which were soon converted into a more rude approximation. The possession of our fowling-pieces preserved us from mischief; but as they continued to hold the exceedingly sharp points of their jaríds close to our bodies, just as a boy would prick a donkey on from behind, and they had in their power, by such an arrangement, to inflict a mortal wound so suddenly, that our fire-arms would have been of no advantage, we separated for a distance of about twenty paces, the colonel taking three Arabs to his share, and leaving me the other two, while we privately agreed to anticipate anything that should occur behind the other's back, by at once shooting the man who should propose insinuating his jaríd, under such circumstances, into the other's flesh. By this means, we were enabled to make progress, and conversation began to establish itself.

"Where are you going to?" said a stalwart Arab at my left hand, his jaríd close to my side.

"Down the river."

"But you will get to the country of the Adwáns."

"Well?"

"They will cut your throats," said the Arab, doing the pantomime, expressive of that little performance in all countries.

"No they wont—we have guns," I answered, also doing pantomime by patting the locks.

At this moment, there rose out of the low greensward a gigantic hooded snake. Engaged, according to pre-arrangement, in observing that the colonel was not hurt from behind, and at the same time occupied with the man's observations, I had not observed the huge monster till I was upon him. He now stood up in my pathway, resting upon his curved tail, while his horrid triangular head was pointed at my breast, ready to strike. At that very moment, he was transfixed by the Arab jaríd. Nothing else could have saved me, I had no time to use my gun, and full of gratitude, I turned round to the Arab, and placed my hand upon his shoulder. The Badawin was not insensible to the feelings which then filled my bosom: he dropped his weapon with a smile of half pride, half good-will, and from that time to the end of our walk, we continued good friends, all further distrust being from that moment laid aside.

This great dexterity in the use of the jaríd, and which alone prevented my being added to the number of those entombed on that fatal plain, has been doubted by some. Dr. Ross, of the Baghdad Residency, relates that when travelling with Nijirib, the brother of the Sheïkh of the Shammar Arabs, a snake having started, the Arab drove his spear right through its head. Some Arabs present called out, "Bravo!" Ross said it was an accident; Nijirib threw it down, and said, "where will you have me pierce it this time?" Ross said, "In the tail." The reptile was wriggling about, yet he made a rush at it, and in an instant it was whirling in the air, on the point of the spear, the weapon having passed within an inch of the point of the tail.

On quitting the encampment of the Afadíl Arabs, the steamers entered upon districts of tamarisk and jungle, which constitute the outskirts of the so called forest of Arán. We were received, on sweeping past into the cover, by a shot from the Arabs, but fired at too great a distance to do any injury, and we were making too rapid way to have time to return the compliment. As we advanced into the forest, the mulberry tree became frequent, the other wood consisted of the poplar previously described, which seldom attained a height of above twenty-five feet, and a diameter of upwards of eighteen inches. Like all the Amentaceæ, the wood was soft, and of inferior quality, and of little use in heating the boilers. The tamarix, which was still more abundant, was a harder and better wood. It now attained a thickness of from eight to ten inches, and grew upwards of twenty feet high, but as it preserved its shrubby character, and was intermingled with much small wood there was always much labour in obtaining the supply necessary for the ensuing day. We brought to in the afternoon, for this purpose, in the heart of the forest, where we spent the night.

These natural forests of mulberry trees were formerly turned to advantage by the natives. Idrisi notices the district under the name of Zúrbúk, and says that it contains woods of mulberry trees, so dense as to be impermeable except by pathways communicating with the Euphrates, and which conduct to habitations within the woods, which are so surrounded by trees, as to be like fortified villages. Many families lived together in such situations, and busied themselves in obtaining silk, for which they had to pay from three to four hundred purses annually to the Arabs, called Mú'ali, who wintered at Saláhiyah, and came hither in the summer. At present, the Arab tribes in the same neighbourhood are the Shawí, who dwell near Rákká; the Adwán, Abu Ri'ash and Afadíl, who dispute among themselves the possession of small portions of available territory. The Sabkal Arabs occupy most of the territory to the westward.

The early part of the navigation of the ensuing day (May 12th) was continued through the forest, till trees became scanty, and were succeeded by jungle of low tamarix, alternating with occasional marsh and pasture land, and sometimes diversified by naked sandy points. The river followed an extremely winding and tortuous course through these districts, which were so open and level, that the stream could sometimes be seen flowing onwards with a slope that became almost sensible to the eye, for an interminable distance before us. Rock formations did, however, approach the river at a few points. The first case of this kind occurred north of Muhaïla, where there occurred cliffs of alternating marles and gypsum about a hundred feet in height. A little beyond the village of the same name, rocks of similar character but with harder beds, came down to the water's edge and obstructed the current, so as to form a backwater and whirlpool, which are sometimes dangerous to rafts, and the frail barks of the natives. Hence it was that this rock and backwater are described by the old traveller Rauwolf, as a fearful precipice and whirlpool. We have, however, the authority of a distinguished poet of antiquity, that the whirlpools of Euphrates have been humbled since the days of Augustus:—

> "Medumque flumen, gentibus additum
> Victis, minores volvere vortices;"

and probably the same thing has been going on since the time of the Elizabethan wanderer.

The weather was this day overcast and oppressive, the thermometer in the shade being at mid-day at 83°, and towards evening a sultry breeze set in from the south-east. We brought to for the night a little north of an Arab fortified village, called Al Kabír Munáká.

The 13th was a fine, clear day; and the navigation was continued through a country of similar character. On the right bank the gypsum and marles formed low hills, and a slightly undulating territory, at various distances, of from two to four miles from the river, the intervening space being occupied by level tracts of alluvium. On the left bank there was nothing but an arid, undulating country, diversified by a few aromatic shrubs or sturdy composite plants, which looked as if they had grown on a furnace hearth. The immediate banks of the river presented the same thin, dark green line of tamarix—the setting of the sparkling waters in a dusky brown expanse of desert. It was a beautiful idea of another Augustan poet, to make the father-stream, Inachus, proffer food to his daughter, Io:

> " Her father gave her grass; the grass she took,
> And lick'd his palms."

In hot, dry countries, the dependence here expressed is seen in every brook, whose narrow borders are alone refreshed by a rich greensward; but when illustrated by a great river flowing through a boundless wilderness, it embraces not only the lonely cow, but the families of men, who are forced by the same necessities to congregate in occasional far-off villages, on the borders of the same never-fading, ever-enduring, and refreshing frame-work.

The noisy steamers breaking, for the first time, the silent monotony of the waste of waters, often frightened the wild boars from this scanty cover; and sometimes so terrified the poor creatures, that not knowing what to do, they cantered along with the vessels. On one occasion, an old sow, followed by its litter of young pigs, kept pace with us for upwards of an hour, till one young one after another dropping with fatigue, the stupid old lady was obliged to give up, to find that it had been pursuing a most useless and uncalled for flight. The night of the 13th was passed near another Arab encampment, called that of Abú Sayíd, or the holy father.

The next day, the hills of Bushír came in sight. They were neither lofty nor striking in their form, nor covered with wood, yet it is difficult to imagine what relief they afforded to the eye, wearied with the monotony of scenery and similarity of objects during the past three days' navigation. Between Rákká and the hills themselves, a distance of ninety miles by the river, I had counted twelve marshy districts, chiefly about Abú Sayíd, eight spots in which the dwarf aromatic plants of the desert came down to the river banks, four districts of low jungle, two sandy points, four groves of poplar, five tracts of greensward or pasture land, with villages, and twelve cultivated spots; all the rest was covered with the eternal tamarix.

This great tract of country does not, however, appear to have been so destitute of population in olden times as it is at present. There appear to have been several sites which are noticed by antiquity in these wild realms, which, however, from the ungrateful character of the soil, never appear to have attained either commercial or historical importance. Ptolemy notices Alamata, as a Palmyrean town on Euphrates, after Sura, the site of which last we recovered; but Alamata and Alalis, also on Euphrates, were not recognised: indeed, excepting Palmyra itself, Zenobia, the queen's favourite retreat, Resapha, and Cholle, the ten other towns belonging to that power, which was, at a very critical period, able to keep the Romans in check on one side, and the then equally powerful Persians on the other, are either unknown or lost. The Alexandrian geographer has also, on the other, or Mesopotamian side, between Nikephorium and the Khaboras, Maguda, which may (only for want of another site) correspond to the castle on the Mesopotamian side of the Bushír hills. Isidorus of Charax has in the same district Thillada-mirrhada, which he describes as a royal mansion, and, below that, Basileia, another regal abode, with a temple of Diana, (Anáhíd,) erected by Darius, and a canal referred to the times of Semiramis. Idrisi notices, in the same country, Múhammadíyá, on the right bank, very probably the same which is corrupted into Muhaïla, in my notes. The Oriental geographer has also a site called Khabuka, on the left bank.

We entered the land-locked pass of Euphrates, where its waters are hemmed in by the volcanic ridges of the Bushír hills, with feelings of apprehension, lest some hidden ridge or dangerous crag should obstruct the passage; the steamers, however, passed through in safety, a thousand new objects claiming the attention, till unanticipated wonders crowded upon us. Just as the river was about to leave the narrow range of hills, these receded a little, allowing it gradually to expand its silver bosom previous to taking an easterly bend. At the same point, the alabaster walls of an ancient and now uninhabited citadel manifested themselves, rising from the water's edge to the summit of a detached eminence, which was crowned by the ruins of an acropolis, while, on the left bank, a low, sheltered, and shady poplar grove led the way to the foot of another isolated hill, which had precipitous sides, and upon whose somewhat lofty summit were ruins of a castellated building of different aspect.

The steamers brought to at this remarkable spot, and the next day being Sunday, we had a more prolonged opportunity of examining these ruins, so little frequented, and which, although bearing the name of the distinguished Queen of Palmyra, were as yet almost unknown in Europe.

The citadel itself was fortified with walls and towers, which, as well as the public and private buildings, were constructed of fine gypsum or alabaster. The walls were distributed in the form of an acute triangle, whose base rested upon the river, while the sides ascended the steep acclivity of a conical hill, till the apex terminated on its crest, with a small acropolis. As the whole is completely seen from the exterior, the necessity of an increased number of flanking towers became apparent, and accordingly, twelve of these works defended the southern side, and eight the northern or shorter, whilst, on that of the river, which is not commanded, they are further apart.

Within the town were the remains of a temple and of an extensive palace, which contained many ornamental apartments. There were also numerous well constructed private dwellings supported by arches. The whole of the buildings, as well as the walls and towers, were in general in an excellent state of preservation; large solid blocks of gypsum had been everywhere used in the construction, and these not only presented the appearance of great newness, but also of an unsullied cleanliness, which imparted to this marble city a dazzling whiteness, and a peculiarly inviting appearance. Many of the apartments of the dwelling houses and the more lofty halls of the palatial edifices, were in such perfect keeping as to be ready at once to receive their inhabitants, and it was difficult to bring the mind to feel that all was tenantless. Yet there were no people dwelling within or around the city. No Arabs made their appearance on either bank of the river during our stay, and this, with the exceeding beauty of the spot, and the almost death-like stillness which pervaded the white and ghost-like ruins, lent a real enchantment to the scene.

Like the great city on which it was dependent, the Necropolis occupied a prominent situation in the valley, and along the declivity of the hill eastward of the town. The tombs, like those of Palmyra, were almost all square towers; but while those of the mother city are from two to four stories, and, in the case of that of Jamblichus, five stories high, those of Zenobia are uniformly three, not like that of Manaius, lessening by each course of stone, but the lower and middle stories presenting the usual sepulchral apartments, with recesses and shelves for mummies, while the upper served as a place of defence, and terminated either with a flat or a pyramidal roof, surrounded by battlements.

On the door of one of the entrances, I distinguished, with difficulty, the fragment of an inscription—

IωAM. KO. AΦωMA

And since the time I am now writing about, at a subsequent visit made to the same city, Captain Lynch opened one of the tombs, in which he found a female mummy whose face was covered with a thin mask of the finest gold, shewing to what a luxurious extent the Egyptian system of sepulture was carried by the rich Palmyrenes.

A little below the walls, and on the opposite, or left bank of the river, were the remains of an embankment, partly arched with bricks fifteen or sixteen inches square, but chiefly of solid stone, along which the southern extremity of a zeugma, or "bridge of boats," was probably made to float up and down the river.

Beyond this, was the ruined castle before alluded to, which presented to our examination a rather incongruous heap of towers and vaulted apartments, chiefly built of limestone, in part, apparently, of Sasanian architecture, and repaired by the Saracens; thus leading to the belief, that it was occupied by the Persians, in opposition to the strong citadel on the opposite bank, and in the same relationship to it that Ctesiphon was to Seleucia.

The position of the ruined city of Zenobia, the natural advantages of its site, the charms of its situation, and the name which it bears, would all conduce to the belief that it was a favourite retreat of a princess, equally distinguished for extraordinary intellect and beauty and for strength of character; an Asiatic princess, possessed at once of Grecian refinement and Roman hardihood.

Justice has very seldom been done to the true position which the kingdom of Palmyra held between Persian power and Roman ambition; nor has the ingratitude and unsparing fierceness of the latter, in sweeping such splendour and civilization from the face of the earth, been hitherto placed in its true light. The historians of the day were Romans; excepting the illustrious Longinus, the "City of Palms" had no lettered representative. Almost everything that is said of the manners of Odenathus and Zenobia is taken from their lives in the "Augustan History," by Trebellius Pollio.

Founded in the wilderness by Solomon, (1 Kings ix. 18,) the name of Tadmor, or Palmyra, by its signification in the Syriac, as well as in the Latin language, denoted the multitude of palm-trees which afforded shade and verdure to that temperate spot which stood like an island in the midst of a sandy ocean. Situated at a convenient distance between the Persian Gulf and the Mediterranean, this city grew in opulence and power, and became the centre of the Indian and Persian commerce, in its exchanges with that of Syria and Palestine. It continued as a republic till the victories of Trajan brought the territory within the limits of the Roman empire. During the long interval, however, between Trajan and Valerian, Palmyra seldom engaged the attention of the Cæsars, although, during the same century and a half, it continued to increase in wealth, population, and power.

The disasters of Valerian established Palmyra as the bulwark of Roman power in the East. The beautiful and intellectual Zenobia and her martial husband, Odenathus, had raised the prosperity of the country to its highest pitch. At the same time, the imperial dignity was more than ever prostrated, and the degraded Gallienus took no steps to avenge his father's misfortunes, or wipe off the disgrace attached, by his defeat and imprisonment, to the Roman arms.

It was under these trying circumstances, that, twice led by their skilful and enthusiastic chiefs, the Palmyrenes drove the Persians before them from the banks of the Euphrates, and ultimately attained the walls of Ctesiphon; and, in all probability, had not the imprisoned Cæsar been removed to the fatal castle, called that of Lethe by the Romans, and situated on

> " Choaspe's amber stream,
> The drink of none but kings,"

Zenobia would have recovered to Rome its aged emperor.

The senate and people were not, however, insensible to this bold attempt, made in the cause of their captive king, and the probably worse than indifferent son of Valerian was forced by public opinion to acknowledge the services of the Palmyrenes, and to grant the title of Augustus to Odenathus, which title was accompanied by all the prerogatives of the imperial dignity, and the command of the troops of the empire in the East.

It appears that it was during these bright days of Palmyra's glory, that the queen built the city, which still bears her own name, upon the banks of the Euphrates, and that she resorted to this chosen site at certain seasons of the year, in order to enjoy those refreshing breezes which almost perpetually circulate along the valley of the great river.

Claiming her descent from the Macedonian kings of Egypt, she brought hither the same Grecian taste in architecture which had embellished the City of Palms, with the same dark sepulchral superstitions from the banks of the Nile, from which neither the tuition of the sublime Longinus, nor a then young Christianity, had been able to rescue the nation.

Odenathus, having fallen under the hand of an assassin, the jealousy and ingratitude of Gallienus declared itself, by his depriving this remarkable woman of her rights as a princess. But her ardent spirit rebelled at the injustice done to her, and a Roman general, sent to enforce the decree of the senate, was obliged to retreat into Europe, with the loss of his army and his reputation.

There is little doubt but these successes, added to a naturally bold and ambitious temperament, with a considerable love of pomp and power, caused the outraged and susceptible Queen of Palmyra to forget her former dependence upon the Eternal City, to despise its existing Cæsars, and to extend her territorial possessions by foreign conquests.

Claudius, who succeeded to Gallienus, was content to leave her undisturbed in her proud career, while he was engaged in the troubles of a Gothic war; and while the power of the Palmyrenes extended on the one hand to Bithynia, we have Zosimus' testimony, that this heroine of the desert also added the fertile and populous kingdom of Egypt to the inheritance of her ancestors.

But her time was soon to come. The warlike Aurelian, on succeeding to the purple, had undertaken the laborious task of reuniting the dismembered parts of the empire. The submission of Ancyra, and the betrayal of Tyana, ensured the recovery of Lesser Asia. It has been our good fortune, in a previous paper, to throw some additional light upon the site of, and the circumstances attending, the battle of Imma, fatal to the power of the Palmyrenes.

After a further trifling resistance at Emesa, Aurelian invested the walls of the City of Palms, but his terms of capitulation were indignantly refused. The emperor himself was astounded by the resistance presented, and the difficulties of the siege; but the perseverance of the Pannonian soldier triumphed over every obstacle. Zenobia was obliged to fly; and, mounted upon the fleetest of her dromedaries, she had reached the banks of the Euphrates, when she was overtaken by Aurelian's light horse, seized, and brought back a captive to the feet of the emperor.

Although history has not preserved the details of a combat, or a capitulation, carried on at so remote a spot, still there can be little doubt, from the circumstance that as this was the Zeugma, or pass of Euphrates, from the Palmyrene into the Persian territories, and whither the queen was said to be taking refuge; that it was at the city bearing her own name, that the illustrious Zenobia was made a Roman captive.

"Modern Europe," says Gibbon, "has produced several illustrious women, who have sustained with glory the weight of empire; nor is our own age (nor this either) destitute of such distinguished characters. But if we except the doubtful achievements of Semiramis, Zenobia is perhaps the only female whose superior genius broke through the servile indolence imposed on her sex by the climate and manners of Asia."

This statement is wanting in the usual learned comprehensiveness of its author. Not to mention the renowned Balkis, Queen of Sheba, undoubtedly an Arabian princess, although claimed by the Abyssinians, a Sabæan princess headed the predatory band that despoiled Job of his patrimony. The province of Yimama is said to have been so called, from a queen of that name. Ecclesiastical historians repeatedly mention Múaviyah as among the female rulers of the Arabs. But the most analogous case to that of Zenobia, is presented to us in the history of the Princess Zabba, who ruled at Al Hadhr, a fortified city, as centrically situated in the heart of the Mesopotamian desert as Palmyra was in the Syrian; and which, unlike the City of Palms, successfully resisted the arms of Trajan and of Severus. Zabba had, however, dishonoured her rule by causing Judaimah, the second of the kings of Hira, who had been entrapped by her, to be bled to death.

This crime was avenged by his successor, Amru I., who captured the city by the old stratagem of a mercantile cargo of soldiers, and the Mesopotamian princess fell by swallowing a deadly poison, which she kept enclosed in a ring.

If the existing ruins at Al Hadhr, which have been so recently brought to light, do not exhibit a similar extent or splendour to those of Palmyra, still enough remains, in the magnitude of its palatial halls, its marble tombs and towers, its mathematical precision, hamyaritic inscriptions, and its sculptured friezes and busts, (many of which represent female heads) to attest the antiquity of its site, and the probability that it was under female rule that the arts attained their highest development in the Mesopotamian as well as in the Syrian desert.

It remains to be remarked, that it is not surprising that a site which deserves no less celebrity from its name and associations than it does for its architectural beauty, is not noticed by Ptolemy, who lived a century before its erection; but we have already seen that it is noticed by Procopius, when treating "de œdificiis secundo et Persicorum primo," as it is also, after that solitary notice, by some modern geographers, as Rennell and D'Anville; but, as with Hierapolis, Nesjm Kal'eh, the Black Mambij Ba'lis, Ja'bír, Rákká, and other sites, which the first navigation of the river Euphrates have already disclosed to us, no accounts of this once-favoured site have hitherto been given to the public.

THE LAST POET.

(*Translated from the German of Anastasius Grün.**)

BY JOHN OXENFORD.

"When will your love, ye poets,
For poesy be past;—
When will the endless ditty
Come to an end—at last?

"Surely the horn of plenty
Is emptied long ago;
All flowers are pluck'd, all fountains
Exhausted—is't not so?"

As long as through the azure,
The sun his path shall trace;
And while to him is lifted
One single human face.

As long as heaven its whirlwinds
And rolling thunder hath;
As long as, faint and trembling,
One bosom dreads its wrath;

As long as rainbows brighten,
When angry tempests cease,
And still one heart is glowing
With all the joys of peace;

As long as night besprinkles
The sky with stars, like seed;
As long as *one* is able
Those golden signs to read;

As long as glittering moonlight
One heart with rapture fills,
And while the wood, light rustling,
The aching bosom stills;

As long as spring is verdant,
And bowers of roses blow;
As long as eyes can sparkle,
And cheeks with pleasure glow;

As long as by the grave-stone
The cypress tree appears;
One heart is form'd for breaking,
One eye is form'd for tears.

So long on earth shall wander
The Goddess Poesie,
And he whom she has hallow'd,
Still at her side shall be.

And singing and rejoicing
Through earth, his ancient home,
Now, as the last of poets,
The last of men shall roam.

The Lord sustains creation
Within his hand awhile;
A flower in all its freshness,
It greets him with a smile.

When the gigantic blossom
Shall perish, withering,
And suns and earths around it,
Like dust of flowers shall fling,

Oh! ask *then*—if the pleasure
Of asking is not past—
Whether the endless ditty
Has found its end at last.

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* Count Anersperg.

THE PRISONER OF IF.

Edmund Dantès, first mate of the ship Pharaon, belonging to the port of Marseilles, an experienced sailor although a young man, was, by the sudden illness and death of the captain, called to the charge of the ship and its valuable cargo, when bound from the Levant to Marseilles. At the moment of his decease, the captain, formerly an officer in the French navy, had consigned to his charge a packet, with a last request, that he would call at the Isle of Elba, where, at that time, the ex-Emperor of the French was detained, and deliver it to the Grand Marshal Bertrand.

Edmund obeyed the dying injunctions of his friend, delivered his charge, and was in return entrusted with sealed despatches, which he was especially instructed to deliver in Paris himself. Bringing the ship and its cargo safe into the harbour of Marseilles, Dantès was assured by the owners of succeeding to the now vacated situation of commander of the ship; but an agent, Danglars by name, who had watched the young man's success and rapid promotion with deep jealousy, resolved to thwart his prospects by betraying him to the police, and denouncing him to the public prosecutor—the representative in France of a principle, happily unknown in this country, where the accused has all the benefit of being considered innocent till proved guilty—as bearer of a letter from the island of Elba to the Buonapartist Committee of Paris.

M. de Villefort, who rejoiced in the dignity of Procureur du Roi for the ancient city of Marseilles, was a young man of somewhat doubtful loyalty. His father, residing at Paris, was more than suspected of stern Buonapartist sentiments. The son, however, did not believe in the possible revival of Napoleon's fallen fortunes, and he was anxious to place his loyalty beyond doubt, by a marriage with one of the old aristocratic and monarchy-loving families of Marseilles, and, at the same time, testify it by a marked severity of conduct towards all who were supposed to be favourably disposed towards the ex-Emperor.

But when the innocent Edmund Dantès, who was ignorant of the nature of the despatches which he had taken charge of, was arrested, and the despatches seized; and he found that they were directed to his own father, and contained the announcement of the intended disembarkment of Napoleon, he at once saw that his place, and, indeed, his very safety, was compromised in the event. Calling the prisoner before him in private, he inquired, with extreme personal apprehension, if Edmund knew the name of the person to whom the despatches were addressed.

"In order to give it to himself, sir," answered the young man, "it was necessary that I should know the name."

"And have you shewn the superscription to no one," said Villefort, reading it for the fourth time, becoming each time paler and more confused.

"To no one, sir, upon my honour."

"And you say that you do not know what this letter contains?" again observed De Villefort.

"Upon my honour, I repeat it to you, I am ignorant of its contents."

"Oh, if he knows," said Villefort to himself, "what is addressed to my father, I am lost for ever! But do not let me hesitate, there is only one thing to be done."

"Well, sir," he exclaimed, turning round to Edmund, "I shall detain you a prisoner only a short time—as short a time as possible. The principal charge which exists against you is this letter, and you see——"

Villefort approached the fire, threw the packet into the flames, and looked on till it was consumed.

"You see," said he, "I destroy it. Now, sir, I shall detain you till the evening; perhaps then another will question you, tell him all you have told me, but not a word about this letter."

"I promise it to you, sir."

"Then you will be saved."

"I will deny it, sir, be assured," said Edmund.

"Right!" answered Villefort, and he rang the bell. An officer entered. Villefort approached him, and whispered in his ear. The officer answered by a movement of the head.

"You may follow him," said Villefort, to Dantès.

Edmund bowed respectfully, even gratefully, and went out. In the ante-chamber two gendarmes placed themselves, one upon his right, the other upon his left, and thus they advanced along one of those long corridors, which cause an involuntary shudder to an accused. Arrived after several turns at a heavy door, the officer gave three raps with an iron knocker, and each knock found an echo in Edmund's breast. The door opened, and as he hesitated a moment, the gendarmes pushed him gently forwards. He had passed the fatal threshold, —he breathed a mephitic, heavy atmosphere; he was in prison.

Ten o'clock arrived, and Edmund began to despair, when a noise was heard, the door was opened, and the light of torches fell upon the glittering swords and carbines of four gendarmes. Edmund trembled at this demonstration of force, but the conviction that he was sent for to be interrogated, dispelled his apprehensions, and he placed himself in the middle of his guard. A carriage was waiting at the gateway of the prison, into which, to his surprise, he was rather hustled than ushered. The vehicle passed the gates of the city, where the guard turned out at its arrival, and lined the interval between the gate and the fort. Along this line he was hurried to a boat, which immediately pushed off. Edward's surprise redoubled, when issuing out of the inner harbour they passed the Moor's Head, and advanced beyond the lighthouse and battery. The gendarmes would, however, vouchsafe no answer to his anxious and repeated questions as to whither they were bound. At length the terrible truth flashed upon him, the boat was approaching the dark rock which bore that fearful Castle of If; a prison in connexion with which, there reigns the deepest terror, and which for three hundred years has filled Marseilles with its lugubrious traditions. Dantès made one perilous attempt to gain the water, but it was unsuccessful. The barrel of a carbine was now fixed, like a ring of ice, against his temple. Landed at the foot of the rock, he was so overwhelmed by a sense of the dreadful position in which he was innocently placed, that he was rather borne than willingly conducted up the steps which led the way to the citadel. Arrived in a square yard, surrounded by lofty walls, after having passed, in a kind of stupor, a gateway, some passages, and many sentinels, slowly pacing the rapid slope; the jailer made his appearance, holding in his hand a lamp whose large wick, swimming in fetid grease, lighted up the obscure, cold entrance of this dread abode. The prisoner followed his guide almost mechanically, and he conducted him into a half-subterraneous room, the walls of which, naked and damp, seemed as if impregnated with the vapour of tears. Pointing to some straw in the corner, a jug with water, and a piece of bread, the jailer told Edmund that this was his room till the morning; and taking away the light, which had disclosed the wall dripping with moisture, he left the prisoner alone and in darkness, as dumb and as gloomy as the vaulted arches, whose icy coldness appeared to weigh down upon his burning brow.

In the morning, when the jailer came to announce that he was to remain in the same room, he found Edmund in the identical spot in which he had left him the night before. A hand of iron seemed to have held him there; he had neither moved nor slept. But the arrival of the jailer broke the spell, a flood of tears came to his relief, and his breast appeared in the struggle to be nigh bursting. Throwing himself on the ground, he prayed long and earnestly, as he asked himself again and again, what crime had he, still so young, committed to deserve so cruel a punishment. Then he turned round his prison, as a wild beast shut up in a cage of iron is in the habit of doing.

At the repeated visits of the jailer, he had but one demand, which was to see the governor of the castle. This he was told, at first, was against the rules; but when he continued to urge it he was laughed at, and then no longer noticed. He then thought to bribe the jailer, but the man of locks and keys was not to be bought. In his anger, he at length had recourse to threats, and the same day he was removed to a still darker, damper, and more foul dungeon beneath.

The ever memorable hundred days had gone by. Louis the Eighteenth had fled before Napoleon on his return from Elba. The triumphant progress of the emperor had itself terminated in the catastrophe of Waterloo, and Edmund Dantès was still buried in his subterranean tomb. About a year after the Restoration, a visit was made by the Inspector-General of Prisons, a M. de Boville.

Accustomed to listen to the spider weaving its web, and marking time by the periodical fall of the drop of water, which took an hour to accumulate on the roof of his dungeon, the prisoner was sensible to an unaccustomed movement in the castle. The turn came when the massive bolts of his dungeon were also withdrawn. Edmund was crouched in a corner; but when he perceived a person accompanied by two soldiers and jailers, and to whom the governor spoke with his hat in his hand, he thought the opportunity had presensed itself of addressing some one in authority, and he threw himself forward, his hands joined in a supplicating attitude. The soldiers crossed their bayonets, to prevent a nearer approach. Edmund had been represented as a madman, capable of everything.

Sensible of this fact, the prisoner humbled himself to the utmost; he prayed that an inquiry might be instituted into the cause of his imprisonment, and that he might be subjected to some kind of trial. M. de Boville at first concluded that his madness was taking a devotional turn, so earnestly, so piously did the broken-spirited prisoner utter his entreaties; but he, at length, became touched by his expressions, and promised to examine the record of his committal. The hope, however, given birth to by the arrival of M. de Boville, was destined to remain shut up in the dungeon with Edmund.

The inspector, after visiting an Italian abbé of the name of Faria, who was imprisoned in the adjoining dungeon, and who was proclaimed mad from his offering large sums of money for his release, returned to the governor's house, where he examined the books. With some little difficulty he found the following note:—

"EDMUND DANTÈS, { A furious Buonapartist. Took an active part in the return from the island of Elba.
"To be kept with the utmost secrecy, and under the most strict superintendence."

This was conclusive. There was nothing to say to so condemnatory a paragraph.

But poor Edmund had given way for a moment to the illusions of hope. He had hitherto forgotten to count the days, but the arrival of the inspector furnished him with a date. He marked on a brick, with a bit of mortar, 30th July, 1816, and every day he traced a line, to indicate the passing of time. Days went by, then weeks, then months; still Edmund hoped on. He had begun by expecting his liberty at the end of a fortnight; the fortnight elapsed—he thought the inspector might have gone to Paris before he examined the records, and he put off the anticipated moment for three months. The three months gone by, he allowed six, till, counting day after day, he found that he had waited ten months and a half, and then he began to look upon the whole matter as a dream, and the visit of the inspector as some hallucination of his brain.

At the end of a year the governor was changed; he took with him several of his subordinates, and among others Edmund's jailer. A new governor came; he had not time to learn the names of all the prisoners, so he had them simply numbered off. The unhappy young man was now no longer Edmund nor Dantès, he continued to vegetate as Number 34.

Edmund passed through all the degrees of affliction, which prisoners, forgot in a prison, usually undergo. He went through all the various manifestations of pride suggested by a conscious innocence, till he came to doubt that innocence himself. From being taciturn and morose, he began to speak to himself that he might hear the sound of his own voice; but it affrighted him. He asked for books, for air, and exercise, but he was refused. He asked for a companion, and met with a similar denial. Still he asked on: his new jailer was, if possible, less approachable than the last; but still it was a pleasure to speak occasionally to a human being.

Then he prayed fervently and loud. His voice in prayer frightened him no longer. He brought back to his memory all the prayers his mother had taught him; he found in them a new sense, for prayer in times of prosperity is little understood; but it is far different when misfortune and grief disclose, as it were, to the sufferer the meanings of the language by which he addresses his Creator.

From prayer he passed to indifference; from indifference to the contemplation of only one idea. It was that of his lost liberty and happiness,—lost without cause, and by some desperate fatality. He clung to this idea with the tenacity of a maniac, turning it over and over again in his mind, and devouring it with the same savage ferocity with which the pitiless Ugolino crunches, in the hell of Dante, the skull of the Archbishop Roger.

This state of mind was soon succeeded by bursts of maddening passion. Edmund used blasphemies, which made even the jailer recoil with horror. He called down punishment upon his enemies, and threw himself against his prison walls; but even his hardy nature exhausted itself in these vain excesses, and he began to think that peace was to be found in death. From that moment no other thought occupied his mind. It was a terrible thought, which, once in possession of a broken heart, clings to it with a strange pertinacity. It gave no hope; on the contrary, a future to be dreaded; but still there was an indefinite idea of insensibility or chaos. This was a relief to his actual condition. From the time that he began to think of death, he became more composed, grew contented with his hard bread and his bed—nay, almost smiled. There only remained to choose the mode of death, and in his present resigned state of mind he determined upon starvation, as most in consonance with his feelings.

The execution of this resolution did not, at first, cost him a pang. Twice a day, when his provisions were brought to him, he threw them gaily through the little barred aperture, which alone allowed him to perceive the heavens. But gradually he did it with more reflection, and then with regret. The instinct of life still manifested itself within him; true, he had nothing to live for, but he was even now only twenty-five or twenty-six years of age, he might still live fifty. How many changes might occur in that time! What events might not happen to open the gates, or throw down the walls of the dread Castle of If! He had, however, made an oath to starve himself, and he kept by it; the food which appeared repulsive before, was now tempting to the senses sharpened by hunger. But he resisted the temptation, and became weaker and weaker, till it was with difficulty that he could rise from his couch to throw the food from the dungeon.

The gnawing pains in his stomach had diminished in intensity, the torments of thirst had ceased to be so severe; a vague feeling of unconsciousness was creeping upon him, and when he closed his eyes, he saw sparkling lights, like the flames that play upon swampy places. It was the dawning of that unknown country, to which death conducts us.

On a sudden, one night, about nine o'clock, he heard a muffled sound coming from the wall against which he was lying. So many repulsive creatures found their way at night into these dark dungeons, that he did not at first attach importance to it; but it continued more loudly—more distinctly. He listened attentively, and thought he could hear a scraping like that of some great tooth or claw, or the steady action of an instrument upon the stones. This noise came at a moment when all sounds were about to cease for ever, and aroused him once more to that hope which scarcely ever totally leaves a prisoner's mind. It appeared as if God, taking pity on him, had sent these sounds to bid him stop at the borders of that tomb, over which his feet already trembled.

The noise continued about three hours, and then Edmund heard, as it were, something falling, and the sounds ceased. That evening, when the jailer brought his usual repast, Edmund, who had not spoken to him since his resolution to destroy himself had been taken, attempted some few words of conversation, for fear he might suspect anything. He had become cautious, even of a yet uncertain sound: a prisoner holds by so faint a ground for hope. He even partook charily of food. Edmund no longer wished to die.

His powers of reasoning now gradually returned, and he resolved upon knocking at the wall where the work was going on, and which, he felt, that, if done by a workman, would be nevertheless continued, but if by a prisoner, would be for some time laid aside. He tried the experiment, which was followed by complete success. A profound and uninterrupted silence succeeded on the other side.

"It is a prisoner!" said Edmund to himself, with an inexpressible feeling of joy.

Three days elapsed, but the noise was no longer heard; Edmund became anxious, lest the prisoner should give up his work, when, one evening, as, for the hundredth time, he was placing his ear against the wall, he felt that a scarcely perceptible shaking was communicated to the stones. He took a few steps in his dungeon, and replaced his ear. There was no longer any doubt—the prisoner, to avoid the noise of his former mode of proceeding, had substituted the lever for the chisel.

Edmund now resolved to assist him in the work. He drew his bed from its place, and breaking the jug in which his allowance of water was kept, he began to scratch away with one of the sharp fragments. The mortar was rendered friable by constant moisture, and yielded easily to his efforts. In the morning, when the jailer came, he said he had accidentally let his jug fall. The guardian grumbled, and brought another, without being at the trouble of carrying away the fragments. When he was gone, Edmund bounded towards the same spot, to recommence his tedious labour. At the rate he was going on, he calculated that in two years he could open a passage two feet square and twenty-seven in length. He now regretted the six years he had spent in the dungeon, without working at his delivery. What might he not have done in that long lapse of time! forced itself painfully upon his mind, but without diminishing his zeal.

At the end of three days, he had arrived at a large heavy stone, which was set in brick-work, and this offered a resistance which he could not overcome. He tried to shake it in its place with his nails, till drops of anguish fell from his brow. He had now to set his imagination to work, to conquer this new difficulty. A plan was soon adopted. Every evening his soup was brought in a tin vessel, which had an iron handle, and out of which it was poured into an only plate. This he determined upon possessing himself of for a short time. In order to effect this, he left his plate between the door and his table; when the jailer came in with the soup, he trod upon it, and smashed it to pieces. As he had done it himself, he was contented with grumbling.

"Leave the pot," said Edmund; "you can take it when you bring me my breakfast in the morning."

This proposal was agreeable to the jailer, as it would save him the trouble of ascending and descending again. He left the vessel. Edmund trembled with hope. The stone soon yielded to the power of the lever which he now had in his possession. He drew it out, and continued to work all night most industriously. In the morning he replaced the stone in its place, and carried the mortar he had excavated into the corner of his dungeon.

Breakfast consisted of a bit of bread. The jailer brought this in the morning, and placed it upon the table.

"Well," said Edmund, "so you have not brought me another plate?"

"No," replied the jailer. "You break everything. You broke your jug; and you are to blame that I broke your plate. The pot will be left to you, and your soup poured into it; and then it is to be hoped you will not break your crockery."

Edmund raised his eyes towards Heaven. The possession of this little bit of iron filled him with more gratitude, than had, in his past life, the greatest happiness which had befallen him. The only thing that gave him uneasiness was, that, since he had begun to work, his neighbour had ceased. He, however, continued, and in one day, with the assistance of so powerful an instrument, he succeeded in dragging out ten handfuls of fragments. At night he again set to work, but he now found that a beam of wood obstructed the way. It would be necessary to excavate either above or below this, and he had not anticipated this difficulty.

"Oh my God!" he exclaimed. "I had prayed so much, I had hoped that you had listened to me! My Lord!—pity me—do not let me die in despair!"

"Who speaks of God and of despair at the same time?" said a voice, which appeared to come from below ground.

Edmund felt his hair rising upon his head, and he recoiled upon his knees.

"Ah!" murmured he, "I hear a man speaking!"

It was now four or five years that Edmund had only heard his jailer speak, and to a prisoner, a jailer is not a man, he is only a living door added to the oaken one—a bar of flesh, in addition to those of iron.

"In the name of God!" exclaimed Edmund, "you, who have spoken, speak again! Who are you?"

"Who are you, yourself?" asked the sepulchral voice.

"An unfortunate prisoner," answered Edmund.

To further questions, equally hastily put, and as immediately answered, Edmund, in return, related his brief history. These preliminaries over, the voice inquired at what height the excavation was, which Edmund had made. He was answered, at the level of the ground, and behind his bed.

"And what does your dungeon open upon?"

"Upon a corridor."

"Alas!" murmured the voice, "I have deceived myself. The imperfection of the tenth of an inch in my plans, has led me into an error of at least fifteen feet. I took the wall which you have been excavating, for that of the citadel."

"But then you come to the sea."

"That is what I wished."

"And if you had succeeded?"

"I should have thrown myself into it, and trusted in God to have given me strength to swim to a place of safety; but close up the hole with precaution, and wait till you hear from me again."

Edmund was so delighted with the new event which had come to pass, that he scarcely knew how to contain himself. He walked about the dungeon in an ecstasy of delight, and determined, in his extreme anxiety, at the new hopes awakened in him, that, should the jailer suspect what was going on, he would destroy him with the instrument of his labours.

The ensuing morning, he had just removed his bed from the wall, when he heard a signal. He threw himself upon his knees.

"Is it you?" he exclaimed. "I am here."

"Is your jailer gone?" asked the voice.

"Yes," answered Edmund; "he will only come back in the evening."

"We have twelve hours of liberty."

"I may act, then?" said the voice.

"Oh, yes—yes! now, at once, I beg of you!"

Almost immediately a mass of earth and stones gave way, and fell down into an opening made below that which Edmund had excavated. And, from the bottom of this dark passage, he saw first a head appear, then shoulders, and soon a whole man issued forth from the excavations.

Edmund took his new friend in his arms, and drew him towards the window, that he might contemplate his companion in misfortune. He was a man of small stature, hair rather whitened by thought than by age, with a long beard and dark, heavy eye-brows, which overhung clear, penetrating eyes.

The characteristic lines on his thin face, denoted a man more accustomed to exercise his moral and intellectual, than his physical faculties. He might be sixty-five years of age, but there was still much vigour in his movements. He received with evident pleasure the enthusiastic expressions of friendship made by the young man. After closing up the hole behind him, he remarked that the work was but rudely performed.

"Had you no tools?"

"And you," said Edmund, surprised, "had you any?"

"I made myself a few. Here is a chisel; I constructed it with a hinge taken from the bed. I have also a lever, a knife, and a pair of pincers. It is by means of these that I have dug the road which led me hither, and which is nearly fifty feet in length."

"Fifty feet!" exclaimed Edmund.

"Yes, that is about the distance which separates my room from yours, only that from the want of instruments to mark out my scale of proportions, I have badly calculated the curb, and instead of forty feet of ellipsis, I have made fifty. Thus, instead of passing under the corridor, which leads to your dungeon, I have kept along with it, and thus my labour is lost, for it opens upon a yard full of guards."

"It is true," observed Edmund; "but that corridor only occupies one face of my chamber, and the dungeon has four."

"Yes, undoubtedly, but the rock fronts one side, and the other is attached to the foundations of the governor's apartments; and the third —let me see, about this other side!"

And he drew the table towards the opening by which the light penetrated, and which, besides its ranges of iron bars, diminished gradually, till it was a mere aperture through which not even a child could have squeezed itself.

Edmund got upon the table, and the old man climbed upon his shoulders. A moment afterwards, he drew his head quickly back, and jumped on the table, and thence to the ground.

"Ah," he said, "it is as I expected. The fourth face of your dungeon opens upon an exterior gallery, a kind of road, where sentinels are placed, and patrols keep passing by. I saw the musket of a sentinel close to the aperture."

"Well, then," said Edmund.

"Why, you see that it is impossible to escape by your dungeon.

We must resign ourselves," continued the old man, "to the will of God." And Edmund looked, with wonder mingled with admiration, at the philosophy which thus supported him, when a hope so long entertained was destroyed. The old man now related his history to Edmund.

"I am," he said, "the Abbé Faria, and have been a prisoner in the Castle of If, since 1811, having already undergone three years of imprisonment in Piedmont."

"And wherefore did they imprison you?"

"Because I dreamt, in 1807, the project which Napoleon wished to realize in 1811; because, like Machiavel, I wished to unite all the little principalities which make of Italy a nest of petty tyrants, under one strong and just hand. I thought to find a Cæsar Borgia, in a crowned idiot, who only pretended to understand me, that he might the more effectively betray me." And the old man's head was borne down with painful reminiscences.

"Are you not," said Edmund, "the priest who is considered to be—ill?"

"Who is considered to be mad, you mean to say?"

"I did not like saying it," replied Edmund, smiling.

"Yes, yes," replied Faria; "it is I who pass as a fool with the hosts of this prison; and would be used to divert children, if there were little children in the abode of grief, without hope."

"Do you, then, give up altogether the hope of evasion?" inquired Edmund.

"I consider flight as impossible," replied the Abbé. "Consider what I have gone through. I was four years making the tools you have seen, and for two years I have been scratching away at stones often as hard as granite. I have been happy when in the evening I have obtained a square inch of fragments. Then, to hide the rubbish that I removed, I was obliged to pierce into the vault of a staircase, and I buried the fragments in the hollow beneath, till it is so full, that there is not now room for a handful of dust."

But Edmund had as yet never thought of liberty, and he could not give up at once the new hopes which had been awakened in him. He was rejoiced by the mere fact of having a companion, and when he thought that that old man had excavated fifty feet of hard wall, had spent three years in that Titanic labour, and that only to arrive, had he succeeded, at a precipice, from whence he might have to throw himself fifty, sixty, perchance a hundred feet, downwards into the sea, with the chance, if he escaped the balls of the sentinels, of falling upon a rock, or, even if he gained the waters, to have miles to swim for his safety; reflection told him that he, a young man, ought to undergo twice as much for the same objects. The example of an old man holding to life and liberty with so much energy, filled him with desperate reflections.

"I have found what you seek," said he to Faria.

"You," said he, raising his head—"what have you found?"

"The passage which you have excavated to come from your dungeon to this, follows the same direction as the external gallery—does it not?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, let us pierce a road from the centre of the passage, at right angles to it; we shall gain the external gallery; we will kill the sentinel, and escape."

"A moment," said the abbé. "In delivering myself, I served God, by setting at liberty one of his creatures, who being innocent, could not be condemned; to effect this, I could pierce a wall, but I would not go out a guilty man and stained with the blood of a fellow-creature."

"What!" said Edmund, "with liberty at your command, you would be restrained by such a scruple!"

"Why, you yourself," said Faria—"why did you not some evening strike the jailor with a leg of the table, put on his clothes, and attempt to fly?"

"Because the idea did not come into my head," answered Edmund.

"Because," replied the old man, "you had such an instinctive horror for such a crime, that you did not think of it."

Evening put an end to the conversation. The abbé returned to his dungeon, and the hole was carefully stopped up; but it was only to repeat the interview the moment after the jailer had disappeared, when Edmund went to take supper with the old man.

As these interviews grew in number, and became a daily and nightly source of enjoyment to the secluded prisoners of If, the friendship between the two gained in strength; the young man looked upon the abbé as a father, and the latter spent much time in teaching the sailor many branches of knowledge with which he had been hitherto totally unacquainted.

With these occupations and the pleasure which the society of each afforded the other, fifteen months passed rapidly by, when a sad event came to interrupt their happiness. An epileptic attack, of extreme severity, to which the abbé had been already subject, returned with great violence, and terminated in a paralysis, which deprived him of the use of his right arm and leg. Nothing could equal the attentions and solicitude of the young man, who now felt that, with the chance of liberty at hand, he would not have availed himself of it, to leave one whom he regarded as more than a father, in solitude and in sickness.

But even this state of doubt and anxiety was not of long duration. One night, Edmund thought he heard his name called as in suffering. Hastily taking out the stone, he hurried into the old man's dungeon, to find him sinking under a third and still more severe attack. A few words of recognition and of consolation passed between the two, when a terrible crisis overwhelmed the aged abbé, and curbed limbs, swollen eyelids, distorted features, and a body without motion, was all that remained on that bed of sorrow, of the intelligent being who had reposed there a moment beforehand.

Half-an-hour, an hour, an hour-and-a-half, passed by, and Edmund remained by his friend; till the break of day disclosing the open but dull eyes and his hand touching a body already cold, told him that he was alone with a corpse. A tremor then crept over him, and he repaired in sorrow to his own dungeon.

During the day, Edmund listened to all that passed in the abbé's chamber. He heard the jailor call for assistance, and the visits of soldiers and assistants were followed by that of the governor and surgeon of the citadel. They were not satisfied with the ordinary indications of death, but hot irons were applied to the feet, and Edmund's heart sank within him, when he became sensible of the odour of burnt flesh.

This ceremony gone through, the governor retired, leaving orders that the prisoner should be buried that night, between ten and eleven o'clock. The jailer and his assistants remained a short time after. Edmund heard the sound of coarse linen being unfolded. A heavy step, like that of a man lifting up a weight, was next distinguished, and then he heard the bed creak under the weight of the body which was restored to it.

They were wrapping up the corpse in its shroud, and Edmund thought, in the anguish of the moment, that he should also never leave his prison but as his aged friend was now about to do. A thought which for a moment almost deprived him of breath, flashed at the same instant across his mind, with terrific distinctness. He walked twice or thrice up and down his room, and then, like a man who has taken a desperate resolve, he exclaimed aloud—

"Well, since there are none but the dead who go out of this place in liberty, let us take the place of the dead."

The jailer and assistants had gone away. Edmund entered the now funereal dungeon of his friend. The body was sewn up in a sack; without allowing himself time to hesitate in the decision he had arrived at, he opened the sack with the knife made by the abbé himself, drew the body out, carried it into his dungeon, and placed it in his bed. He then turned the face towards the wall, dressed the head as his usually was, and covered it with the clothes, so that the jailer, at his evening visit, might think it was himself asleep.

This accomplished, he returned to the abbé's dungeon, carefully closed the passage after him, placed himself within the sack, with his knife in one hand, and with the other he refastened it from within.

The desperate resolve which he had taken, was, if the grave-diggers found that they were carrying a live man, to cut his way out, and make his escape as he could—fighting for it, if necessary. If, however, they carried him undiscovered to the grave, he would let them bury him; and the moment their backs were turned, he would open himself a passage through the soft soil. If the earth should be too heavy, and he should be suffocated in the attempt, it was better, at all events, that it should be so, than remaining where he was.

As the hour approached for the jailer's usual visit, his alarm became great lest he should be discovered. With one hand pressed upon his heart, he attempted to subdue its palpitations, while with the other he swept from his forehead the abundant perspiration. But the hour came, and passed by, and nothing unusual announced that he was suspected.

At the time indicated by the governor, the gravediggers, bearing a stretcher, and accompanied by a third who carried a lantern, arrived. Edmund straightened and stiffened himself to the utmost. The two men approached, and took the sack by the two extremities. Edmund held in his breath.

"Rather heavy for a thin, old man," said the one who took up the head.

"Every year adds half a pound to the bones," said the other, taking him by the legs.

Edmund was laid upon the stretcher. In a short time he felt the cold, sharp air of night. A sensation so long inexperienced was at once full of charms and of anguish. In a few moments the bearers stopped, and he was placed on the ground.

"Hold a light," said one of them, "while I seek for it."

"Seek for what?" said Edmund to himself. "No doubt, a spade."

In a few moments, the gravedigger returned. Edmund heard a heavy body deposited near him; and at the same time a cord was tightly tied round his legs.

"Well," said one of the gravediggers, "is the knot a good one?"

"Excellent," replied the other.

"What is this knot for?" asked Edmund of himself.

Passing through a doorway, and descending some steps, the sound of waves beating against the rocks on which the citadel was built, became distinct to his ears.

"Bad weather," said one of the porters; "it will not be pleasant to be at sea to-night."

"Truly," replied the other, "the abbé runs a great risk of being rather wet." And they laughed together.

Edmund did not appreciate the joke; but that did not prevent his being sensible that his hair was standing on an end.

"Here we are," said one of the porters.

"A little farther," said the other. "Don't you remember that the last one broke upon the rocks, and the governor blamed us?"

They made five or six paces farther on the ascent. Then Edmund felt himself taken by the head and feet, and balanced to and fro.

"One," said the porters, "two, three!"

Edmund felt himself thrown into the space. Like a wounded bird, he was traversing the air with a rapidity which threatened instant destruction, and yet he appeared to be an age in the void. At length, he shot, like an arrow, into the cold waters, uttering a fearful cry, which was lost in the noise of his immersion.

Edmund had been thrown into the sea, and a thirty-six pounder tied to his feet was hurrying him to the bottom. With a desperate effort, holding his breath, he opened himself a passage through the sack, and turning a summerset, caught the rope as it passed over him, and divided it, just as all consciousness was about to quit him for ever. Arrived at the surface of the waters, he was too experienced a sailor to make useless efforts, but he lay by a moment, to regain breath and strength. The cannon-ball had carried his shroud to the bottom of the sea.

It was a dark, tempestuous night, light clouds were sweeping across the heavens, only now and then allowing a little interval of blue sky to be perceived. There was no danger of his being seen from the castle; and, when he had recovered himself a little, he struck boldly away across the gloomy, threatening waste of waters.

Intimate with the neighbourhood, he soon distanced the dark rock of the citadel of If, and made for the island of Tiboulen, which he knew to be at a distance of two-and-a-half miles from the castle. One of the best swimmers in the port of Marseilles, he did not find that his long imprisonment had taken from him his power over that element, in which he had played from early childhood. But an hour elapsed, and in the darkness of the night he could as yet perceive nothing. He began to fear that he might have mistaken his direction, and a shudder of horror pervaded his frame. Of a sudden, it appeared as if the heavens darkened and an impenetrable cloud lay before him; at the same moment he felt a sharp pain in the knee. He thought he had been struck by a ball, but he heard no gun. Another moment, and he touched the land. His knee had struck against a stone; his imaginary cloud was the rock of Tiboulen. Edmund threw himself upon his knees and thanked his God. He was free, and he lived to become the Count Monte Christo, of Alexander Dumas.

"THE DYNASTY OF THE LIONS."

THE PANJ-AB, LAHORE, AND KASHMIR.

In India, an intellectual, bold, and determined character has less difficulty than in any other country to gather a host of military enthusiasts round his banner. The rise of the at first tolerant creed of the Sikhs, and which, as usual, only became fanatical by persecution; the hardy character of the population in which this religious bond took greatest hold—that of hilly territories of north-western India—and the division of these into numerous petty principalities and jaghírs, governed by upwards of 200 rajas and sirdars, were all circumstances favourable to the foundation of a great kingdom, upon the dispersed remnants of what had been part of the empire of the Moguls, and afterwards of the conquests of the Afghans.

Ranjít Sing, sometimes written Singh, "the Lion," and with whom the dynasty may be said to have originated, possessed all those qualities which in the East are most favourable to the success of an ambitious leader. He combined great cunning and craftiness with undaunted courage and energy; quick decision, firm resolution, and not over-scrupulous morality; or rather, a very marked absence of all principle and moral integrity, with more than ordinary generosity, and even of magnificence.

Like most Indian powers that have had a sudden rise, the Ghaznavide,* under Mahmud; the Patan, under Kuttub ul dín; the Mogul, under Babír; the Mahratta, under Sívají; and the Mysore, under Hyder and Tippoo (to preserve incorrect, but now accepted orthographies); the dynasty of the lions appears to have attained a zenith, from which its fall has been rapid and disastrous as its elevation was dazzling and insecure.

As in the fierce struggles which every now and then arose between the arbitrary and barbarous despotism of the East, and the steady advance of a civilized authority, Great Britain came in warlike contact with all these successive dynasties, or their disorderly fragments; so, at the present moment, the force of similar circumstances is daily, almost hourly, involving the interest of the British power and possessions in India with the revolutions and anarchy that have ensued upon the breaking-up of this short-lived dynasty of lions. So imperious have these circumstances become, and so urgent of intercession, that at the present moment the intelligence of statesmen has no option left but to consider how the existing calamitous state of things can be remedied in a manner most advantageous to the cause of general humanity and civilization, and to the great interests at stake; and at the same time, such an authority established, as shall ensure peace to territories so sorely afflicted, as well as security to neighbouring states, which are placed in danger by a wide-spread disaffection and turbulence.

As the origin and rise of the Sikh power is a thing of our own times, and its continuation a question which involves some of the most interesting questions of the day, and may be fertile in after-events, we have thought some account of it might be acceptable. Mr. Prinsep has already published a work upon the subject, which was printed in Calcutta in the year 1834, and Sir John Malcolm has also ably treated the same history, in the eleventh volume of the Asiatic Researches; and we are happy to be able further to avail ourselves of the later authorities contained in that admirable work, Professor Wilson's continuation of Mills' History of British India,* which, for accuracy of materials, carefulness of details, and judgment and discrimination in the use of them, is without a rival; and which, if continued as it is begun, will leave scarcely anything to be desired, as a further account of a most complicated and difficult branch of history.

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* Ghuzni, for Ghaznah or Ghaznaïn, (the two Ghaznahs,) was first introduced by that father of distortions, Colonel Dow, and has been continued ever since. (Journal of R. G. S., vol. vii. p. 13.)

The religious sect of the Sikhs arose in the country of the kingless tribe, (as Arrian designates the inhabitants of the Panj-ab,) at the end of the fifteenth century. Although seceders in some respects from the orthodox religion of the Hindus, the Sikhs retain so many essential articles of the Brahmanical faith, that they may be justly classed among the Hindú races. In their original institution, the Sikhs were a religious community, who, in consonance with the benevolent objects of their founder, Nanak Shah, a native of the Panj-ab, proposed to abolish the distinctions of caste, and to combine Hindus and Muhammadans in a form of theistical devotion, derived from the blended abstractions of Sufyism and the Vidanta, and adapted to popular currency by the dissemination of the tenets which it inculcated, (that God was pleased when men worshipped Him, but that He was indifferent under what form they did so,) in hymns and songs composed in the vernacular dialects. These still constitute the scriptural authority, the Grantha, or book of the Sikhs.

The doctrines and the influence of the teachers gave a common faith to the hardy and intrepid population of the upper part of the Panj-ab, and merged whatever distinctive appellations they previously possessed in the new general designation of "Sikhs," or "disciples," which henceforth became their national designation.

As their numbers increased, their tolerant religious spirit drew down upon them the fanatical hostility of the Muhammadans. Their spiritual chief was slain by these in 1606. Under a succession of military leaders, the sword became inseparably associated in their creed with the book, community of danger became the bond of both a religious and a social organization, and a nation grew out of a sect.

It was under Gur Govind Sing, their tenth spiritual chief, about 1675, that they first assumed the characters of a religious and military association, and became organized, in spite of the efforts of the Muhammadan rulers of Lahore for their suppression.

When the Afghans supplanted the Moguls in the government of the Panj-ab, the Sikhs experienced some severe reverses from the military skill and activity of Ahmed Shah; but after his death, they were left at liberty to establish themselves as a political confederacy in the countries which they now occupy.

The circumstances under which the Sikhs achieved their independence were unfavourable to the consolidation of their power. In their hostilities with the Muhammadans, they acted without plan and without an acknowledged head, and adopted a desultory system of warfare, in which different leaders collected their relations and friends, and unexpectedly fell upon their enemies, and laid waste the country.

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* The History of British India, from 1805 to 1835. By Horace Hayman Wilson, &c., vol. i. Madden and Co., London.

In the course of time, the inherent defects of a military federation of this description began to be manifested, and individual ambition and ability to assume that ascendancy which they were calculated to attain. Charat Sing, the chief of an assembly of Sirdars then called Misals, first commenced a career of aggrandisement at the expense of his neighbours, which his son Maha Sing pursued with still greater success.

The celebrated Ranjít Sing was son of the latter prince, whom he far surpassed, both in wisdom and valour, and who, by his remarkable combination of courage and cunning, successively expelled the chiefs who opposed him, and brought others under his control, so as ultimately to form one united and wealthy kingdom of all the countries west of the Sutlij as far as to the mountains.

The five great rivers which water this country are the Sind, or Sind'hu (the Indus);* the Jaïlum (Hydaspes); the Chib-ab (Ascisenes); the Rav. (Hydrastes); and the Sutlij (Hyphasis).

In the year 1800, the anticipated invasion of India by Napoleon induced the British government to despatch Sir Charles Metcalfe as agent to Lahore. Ranjít Sing broke off the negotiation, and penetrated to the left bank of the Sutlij. The British government then declared that it would not tolerate any superior authority on that side of the Panj-ab, and a corps under Colonel Ochterlony succeeded in inducing the Maha-Raja to conclude a treaty.

From this time till the year 1830, Ranjít Sing was unceasingly engaged in increasing his army and aggrandising his dominions. He conquered Multan and Kashmir, and was continually engaged in contests with the Afghans, the most violent enemies of the Sikhs, till he at length succeeded in getting possession of Pashawar, through the treachery of the brother of Dúst Muhammad.

Many European officers sought employment at the court of Ranjít Sing. Those who entered his service were engaged not to eat beef, not to shave their beards, and not to smoke tobacco; but they were allowed to have a harím, a liberty of which some of the French officers appear to have freely availed themselves.

Captains Ventura and Allard were the founders of the regular cavalry; General Avitabile became the chief officer of infantry; and the Maha-Raja was indebted to the chivalrous General Court for his artillery. At the same time, several British officers were also employed in modelling the army, and the results, to take the independent testimony of a Prussian officer, Captain Leopold Von Orlich, have been such as the most malicious enemies of the Raja could have alone anticipated.

"The command," says this excellent authority, "is given in the French language, but the tactics differ in the various brigades; those which are under French officers being trained on the French system, while those under British officers, according to the English tactics. Thus unity is wanting, and discipline is defective. A single mishap would cause a complete disruption of these troops, and endanger the lives of their commanders."

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* According to the Rev. Mr. Renouard, in the ancient Persian and several modern dialects, H is substituted for S, and unaspirated, for the aspirated letter. Hence Sind'hu is the origin at once of Hindu and of Indus.—(Journ. of R. G. S., vol. vii. p. 11.)

These troops, it appears, were better paid than those of the East India Company, and, at the time of Sir Alexander Burnes' mission to the Maha-Raja, in 1831, the regular army amounted to 50,000 men, besides 100,000 irregular troops, cannon foundries, powder magazines, and manufactories of arms established at Lahore and Amritsir.

The kindly reception given to Sir A. Burnes led to an interview between the Maha-Raja and Lord William Bentinck, then Governor-General of India, at Roopoor (Rúpúr) 1835. A short time before the opening of the campaign against Affghanistan, in 1838, another interview took place between the Governor-General (Lord Auckland) and Ranjít Sing ; on which occasion the Maha-Raja promised to give the British some assistance, and granted them a free passage through his territory.

But Ranjit Sing was at this time in an enfeebled state of health; his dissolute mode of life brought on dropsy, and he died on the 27th of June, 1839, of paralysis, in the fifty-ninth year of his age, and the fortieth of his reign. Four of his wives and seven of his female slaves committed themselves to the flames with his body.

Ranjít Sing was not unaptly called the Porus of his days, being under-sized, mean-looking, and deformed, and blind with his left eye, in consequence of the small-pox. His chief minister, Dhyan Sing, had risen from the post of porter in the royal palace to that of minister and first wuzír, and, in the latter days of the Maha-Raja, he was as powerful as he was often unscrupulous, having attempted to kill one of his own sons, because the Maha-Raja appeared to take a liking to him.

Ranjít Sing was succeeded by his only son, Kurruk Sing, who gave himself up to the pleasures of the harim, and left the affairs of government to the cruel Katto Sing. But the latter having formed the plan of putting Dhyan Sing to death, he was cut in pieces at the side of the Maha-Raja by Dhyan, assisted by the crown prince, Nu Nahal Sing. Kurruk Sing himself died shortly afterwards, (Nov. 6, 1840,) and not without his own son, Nu Nahal, being suspected in having a hand in hastening that catastrophe.

The new Maha-Raja was young, spirited, expert in warlike exercises, ambitious, and a sworn enemy to the English. His chief minister was the Mir Udum Sing, and they would have entered upon a war with their powerful neighbours, had not both been accidentally killed at the same moment by the fall of a large piece of an archway, when riding through the outer gate of the palace. This is one version given; but another relates, that he and his minister were slain at the gate of the garden, called Hasuri Bagh, by the followers of Dhyan Sing.

Certain it is, that the death of the Maha-Raja was concealed, in order to give time to the Queen-Dowager, Rani Chand Kár, who was at that time paramour of Gulab Sing, elder brother of Dhyan Sing, to arrive at the palace, and secure the throne, in opposition to the rightful claims of the prince Shír Sing, son of the Maha-Raja, Kurruk Sing. But, jealous and distrustful of the imperious and dictatorial Dhyan Sing, the Queen and her favourite endeavoured to emancipate themselves from his power. The consequence was, that Dhyan Sing, with his younger brother, Sujít Sing, raised an insurrection, and placing Shír Sing at the head of the movement, they besieged the Queen in the already celebrated garden of Hasurí Bagh, where she had shut herself up with the Rajas, Gulab Sing, Híra Sing, son of Dhyan Sing, and the brothers, Ittar Sing, and Achét Sing, who, as Sirdars of the Sendúal family, and near relations of Ranjít Sing, were royal princes. The besieged gave up the fortress in five days, on the 28th of January, 1841. The royal princes fled to the British possessions, the Dogra Sirdars retired to the mountains, and the Queen was guarded as a prisoner in the fortress.

Shír Sing was now established as Maha-Raja. Effeminate and devoid of firmness of character, he became a mere instrument in the hands of Dhyan Sing. During his temporary residence at the summer palace, the Queen-Dowager was found in her apartments, mortally wounded. Four of her female slaves had broken her skull with tiles, and she survived this treatment only three days. Dhyan long excused this barbarous murder by asserting that she had laid a plot against the Maha-Raja's life. The minister recalled his brother and son into favour, and Hira Sing was made commander-in-chief of the army. Gulab Sing, secure, however, in his numerous mountain fortresses, refused the numerous invitations made to him to present himself at court.

Such was the state of things, which we have carried beyond the period contained in Wilson, when, in December, 1842, Lord Ellenborough approached the banks of the Sutlij, to receive the victorious army of Affghanistan, and the gates of Sumnáth. The Maha-Raja and his wily minister were so convinced that the object of this triumphal assemblage was to take possession of the Punj-ab, that they collected a defensive army of 80,000 men, and 200 pieces of cannon, between Lahore and Amritsir. Negotiations were, however, entered into, the hand of reconciliation was held out, and Dhyan Sing knew his interests too well to refuse to accept of such. His son, Hira Sing, was sent as ambassador to the Governor-General, and he was soon followed by Prince Purtháb Sing, son of the Maha-Raja, who was accompanied by the renowned wuzír, Dhyan Sing.

We now turn to one of the most clear and interesting accounts of travel in India that have, perhaps, ever been written, for some details concerning the aspect of the Court of Lions. The author, Captain Leopold Von Orlich,* visited India for the purpose of acquiring, in the ranks of the British army, that military experience which a long peace had prevented him from obtaining in the army of his own country; but he arrived too late for that purpose, and only in time to witness the extraordinary return of the British army from those countries which they will one day be called upon to conquer over again.

The following is the account given by Captain von Orlich of the appearance of the Court of Lahore :—

"Purtháb Sing had passed the Sutlíj with 5000 men, and pitched their tents on the banks, four miles from our camp, on the 30th of December. He was invited by the Governor-General to the grand review, which was to take place on the following day. Some gentlemen of Lord Ellenborough's suite rode out on elephants, to welcome the new guests, who, accompanied by some hundred officers, a body-guard of 200 cuirassiers, and 500 infantry, appeared in our camp at ten o'clock, on twenty-five elephants. Prince Purtháb Sing is a pretty boy, but weak and delicate, and rather disfigured by a very crooked set of teeth. He carried a shield on his shoulder and a sabre in his hand; he was dressed in yellow silk, and his turban, neck, and ears were lavishly ornamented with pearls and diamonds. Dhyan Sing, who led him by the hand into the tent, wore, under a blue silk vest, a shirt of mail, over that a silver cuirass, light-brown leather pantaloons, setting tight to the leg, and red shoes embroidered with gold, which, according to custom, he put off at the entrance. His silver helmet, wound about with pearls and yellow and blue silk shawls, which floated over his shoulder, was ornamented with a feather, which was fastened by an agraff of rubies, and gave him an appearance of great haughtiness. When I saw him, who is the handsomest man of this nation, galloping at full speed on his bay horse, with a golden bridle and a panther skin, with a staff in his right hand, I could have fancied that I saw one of the heroes of antiquity. The attendants were dressed in the same style of magnificence, and looked extremely elegant and picturesque; and the Durbar exhibited a scene which carried us all back to remote ages; it seemed as if the warriors had come to life again who had fought under the banner of Porus."

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* Travels in India, including Sinde and the Punj-ab. By Captain Leopold von Orlich. Translated from the German by H. Evans Lloyd, Esq. 2 vols., with Engravings. Longman, Browne, Green, and Longmans.

The visit of these bravely accoutred lions to the Governor-General was followed by an embassy to Lahore, which the fierce Akalís, with the Gúrús, the most fanatic of the Sikhs, took every opportunity of insulting in the most public and indecent manner.

Before continuing this subject, it would be well to remark, that the work of Captain Orlich, as that of a judicious observer and of an impartial foreigner, contains many facts which could only be obtained from such a quarter, and which are calculated to cause serious reflections with any well-wisher to the Indian empire. We take, for example, the following paragraph:—

> "On the 20th of November, the commander-in-chief, Sir Jasper Nicolls, arrived at the camp with 80 elephants, 300 camels, 136 draught oxen, and above 1000 servants! This immense retinue was merely for his service, and for attendance on his animals, but did not include those domestics and animals which are required for his own person and those of his suite!"

A commander-in-chief, with an army of servants and attendants, would, it might be thought, furnish occasion for many repetitions of such disasters as attended the fatal campaign of Afghanistan. Happy it is that the chivalrous and gallant Napier is setting a directly opposite example.

Equally painful is the narrative of the journey performed by Captain Orlich, with Sir Charles Napier himself, in the Zenobia steamer, from Bombay to Kurachí. There were on board 22 officers, 150 soldiers, 50 sepoys, 23 British soldiers' wives, 27 children, and about 60 servants. Soldiers and women, children and servants, were obliged to remain on deck closely crowded together without any covering. The wind was bitterly cold, the rain fell in torrents, and the waves dashed over the vessel. There were no means of procuring either warmth, or warm food, or drink for the sufferers. Next day, as might have been anticipated, cholera broke out. "This scene of woe," says Captain Orlich, "can never be effaced from my memory." Suffice it, that before four days were over, one-third of these unfortunate people were dead, and before arriving at Kurachí, one half of the soldiers, their wives and children, were launched into eternity. These are arrangements that cannot possibly answer for any parties, for a soldier, laying all ordinary questions of humanity aside, is a machine worth so many pounds and shillings to a sympathetic government.

Since this intimate alliance established by Lord Ellenborough with the Court of Lahore, Shir-Sing has fallen by the hands of murderous ministers, anxious to affirm their power by the elevation of the boy-king, Purthab. This new crime was followed by a revolution, the exact counterpart of that which was brought about by Dhyan-Sing in favour of the queen-mother, Chand-kár, and which, in this case, has been incited by Jawahir-Sing, brother to the raní, or queen-mother, in favour of the queen and her paramour, Sujít-Sing, younger brother of Dhyan-Sing, and which entailed the destruction of the tough and experienced old lion, who had both stimulated and survived so many insurrections and revolutions. Jawahir had now nothing to oppose his assumption of the functions of wuzír over the dissolute queen and the misguided young Maha-Raja. But Híra-Sing remained to avenge his father, and is supported, it appears, by his uncle, Gulab-Sing, who has been drawn from his mountainous strongholds by the gravity of events, or to take another lion's share of the spoil. A further claimant has also sprung up in the person of Pashúra-Sing, an illegitimate son of the great Ranjít-Sing, who has commenced hostilities with Híra-Sing. At the same time, the Afghans, tempted by these intestine disorders, are advancing, under Akbár-Khán, along the left bank of the Indus; and Kashmir has taken advantage of the same untoward state of things to declare its independence. The Khalsa troops, who are now what the Prætorian guard was to Rome, and the Turkish troop to the Khalifs of Baghdad, await the highest bidder, for the treasury is empty, and the fierce Akalís are also in open insubordination.

The interference of neighbouring powers, when revolution and anarchy spread over a European state, has long ago been an understood thing. But in a territory situated as the Panj-ab is, with a fanatic population, a licentious soldiery, an empty treasury, discordant chieftains, a worthless minister, a dissolute queen-mother, and a boy-king, such a mere shadow of government is left, that a policy of intervention founded upon compassion alone has nothing to address itself to, and such an interference with a government so circumstanced could only lead to failure and disaster.

At the same time, British policy and the safety of the adjacent states, are as indissolubly mixed up with the affairs of Indian states as with European; and the mere apprehension of temporary inconvenience to Government, is not sufficient to release that government from the discharge of the duties imposed upon it by the force of circumstances. The advance of the British army cannot, from what we have recorded of the history of the Lion Dynasty—a history more replete with crime than probably any other of similarly brief duration—but be viewed as the only probable termination of the calamities and convulsions which have fallen upon this unfortunate people.

Mere motives of justice, compassion, and humanity, appear *à priori* to form a very insufficient justification for the conquest of another kingdom; but the question presents itself—Are civil wars and all the horrors of anarchy to be allowed to run their own course? It is impossible not to feel at once that such indifference on the part of government would be incompatible with the mission of mercy and enlightenment with which Providence has entrusted it. Again, can the reign of lawlessness and terror be supplanted, and strength given to the native government by political intervention, or by a partial aid? Certainly not; the results would be disastrous in the extreme. In fact, the steady progress of British authority is now generally admitted, where international jealousy does not oppose itself even to the progress of civilization, as never more salutary than when it closes the revolutions and the crimes which have doomed the native rulers to the forfeiture of their power.

The military occupation of the Panj-ab involves, at the same time, many weighty and serious considerations. Among the first of these are the frontiers of India. Upon this subject we shall again refer to the authority of Captain Orlich, as at once intelligent and unbiassed.

> " So much, says the captain, " for this remarkable kingdom, which must soon become a question of life and death for the British power in India. Unless possessed of this, there is no security. The Indus above Attock, (At-ak, " the Bar,") with the mountain chain beyond Pashawar, and the Himmalah mountains, form the true and actual frontier of the immense dominions of the British empire in India. When once this has been attained, all her powers can be concentrated in the interior, and civilization take root and flourish."

The still more distinguished and learned Austrian traveller, the Baron von Hügel, whose opinion obtains value from the same circumstance, has discussed this subject at length, both in reference to the Indus as a river boundary—to the passes of Afghanistan, or the great land route to or from India, followed by Alexander, Timur, Babír, and Nadír Shah,—and to the resources of the territories on both sides of the Sutlíj, and he arrives at the conclusion that,

> " Should events (and they will do so) extend the English frontier to the Indus, they must necessarily advance their lines of defence further to the west, into the mountains between Kabúl and Hirát, perhaps as far as Hirát itself."

It is not necessary to go so far as the learned Baron; but the campaign at present carrying on by Sir Charles Napier in the mountains of Baluchístán, and the impending events in the Panj-ab, sufficiently attest that the once hard-earned passes of Afghanistan so hastily given up, will have to be reconquered and put into a state of permanent defence. The approach to India would then be rendered one of extreme difficulty to a power, however great it might be numerically; and Great Britain can never be said to really possess India, until it has established its authority in those countries which originally gave their name to the whole of the Asiatic peninsula.

HAMPTON COURT.*

This is, in many respects, a clever work. It is not a novel, for such, whether historical, amatory, or adventurous, contains a story or tale of some kind or other; nor is it a pictorial or illustrative history of Hampton Court, for it confines itself to one epoch; but it is a kind of resumé of the times of Charles I. and of the Protectorate, in their relation with the said palace, with brief sketches of events, persons, and manners of the time connected with that locality; in fact, a biographical, architectural, and political rifacimento of Jesse and of Clarendon.

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* Hampton Court; or, the Prophecy Fulfilled. Three vols.

The cleverness is attested in the frequently happy reproduction of characters and scenes enacted in those eventful times, and in the descriptions of halls, apartments, and corridors, with the masques and banquets held therein; albeit, these were more magnificently ordered in bluff Harry's time than in any other, and more picturesque spectacles were presented by the armed Alamaignes and Spaniards in the days of Mary and Philip.

Great liberties are taken with many of the characters of the day, sometimes acknowledgedly, as in the case of Sir John Denham, who, really unfortunate, is here also made to be criminal, because the author says, "it was desirable to present some contrasts!" The patriot and senator band are depicted with sallow countenances, sunken cheeks, sulky tones, and slouch-rimmed hats. Hampden, who is represented by his contemporary, Clarendon, as a person of great cheerfulness and affability, is here pictured as a whining puritan—the courtly and polished Waller as passionate and full of hatred; Pym is sarcastic, Cromwell sneering, Fiennes cynical, Hotham solemn, and, worse than all, Hyde is made a go-between.

There are a few highly coloured love-scenes enacted by General Monk, who may be considered as the hero, and the Lady Miranda Seymour, the most exalted and unapproachable heroine to be met with in prose or verse, and also several ghost scenes, which are, however, rather accidents or episodes than part of a whole. The interest is made to hold by the fate of monarchy and its restoration. In one of the ghostly scenes, potassium, which was first obtained by Sir H. Davy in 1807, is used to produce startling effects in the seventeenth century!

The meeting of Miss Phelps and of Sally Clarges, in Monk's tent, is powerfully sketched, but the character of the latter, after she became the general's wife, is over done. The elevation of an uneducated woman is always a tempting subject for ridicule, but humanity does not become either grotesquely or coarsely outrageous.

The author has felt himself to possess at times a pointed style of expression, which occasionally diverges on the confines of wit, but far more frequently seduces him into conceits of language which are repulsive when understood, but which, happily for him, more often veil the sense in an impenetrable obscurity. The mingling of quasi-science with fashionable exquisitism, galvanic sighs with avuncular prospects, and electric recognitions with Mesmeric glances, would force a smile from a ghost; indeed, throughout, the niggling recurrence to what may be termed the curiosities of art and science (and the work begins with a discussion as to the different trees on which misletoe has been known to grow, in which the clerk of Selden is made to call a verderer a dendrologist—a word which we doubt if it is to be found in the "Table Talk" or any contemporaneous writer—and concludes with a list of old folks who have cut their teeth after eighty years of age) would appear to bear out the parentage to some scientific and literary chiffonier.

It is of so much the more importance to fix the paternity of this work, because anticipating, in a certain sense, his intentions, and therefore literally poaching upon that domain which long success has almost established as his contemporaneous right, it has been attributed to the author of the "Tower of London," "St. Paul's," and "St. James's;" but, with undeniable talent, much research, and some character, "Hampton Court" cannot be said to belong to any recognised school of composition, and certainly not to that which the illustrator of Windsor Castle has founded in this country.

ON A COUCH OF SWEET ROSES RECLINING.

BY THE LATE WM. MAGINN, LL.D.

COMMUNICATED BY EDWARD KENEALY, ESQ.

TO WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

March 5, 1845.

I send you an elegant little song, written by the late Dr. Maginn, which I found the other day, while looking over some manuscript collections. It is a translation of a Greek fable, written by myself, which I also enclose, and which the Doctor versified in a very few minutes, in the intervals of conversation, one day at my chambers, in London. Knowing, and warmly appreciating your admiration of the Doctor's genius, I have ventured to put it before you, in the hope that you will enshrine it in the pages of AINSWORTH'S MAGAZINE.

Yours ever,
EDWARD KENEALY.

ΠΕΡΙ ΑΦΡΟΔΙΤΗΣ.

Ευναζετο ενι ροδοισι καλη ποτ' Αφροδιτη, αστεροεις τε πεπλος ευκοσμιας εκρυπτε, κολπον τε και κυκνειον, αμβροσιους τε μηρους· ὡς Ζεφυροι γελωντες τον μυρον ηπεριπνουν· δε Παν θεος ὑλαιος μετ' αλσος επλανατο, κοιμωμενην τε Κυπριν μουνην τε και εβλεψε· και μαλακως παρερπων φιλησε χειλεα γλυκη και χαριεντα· θεος τρεμων ερωτι δεμας ανακαλυπτει, Κυπρις δε κινδυνιωδου ὑπνου εξεγειρε.

I.

ON a couch of sweet roses reclining,
  Fair VENUS in slumber was laid,
And a robe, of the brightest star-shining,
  Was thrown, her fair form to o'ershade;
From her neck, as a swan's whitely glowing,
  To her knee did the mantle extend;
Laugh'd the zephyrs, as over her blowing,
  They felt the sweet incense ascend.

II.

PAN, his haunt in the woods ever keeping,
  Was wandering, perchance, through the grove,
And as VENUS alone there lay sleeping,
  Stepp'd soft to the goddess of love,
And he kiss'd her sweet lips, soft and taking;
  But what more he'd have ventured to try,
We can't tell; for sweet VENUS awaking
  Put all notions of love-making by.

MAUDE DOUGHTY.

BY CHARLES OLLIER.

CHAPTER I.

> "Three rising days and two descending nights
> Have changed the face of heav'n and earth by turns,
> But brought no kind vicissitude to *them*.
> *Their* state is still the same, with hunger pinch'd."—DRYDEN.

THE night was boisterous. November nights often are so. Occasionally, indeed, this month is as cold and savage as January: it sometimes exhibits very notable, though transitory, specimens of ice and snow, and lifts up its voice into as mighty and discordant a roar as could be produced by a chorus of ten thousand howling fiends. When November thus "aggravates" its character, it is the most miserable month in the year; for though January presents us with a perfect ideal of desolation in its far-spread and enduring snow, which converts green and fertile plains into white deserts, burying the earth, in many places, "five fathom deep," as though its grassy face could never again meet the light; yet, in January, pleasant anticipations of spring begin to creep into the minds of men. We have entered a new year; light comes back to us, and is increasing daily; and a spirit of hope is abroad. But as none of these alleviations of inclemency can exist in November, we are indeed forlorn when that month assumes a dreary garb. Luckily, however, it is not always dreary; but every now and then includes days as bland and smiling and clear, when the dying foliage shows its rich tints strongly, and nights of as soft moonlight, as may be seen earlier in glorious autumn.

Such had not been the day, such was not the night now recorded. Darkness hung in the cope of heaven like a huge pall: the wind rushed about as if in a frenzy, stunning the hearer with its mad clamour, and tearing up great trees by the roots. In this elemental whirl there was no lack of rain, which now descended perpendicularly, and then, uniting its drops into one wide sheet of water, drove with horizontal force against whatever stood in its way.

It was a wild and dismal night. Mansions of rich men were able to dash back, with proud defiance, the giant assaults made against them; but woe betide dwellers in squalid huts! Every blast threatened to bury them beneath their own walls—every mighty rush of water from the clouds, to drown them.

In an exposed situation on the edge of a forest in the West of England, stood, about the commencement of last century, a wretched tenement, rudely built of refuse fragments of stone from a neighbouring quarry, and covered by rotten thatch. Dilapidated as was its exterior condition, the interior was still worse. The door, which alone shielded the inmates from external air, (for it opened at once into the room,) was nearly off its hinges, and even when closed showed some awkward apertures between itself and the lintel. The floor had been originally paved with red tiles; but some of these were now broken, and others had sunk below the level, forming little reservoirs of wet mud; the ceiling was cracked and mildewed by damp, which found its way through the sodden thatch, and the walls were in a like humid condition. A truckle bed, a crazy deal table, one or two rickety chairs, and a corner cupboard, constituted the entire furniture.

In this forlorn hovel, sat, on the night just described, three persons,—a mother, a daughter, and a son. They were cowering silently over a wood fire, buried in their own thoughts, yet every now and then shifting their looks towards the door and window, as the turbulent gusts came thundering against them, making the whole tenement stagger. But dangerous as might be the position of these poor tenants, they had no choice but to maintain it. Better here than out of doors might they—

> "Bide the pelting of this pitiless storm."

Maude Doughty, the mother, was prematurely old, bent, shrivelled, and hag-like in appearance. Still, in spite of her patched and particoloured wrappings, there was a certain expression about her of something superior to other women in her class of life: such a woman in the ancient world, might have been taken for the pale and haggard Sibyl of Cumæ. Her father had been a poor schoolmaster, and thus Maude lacked not the advantages of reading and writing, and in her youth, during intervals of household labour, had contrived to lay up no small store of book-knowledge, and so assist her parent. Her mind being of a vigorous nature, a life of unvaried misfortune had strengthened rather than enfeebled her faculties. In the midst of her troubles, she kept a keen eye on all by which she was surrounded: misery taught her to speculate on the unaccountable freaks of fortune; but here Maude's philosophy was at fault. Like the rest of the world, she could never clearly understand why meanness and want of principle should so often fare better than self-respect and honesty. And, in truth, this is one of the great puzzles of our existence. The marvel of it, the bitter mystery, the numerous and palpable instances of thriving vice and starving virtue, extorted from Cowley (as conscientious and pious a Christian as ever lived) the following remarkable and melancholy reflection :—" I love and commend," says he, " a true, good fame, because it hath the shadow of virtue; not that it doth any good to the body which it accompanies, but 'tis an efficacious shadow, and, like that of St. Peter, cures the diseases of others. The best kind of glory, no doubt, is that which is reflected from honesty, such as was the glory of Cato and Aristides; but it was harmful to them both, and is seldom beneficial to any man whilst he lives. What it is to him after his death I cannot say, because I love not philosophy merely notional and conjectural, and no man who has made the experiment has been so kind as to come back to inform us." Had Cowley not been in a desponding mood when he wrote this, (a mood induced, no doubt, by the base ingratitude with which Charles the Second met his faithfulness and long services,) he might have discovered in the temporary triumph of duplicity and knavish selfishness, and the frequent misery of single-hearted probity, a powerful argument for, instead of against, the doctrine of a blessed retrospection of worldly virtue in a future state, where undeserved sufferings would be rewarded. He would not have doubted that things would find their proper level in another sphere of existence. To injure a belief in this, might be equivalent to offering a premium for heartless tricks, and circumventing stratagems, to which many people are prone enough already. It is clear that in this world, well-meaning and upright actions will not do, unless dashed with a certain portion of cunning to perceive and defeat the plots of others—defensive, not *offensive* cunning.

In this sort of artifice, and, indeed, in artifice of any kind, Maude Doughty was singularly deficient. Wretchedness had sharpened her faculties, and taught her to discern the essentials of things apart from their pretences. But even knowledge, thus painfully acquired, had not brought craftiness along with it. She remained utterly incapable of advancing herself by injuring another; so she and poverty had for years been familiar companions, and the old woman, yielding to what seemed inevitable, had made up her mind to go down to the grave with this gaunt mate by her side.

Far otherwise was it with Amie, her daughter, and with Caleb, her son. The girl was twenty years of age, and the young man two-and-twenty. Caleb worked much, and was paid little, while Amie could get nothing to do, except during a month or two in summer, when she toiled in the hot fields at such agricultural labour as is commonly given to women. But strive as they might, they could not earn enough for the decent subsistence of themselves and mother; so the young folks became impatient under their hardships, and resolved to "better themselves," as the phrase is, by any means they could devise—honest means, if possible; if not, to improve their condition, at all events. Caleb's temper was fiery and rash. To use a familiar expression, he "feared neither man nor devil:" he had a head to plot and a hand to execute; and Amie's bosom was no stranger to ambition, especially when she saw the more fortunate country girls wending their way, on a Sunday, towards church, with smart gowns and flaring ribbons. Then she would often sigh, and say to herself, "Why cannot I make a like show?" She had frequently talked over this matter with Caleb; but no feasible scheme had ever presented itself.

On the night, however, at which this narrative commences, a sudden thought darted into Caleb's brain. He clutched at it. How could it have happened that so bright an idea had never before lighted up his mind? It must now have been inspired by the long silence into which such desperate weather as then raged around them had stricken his mother and sister. But how should he fashion his scheme into words? Amie, he knew, would not mind it; but his mother! how should he propose it to *her?*

He mused awhile amidst the furious howling of the wind and the dash of ceaseless rain. In spite of the blazing wood-fire, which, because a forest was at hand, wanted not fuel, Amie looked pale and cold. As for Maude, a hard life of sixty years had so shrivelled her as to put it out of the power of outward influences to make her look unsightlier than she always was. Nothing could appear more forlorn than the whole group, destitute as they were of those comforts which might assuage the raging inclemency of the night. They had no cheering liquor, and very little food.

"Mother," at length said Caleb, approaching his subject by degrees—"mother, we are very miserable!"

"Yes, indeed, my boy," answered Maude; "hunger and danger are our portion; and we have nothing wherewith to meet them but patience."

"The worst helpmate in the world," rejoined Caleb. "Patience is a cheat, invented to gull poor people; and that's the reason why comfortable men preach it to us. Now I'm for turning patience out of doors. Them that like to suffer, *may* suffer; and great folks will look on, and give 'em as many words of praise as they may fancy. But I want something more substantial than empty encouragement, and, from this night for'ard, I mean to try and get it. If we could go to sleep all winter, like the bats, 'twould be another matter, only we can't. Look at sister, how she pines! Why, she'll be a downright old woman afore she's five and twenty, if we go on much longer in this manner. Our life *shall* be changed!"

"I like your resolution, Caleb," said old Maude, mournfully; "but how will you bring it to bear? Every path to better fortune is closed against us. What can such crawling creatures as we do? We have no decent raiment, no money, no friends. We are born paupers, and paupers we must remain. No, no, Caleb; there is no hope for us. We must be patient, I tell you."

"I wont be patient, mother," returned Caleb, striking the table with his broad fist. "Here we are, in a crazy old cabin that can hardly shelter us from the wind and rain. The very cattle are better off, for they have weather-tight stalls, and plenty to eat. Feed me first, mother, and then we can prate of patience, which is poor victuals for an empty stomach. Is there anything in the cupboard?"

"No."

"Then let us talk of something else than patience," pursued Caleb. "Amie, what do you say?"

The girl looked up in her brother's face with a searching aspect. She could not conjecture what new scheme was working in his mind; and she was reluctant to speak in direct opposition to what had fallen from her mother.

"Why, Caleb," said she, in answer to his appeal, "how can I say anything about it till I know what you are thinking of? Tell us your plan; and then both mother and I can judge of it."

But the young man was not ready to do this at the moment. He must, first of all, prepare the way. It would never do to disclose his scheme abruptly.

"It is something," said he, evasively, "that every one of us can take a part in. All I can say just now is, that I'm sick at heart of this half-alive half-dead kind of life."

"So am I, and so is Amie, I'm sure," observed old Maude. "But how are we to get free of it? I cannot guess what your notion is, Caleb; but recollect, my boy, that nothing dishonest will help us. Besides its wickedness, dishonesty is the worst kindof folly,—the most expensive and extravagant thing in the world. It is throwing out a herring to catch a sprat, and nine times out of ten the sprat is not caught, though the herring is always lost. Though I say this, Caleb, I don't think you mean anything wrong. So, as Amie observes, tell us your plan at once. Talking will do us all good, and keep off our thoughts from this mad weather."

"Mad weather!" echoed the young man. "Yes, it's mad, indeed. A pretty night I'm like to have of it in the loft, on that mouldy straw, when you and sister are abed."

This was said, not so much out of any actual repugnance to his comfortless dormitory, (for he was too well used to it,) as with a design to press more heavily on his mother's mind a sense of their destitution, which must be endured in all its bitterness throughout the coming winter.

"We'll all sit up by the fire to-night," said Maude. "Luckily, we've plenty of wood."

"But we can't sit up by the fire every night," rejoined Caleb. "I tell you, mother, we must take the bull by the horns. We must get money. We are three, and must all work together, and with a will. We mustn't mind what folks say, or what folks think, but do our duty to ourselves,—and that is, to get meat and drink, warm clothes, and warm lodgings."

"Would to God we could do so!" exclaimed Maude. "You talk, Caleb, about all three of us working together. You know, my dear, that I, for one, was never slack at work when I had the power; but what am I to do *now?* I am too feeble, too old to work, however much I may wish it."

"That's it, mother," returned the young man, eagerly. "That's the very thing we want; you're coming to the point now."

"What point?" demanded Maude. "What use can possibly be made of a decrepid old woman?"

Caleb had now got into what he called "the right line." He was relieved at feeling that he had so far approached his subject. Laying on the table a pipe he had been smoking, he drew nearer to his mother, fixed his eyes on her withered countenance, and modulated his voice, as well as he could, into a persuasive tone.

"Now, mother," said he, "you must hear me fairly through, and not burst out into contradictions afore your time. I mean no harm to man, woman, or child. All I want is to get a little money to make you, and Amie, and me, more comfortable."

"Go on, my boy," said Maude, whose curiosity was fairly awakened.

"You have heard, I suppose," resumed Caleb, with a careless tone, "how Squire Babstock has been robbed o' late?"

The old woman started at the very mention of robbery. "I have heard this," gasped she; "it is the common talk. What then?"

"Nothing; only I think I know who did it," replied the young man, significantly.

"Well."

"That is, mind me," pursued Caleb, "I don't know it of my own knowledge; but Dick Pittock——"

"Dick Pittock!" echoed Maude, interrupting her son; "I do not like Dick Pittock, and I wish you had never seen him."

"Dick's as good a fellow as ever drew breath," said Caleb, vindicating his friend's character with all the undiscerning and ungovernable impulse of a young man. "Dick knows a thing or two, and always has his eyes about him."

"If Dick knows who is the thief," observed old Maude, "why don't he go at once to the squire, and give information? We can have no concern with it."

"Dick go to the squire! That would never do at all;" exclaimed Caleb. "There's a bad feeling abroad about poor Dick, which he don't deserve. The squire wouldn't hear what he had to say; the more so when he came to peach agen a man that's high up in the squire's household."

"That may be," said Maude; "but you know it's nothing to us."

"I tell you it *is* to us," replied the young man. "This is the long and the short of it, mother—*we* must declare who the thief is."

"*We!*" echoed Maude; "not for all the world! We know nothing of the matter; and if we said what wasn't true, we should be hunted out of house and home."

"A pretty home, forsooth!" said Caleb, sneeringly.

"Better, at any rate," retorted Maude, "than the dripping forest, or the bleak moor."

CHAPTER II.

> "Why do I yield to that suggestion,
> Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair?"—MACBETH.

"MOTHER," said Amie, who had listened with curiosity and attention to the foregoing discourse—"mother, hadn't we better hear Caleb out? He was just going to tell us everything, when you stopped him."

"Well then, Caleb," muttered the old woman, "as Amie wishes it, go on."

Caleb felt that the moment for being explicit had arrived. He reckoned on his sister's support, and therefore dashed at once boldly into the matter, saying—

"We must gull the squire, and pretend to discover the thief by witchcraft. There now, mother!—won't that bring us money for the present job, and keep us in pay for services to come?"

Maude rose from her chair, clasped her hands wildly, paced restlessly about the room, and exclaimed—

"Is it come to *this?* Is this to be the end of a life of struggling want? Is your mother, because she is old and ugly, to pass to the scaffold, that she might ensure to her children a brief season of relief?"

"God forbid!" exclaimed Amie and Caleb together.

"A witch!" ejaculated Maude, not noticing what her children had said—"a witch! a wretch which more than any other thing is loathed by her fellow-creatures! Am I to be acquainted with *this* misery? If there is in the path of life one shadow blacker than another, 'tis that which falls upon a witch. Children, dear children, you whom I have nursed, and nourished, and tended many a weary hour, banish this desperate thought! Let us look our sufferings in the face, and fight with them; anything is better than daring the dreadful persecution which witchcraft will bring upon us."

Amie trembled, but Caleb held to his purpose. "You don't consider, mother," said he, "that our sham sorcery is to do good, not harm; to restore a man's property, not to rob him of it."

"Ay, good to the squire," returned Maude; "but what sort of good shall we do him whom we accuse? Will not he and his friends hate us with a burning hate? Will he not set yelling mobs to hunt us? Will he not denounce us to a terrible law?"

"The squire will protect us," said Caleb, moodily.

"Not he," retorted the mother. "When his turn is served he'll forsake us; yea, see us die on the gallows, and then return home and carouse with his companions. I know something more than you, Caleb, about the monstrous and selfish ingratitude of men. Torture and death are in your scheme, my boy. Think no more of it."

The young man, though he felt at first that he should have some difficulty to encounter, did not expect so passionate and energetic an opposition as his mother had made. For a time he was thoroughly baffled; but such firm hold had his plan taken on his mind, that he continued to brood over it.

There was silence awhile, or rather a cessation of any human voice, for the elemental riot was as loud as ever.

At length, Caleb said, "I am sorry you take it up in this way, mother, because, you know, you wont be a *real* witch."

"A *real* witch!" echoed Maude. "There never was such a thing since her of Endor. Fraud has tempted some to profess it; terror has driven others into acknowledging it. Many a destitute, forlorn, persecuted, old and ugly woman, (such as I am,) has been tortured into confessing what she never thought to do; and some of weak minds have been so bewildered by questions and accusations which they could not understand, as to believe they must actually have been in a covenant with Satan, and in the madness of pleading guilty to that absurdity have perished."

"Dear mother," cried Amie, with tears in her eyes, "you must not be placed in such danger. I would die first, inch by inch, of starvation."

"I have known," continued Maude, "more instances of the stupid and brutal persecution of witches than most people. I have been in court when many poor creatures were tried for this supposed offence, and seen the wretched, ignorant, trembling prisoners staring at judge and jury and crowd, with vacant looks, scarcely understanding what was going on, and knowing nothing clearly except that they were brought there on their road to a violent death. I was at Bury St. Edmunds, about forty years ago, and saw Amy Duny and Rose Cullender tried for witchcraft, before Judge Hale. The chief thing against them was their ill-favoured countenances. Their beseeching looks for mercy were held to be fiendish glances; and one of the witnesses, a Norwich physician, of the name of Sir Thomas Brown, who was thought to be a very wise man, sealed their doom by giving it as his opinion that the poor old women had made a bargain with the devil. In vain did they declare their innocence. Everybody testified against them—no one defended them; so they were hanged."

"Horrible!" ejaculated Maude's daughter.

"Yes," resumed her mother, "and worse cruelties have been done out of a court of justice than in it. Oh, my children, I should curdle your blood if I was to tell you what I've been present at on village greens, by the side of rivers, and in other spots meant by God for the comfort and recreation of his creatures; when strong men have been turned into fiends on purpose to torment the helpless and aged."*

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* As late as 1823, an old woman, named Anne Burges, living at Wivilscombe, in Somersetshire, was cut and hacked in a dreadful manner, on the supposition of her being a witch; and in 1751, long after the removal from our statute-book of the disgraceful penal act of James I., against witches, Ruth Osborne, aged seventy, was dragged about in a pond, by a brutal crowd, at Mariston Green, in Hertfordshire, till she was drowned. The law had ceased its atrocities; but the besotted malignancy of the populace was prolonged.

"What you say is very true, mother; I make no doubt of it," observed Caleb. "And therefore I give up all notion of taking up with witchcraft for a constancy, or of remaining here. Still, how are we to make out our living for this long winter that's a-coming? or how are we to keep this rotten old ruin over our heads? It has had a pretty good shaking to-night. I tell'ee what, mother—if you knew how constantly and how deeply the squire was robbed a'most day after day, and could only consider how much he'd pay to find out the thief, which I know I can get out of Dick Pittock, let alone what I suspect myself, I think you wouldn't object to do a bit of honest mummery for once—only for once, mind—and then, with money in our pockets, we could shift to some town in another part of the country, where we should have a better chance than in this dreary cottage, away from other human beings."

"Caleb, Caleb!" answered Maude, "I wonder how you can wish to see your mother banned as a witch."

"But you an't banned *now*, are you?" demanded the young man.

"No; why should I be?" returned Maude.

"Well, then," pursued Caleb, "I can tell you that folks down yonder in the village take you for a witch, and so they have a long time."

Now, whether this was fact, or a sudden invention of the young man as a means to gain his point, is uncertain. Be this as it may, its effect on Maude was piteous to behold. She shook like one in an ague. She panted and gasped, and pressed her hands against her forehead, and tried to speak ; but for a time, her tongue seemed incapable of utterance. At length, she said—

"This is bitter news, indeed. Is it because long trouble has bent me before my time, and because I live in a lonely hut, which I wouldn't do if I could get a better—is it because my face is wrinkled and ugly that fools call me a witch? Alas, I am indeed accursed!"

"And therefore, mother," interposed Caleb, "if I was you, I'd turn the tables on 'em, and have some of the profit as well as the disgrace."

"So I would," said Amie, swelling with indignation at the stigma cast on her mother ; "more especially," added she, "as Caleb says we may win money enough by one trick to get far away from such savages, and live in a merry town."

"You know not what you wish, my children," exclaimed Maude. "If I am to pretend to be a witch, as sure as God is in heaven, Amie will also be taken for one—Amie, my good girl Amie!"

"I don't fear them, mother," said the girl. "Even if you were to run any risk, which I don't think, I'll be by your side."

"And am I to see my poor child, in the flower of her days, hooted by ruffian men and women, torn by dogs, dragged through miry ponds, cursed for a witch, taken before cruel judges, and hanged by the neck till she is dead? Oh, Amie, my darling, woe is me!"

So saying, she threw herself upon her daughter's neck, and twined her arms around her with so strict an embrace, that it seemed as if those loving links were riveted there for ever.

Caleb was touched at the sight; but the golden prospect glittered too temptingly to be renounced. "You forget, mother," said he, "that I've a stout heart and a strong arm. There's not a man in the village would dare to wrong you with me by your side."

"Was Dick Pittock the prompter of this daring scheme?" asked Maude, with a searching glance at her son.

“Dick? No; it came into my head to-night, all of a sudden,” replied Caleb. “Dick knows nothing about it.”

“Well, then, my children,” ejaculated the old woman, mournfully, “as you both seem to wish it, and as the prospect of the coming winter terrifies you, for your sakes, I consent; and may God protect us! Protect us, did I say? Alas! He never protects deceit. I should rather have hoped he will forgive us. But I consent—I consent!”

And with these words she sank in her chair and swooned. In default of any other restorative, Amie bathed her mother’s temples with cold water, while Caleb looked on almost aghast. The storm was still raving and howling about them. While Amie was busy in her tender offices, Caleb thought he heard a knocking at the door; but he was not certain, because every external sound was swallowed up by the roaring of the wind. He listened intently.

“Are you all asleep?” bawled a voice outside.

Caleb started to his feet. Could any one have overheard their conference? and was punishment so sudden? The young man seized a bludgeon, and planted himself in the door-way.

“Who’s there?” he demanded.

“Me,” answered the voice.

“Who is it, I say?”

“Dick Pittock.”

Caleb opened the door, and Dick was fairly blown in by a sudden gust.

“I didn’t know your voice, Dick,” said the young man; “the wind makes such a blessed pother.”

“I wanted to see you, Caleb,” observed Dick; “and precious wet I’ve got in coming. But never mind; here’s something to warm us,” he added, producing a bottle of rum. “Hallo! What’s the matter with the old woman?”

“She’s a little shivery with the weather, that’s all,” replied Caleb.

“Then a drop out of the bottle will set her to rights,” returned Pittock. “And pretty Amie, too; she looks rather queerish. Never mind; we’ll all drink about, and be merry.”

Maude, now partly restored, opened her eyes, but closed them again on seeing Pittock. She would not taste the spirit offered to her, neither would Amie.

“Well, then, Caleb and I must have a glass together,” said Dick. “Here,” continued he, “I’ve brought some tea and a loaf for breakfast to-morrow; for I know Caleb won’t refuse me a shake down on the straw in the loft to-night, ’specially as it’s so blusterous out of doors. Well done, old railer!” he added, as a tremendous blast struck the cottage—“well done! Blow away! You’re not a match for what’s in this bottle. Drink, Caleb; there’s nothing else for it such a night. You and I must talk about a thing or two afore we part.”

“And I’ve something to propose to you, Dick,” responded the young man.

“Not to-night,” rejoined Pittock. “No business to-night. Let us drink, and get warm, and defy the weather. If ’twasn’t that your mother seems poorly, we’d try our voices agen the wind in a lusty song. As ’tis, we must be content with consoling the inner man, and then to rest. We wont keep you and Amie up long, Mrs. Doughty.”

ILLUMINATED WORKS.*

The reproduction of illuminated works may be considered as one of the many indications which everywhere manifest themselves of the revival of the art of the Middle Ages. Some may go further, and connect such matters with feelings which lie less on the surface of things. Be this as it may, it is impossible not to rejoice in what may tend to preserve that art and pictorial history, of whose decline, printing, with all its blessings, was the primary cause.

Without referring to the architectural wonders of the middle ages, the monuments of art, in painting, gilding, carving, and tapestry, that remain to us, sufficiently attest that the so-called Dark Ages possessed, with the peculiar impress of originality and truth, splendid efforts of artistic skill, wrought out with all the charms of colour, and very high perfection in style and taste.

The spirit and enterprise of the house of Longman, which has already given to the public the Sermon on the Mount, and Reynard the Fox, as revivals, the one of the missal style, the other of the illuminated wood block letters, has produced, as a further specimen of what can now be done by mechanism, as auxiliary to art, an illuminated calendar and almanack, adapted to the year 1845, and taken from a prayer-book preserved in the Bibliotheque Royale of Paris, which was executed by Anne of Brittany, about the year 1499—that is to say, twenty-five years after the first book was printed in England by Caxton.

This truly beautiful work contains a subject adapted to each month, occupying an entire page, with the exception of the tablet in the centre of the picture, which contains the modernized calendar. These subjects are executed in body colour, in the best style of miniature painting of the period, and they have been reproduced by hand. Although much cannot be said in favour of the drawing or the perspective, the selection of subjects is always happy, and the colouring and effects produced are often very remarkable. They also possess a peculiar charm, in the preservation of the dress and manners of the age, not to mention those castellated mansions, of which we can now only admire the crumbling ruins, and which are here given to us in all their pristine perfection. It would appear, from the embattled walls which surround the flower-garden of the fair Chatelaine, that ladies in the middle ages were treated with somewhat of Oriental precaution. The bold section, which illustrates in-door shelter and comforts, as contrasted with the frigid and snow-covered exterior, is a common, but not less happy device of illuminators; but in this case, again, the picture is illustrative of a want of sociality of manners. The treading of wine is, strange to say, still not an obsolete practice in Provence. With the peculiarity of a lady's taste, the mowers are positively sweeping their scythes across a carpet of flowers. The mill-pond, with its sedgy banks and swans doubled by reflection, is a pleasing landscape, although, in an artistic point of view, not so good an effort as the snow-scene in January. We should call this, "The Master of the House Returning," and not "The Welcome of a Traveller."

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* The Illuminated Calendar and Home Diary for 1845. London: Longman and Co.

The other portions, on the opposite pages, are ornamented with a border, representing a flower painted on a gold ground, and reproduced by the lithographic press of Mr. Owen Jones. The flowers are apparently painted from nature, but laid out for the purpose, as is evident in the heart's-ease, and still more so in the bugloss. They are, however, exquisite specimens of art. Nothing of the kind has been hitherto produced. The organs of fructification are generally carefully preserved, and the colouring is of that rich depth and luxurious tone which belongs to nature itself. The ripe cherries are really tempting. So, also, with the frequent insects, the articulations of whose limbs are perfect, and the little clubbed antenæ appear to move. A little ladybird is positively creeping to the hirsute stem of a flowering plant, and apprehension is momentarily excited lest the silvery down should be rubbed from off the butterflies' wings.

The naming of the plants is a literary curiosity. From the days of Theophrastes and Dioscorides, no attempts at botanical systems were made till the sixteenth century. The scientific terms contained in the "Hours of Anne of Brittany" would appear, therefore, to have been adopted from some medical books of the day: for the Carduus, now called le Chardon, we have Specie Cardo, Caroffe; for the Echium, now la Viperine, we have Buglossa—la Bugleuse, a name preserved in this country, under the title of Viper's Bugloss; the Iris, now l'Iris, is called Flambe, a descriptive and appropriate name; the Leontodon is called Dentæ leonie, (Dens leonis,) from whence our corruption, Dandelion; the oak is called Glandus; and Pennyroyal, Palrouft.

BRIGHT EYES FOR ME AT SUNSET!

BY J. L. F.

Bright eyes for me at sunset, and music on the wave,
And sweet and faëry echoes from each hill and sparry cave;
And purple hues of beauty, whose glowing colours make
More fair and doubly beautiful the still and glassy lake!

Bright eyes for me at sunset, and music on the water,
And siren strains of melody from Nature's lonely daughter;
And starlight, silvery starlight, in the cloudless arch of Heaven,
Whose verge is still encrimson'd with the glorious hues of even!

Bright eyes for me at sunset, and moonlight on the wave,
And music as each pebbly shore the shining ripples lave;
And balmy airs, whose perfumes sweet on evening's zephyrs roll,
And shed delicious fragrance o'er the rapt and silent soul!

Bright eyes for me at sunset, and silence o'er the scene,
Where late the sound of mirth, and hum of men, hath been;
And deeper shades, and softer hues, more beauteous, though less bright!
Bright eyes for me at sunset! Our trysting time, moonlight!

HINTS ON SERVANTS.

"Service is no inheritance."—*Servants' Proverb.*

Old Elwes, the miser, is reported to have had a servant who was "butler, coachman, gardener, huntsman, groom, and valet,—and a d—d *idle* rascal into the bargain," as his unreasonable master used to say of him. Many, I dare say, would like to have such a servant, idle as Elwes considered him.

In nothing, perhaps, have the times changed more than in the matter of servants. The old family servants—men grown grey in the service of the house—are almost unheard of, save among a few of the highest nobility, or those quiet country families that seldom or ever go from home. In middle life long servitude is rare. The old adage, "servitude is no inheritance," seems in as full force now as it was in Swift's time; and a constant anxiety to change—to better themselves—seems to be the prevailing principle among all servants. This may be principally accounted for by the much greater locomotion among all classes, and the more frequent opportunities servants have of meeting and comparing notes, and getting dissatisfied with their places, than they had in former times.

One of the curses of consequence is the infliction of a large establishment. A man like Elwes, whose one servant did everything, must have read the tax-paper containing the names of so many menials—*maître d'hôtel,* master of the horse, cook, confectioner, groom of the chamber, butler, under-butler, valet, footman, coachman, under-coachman, postillion, porter, groom, huntsman, whipper-in, and I don't know what else contained in the tax-gatherer's "Annual"—as a novel! He never could imagine that such an establishment could really be contemplated, much less kept by any one.

Grooms of the chamber, butlers, footmen, valets, the tip-top class of servants in fact, I shall only allude to incidentally, as they are necessarily connected with my subject, and shall direct my observations chiefly to the general servant of middle life.

Every fellow thinks himself qualified for stable servant, a coachman, or a groom,—the qualification being, in his mind, a rolling gait, a pair of baggy breeches, and top-boots. It is extraordinary how many fellows, by mere dint of impudence, have worked themselves into situations where they had all their work to learn. A man to be entrusted with horses should be a very different sort of article to most of the people that offer themselves as such in the country. He should have head, hands, temper, tact, coolness, judgment, quickness; to say nothing of the cardinal virtue, "conduct," which includes that greatest of all virtues, "sobriety." Few know anything of the meaning of the word "conduct," further than seeing it in the printed forms of the register-office certificates.

In the following observations, I am not going to address myself to those vigorous youths,

> "By smiling fortune bless'd
> With large demesnes, hereditary wealth,"

who can keep as many Jacks to help John to do nothing as they like;

but to those "middle men," to use an Irishism, "who want a good day's work for a good day's pay," to use a fashionable Englishism. I might have gone further, and said, who want a good day's work for a good day's pay and *keep*, for the keep is no inconsiderable item in the expense of servants.

In this homely consideration of the subject, the state-coachman, with his three-cornered hat, and the corpulent stud-groom, in his brown cut-away, striped toilanette waistcoat, drab breeches and continuations, who only condescends to put a stray straw right when indulging his master with a view of his stud, shall be equally excluded. "They are for gentlefolks only," as the butcher's boy said when eyeing the cakes through Gunter's window ; and the man that can afford to keep one of these ought to be able to afford to be cheated too.

A groom, in my acceptation of the term, is a single man-servant, a sort of first-start-in-the-world servant; and looking at them in that light, I will begin at that lowest of all beginnings—a "man-boy." Is there ever a reader of AINSWORTH'S MAGAZINE who has not at some time or other (early days most likely) encumbered himself with a boy? and is there even a man among them, who has had one, that has not sworn never to have another ? The plague of a boy passes all comprehension. In a general way, you are worse off with them than without any servant at all. A boy is a perpetual blister on the mind, for you are always imagining him in mischief ; and the trouble of cutting out work to keep him quiet is worse than doing the *real* work yourself. I knew a worthy man in Fleet Street afflicted with a boy-butler, to whom, when short of work, he used to give twopence, desiring him to go to a baker's in Bond Street and get a penny roll with one, and to a butter-shop in Whitechapel and get a pennyworth of butter with the other, timing him on every occasion so as to know whether he loitered on the way.

I do not know a more forlorn sight in nature than a calveless, spindle-shanked, dirty-faced urchin in pepper and salt, with black velveteens and darned white cotton stockings, dribbling his way, in a narrow silver-banded seven-shilling hat, to the public-house, with a pot in his hand to bring the foaming beverage to his expecting master and mistress. I picture to myself all sorts of domestic misery at the sight—a dinner party, and the unfledged urchin taken from his stable and one-horse-chaise, or perhaps the garden, to perform the part of butler to Mary Jane's footman. I see the awkward hound slouching into the room, announcing the bedizened visitors, all so happy and so stupid. Then I see the grand procession to the dining-room, (across the passage,) and the boy behind the door fussing a pair of baggy Berlins out of his pocket; then the finger-ends dribbling into the soup, and the soup cascading down the back or over the turban of some luckless guest.

There is no attempt at gentility so forlorn as that of a man-boy ; I had fifty times sooner be waited upon by a woman ; but, somehow, women have no taste for their own sex, in that capacity at least.

The grand distinction between a woman's man-boy and a man's man-boy is in the dress : ladies always put them into jackets and trowsers, while men rig them out to look like grooms. Their service, however, is pretty much the same : wait at table, clean shoes, look after a horse and chaise, and make themselves generally useful. *Generally useful*, indeed!—generally mischievous would be more near the truth.

I declare, if a man-boy were to come to me and say his father would clothe him, and he would serve me for nothing, I wouldn't take him. On the contrary, I think a master ought to have a premium for teaching boys, as teachers of all other trades and callings have. Look at the persecution you have to undergo: the boy is either so dunch as to vex your spirit every time you speak to him or give him an order, or he is so sharp that you can scarcely trust him out of your sight, and he keeps you constantly on the fret lest he should be doing you. There are no medium-boys—no old heads on young shoulders. Trusting them with horses is a thing that none but a lunatic could be guilty of; the master might be sure the boy would "take the measure" of all the horses in the neighbourhood, as the leather-platers say, in private trials and matches.

Formerly, people were allowed one of these tormentors tax free, if the wretch was under eighteen years of age; but an all-wise legislature, seeing that they were long in attaining that age, repealed the privilege, and put boys on the same footing as men. It must have been during these days that the race of "tigers" were invented, the principle of which was to get as much groom into as small a compass as possible, and keep under eighteen. Many of those London abortions would have puzzled a conjurer or a veterinary surgeon to say how old they were: they were shrimps of men, but generally quite as sharp. What can beat a Newmarket stable-lad for impudence — real, neat, unadulterated impudence?

The economy of keeping boys is extremely doubtful. I think it cannot pay any one except a training groom, or a master with plenty of time to look after them. Of course "the boy's the father of the man," as the saying is; and there are men who take care of their clothes and their master's property generally; and we may suppose there are some boys who will do the same; but they are very rare. The generality of them are idle, careless, thoughtless scamps, who go to place because they think it will be easier than living at home, with better fare; they break, they spoil, they tear, they wear, they do no end of mischief; and even when they do prove handy, and are getting useful, they are so apt to overrate themselves, get conceited, and ask for higher wages, that you are generally obliged to send them off, and start afresh with another. Still they always have been, and most likely always will be, in a certain degree of request; and as these boys make the future men—the *elite* of whom mount the "three cornered hat" or "brown cutaway"—we will consider them in all their phases; and if our observations do not guard them against those errors that too often bowl out their chance for those woolsacks of servitude, we trust they may be of some service to the master — probably a young one—and the public generally.

First of their birth: If we trace nine-tenths of the servants of the present day to their homes, we shall find them the children of cottagers, labourers, and mechanics, their parents, for the most part, in humble circumstances: their daily food is generally of the coarsest and commonest quality, milk-porridge, potatoes, and gravy, very seldom meat, and still more rarely beer. Under this regimen the children grow up; they get, perhaps, the rudiments of a reading and writing education by snatches at a Sunday school, or during the intervals between harvesting and the return of field labour. When the lads get to be fifteen or sixteen years of age, they generally turn their attention to places, and farmer's service is what they mostly look to.

Now a farmer's place is very healthy, but certainly not a very luxurious one. "The young gentlemen," as the schoolmasters call their pupils, have to get up very early, and their fare is none of the finest. Milk and brown bread for breakfast, bacon, stew, potatoes, and dumpling to a twelve-o'clock dinner, with the fare of the morning repeated at a seven-o'clock supper, varied occasionally by a cut of an indigestible, leathery home-made cheese; bed at nine, and breakfast at sunrise. The fare, however, is most likely better than young Bunchclod has had at home; and his appetite being quickened by the wholesome atmosphere arising from the fresh turned-up soil as he follows the plough, or the country breezes as he drives the team, he thinks it uncommonly good. A farm-servant should yoke at seven o'clock in summer; consequently what with dressing, breakfasting, feeding his horses, and harnessing, there must not be much bed after five. He has an hour, or an hour and a half, for dinner, from twelve till half-past one say, when he yokes again and works till six. A servant, however, worth having will not confine himself strictly to these hours. In busy seasons—haymaking, harvesting, turnip-sowing, and so on, he must not be particular to an hour or two; neither, on the other hand, should the master stint him of a few hours, or an occasional holiday in slack times.

Well, for all this sun-rising to sun-setting, fat bacon, and strong cheesing, what does a country servant get ? making allowances for varying customs in different countries, I think I may say from fifteen to twenty pounds a-year on the average. In some counties they hire for the half-year, the summer half bringing a higher rate than the winter one ; but I have no doubt, taking one half with another, and the average rate of wages at the various country hirings, that very nice, smart, active young men can be had for from fifteen to sixteen pounds a-year, with their washing, worth perhaps another pound or thirty shillings a-year. Twenty pounds is quite an outside wage for a country servant. I was talking only yesterday to a farmer who gave his fourteen pound ten. "I had him last year for thirteen pound," said he; "but he suited me, and I gave him a little more. The one I had before him had sixteen pounds. I hired him at a less rate the first half, but he seemed such an uncommon good servant, that I hired him again at sixteen pounds a-year, when, unfortunately, my lord got a premium at a ploughing-match, and there was no holding him after. That premium was *the ruin of him!*" But to my point—the similarity of station, and the difference of wages between farmers and gentlemen's servants.

Beyond the wage and washing, the farm-servant has nothing——expects nothing. He finds his own clothes, both working and Sunday's. Moreover, he is bound by his bargain, and is liable to fine and imprisonment on being taken before a magistrate for misbehaviour, neglect, or absenting himself from service.

Such is the situation of the farm servant. Let us now, for the sake of the contrast, suppose that another member of the same family, either from his looks, his quickness, or some other quality has attracted the attention of the clergyman, and he either takes him for his own servant, or recommends him to some friend who wants a boy. "Chaw-bacon Secundus" is divested of his rags, and forthwith installed in the usual pepper-and-salts, with the black velveteens for Sundays. He is now a groom or footman, or both—every servant, no matter what his grade, always conferring on himself superior rank to what he holds; a general helper being always second coachman, a kitchen-maid second cook, and so on. From the humble cottage fare, the lad suddenly enters upon the heaven of roast and boiled. He gets meat, beer and pudding every day, and at first his gratitude knows no bounds. He thinks service the finest thing in the world, and his master the best; pities his brothers and sisters working away at their porridge, and wishes them similar luck.

We have now got the ragged, hungry urchin clothed and well fed. He scarcely knows himself. Instead of being kicked out of a crowded bed at sunrise to go and work in the fields, he lies between clean comfortable sheets till seven, or perhaps past, when, instead of the bread and milk or porridge, he very likely gets tea or coffee, and bread and butter, if not meat also. Before he gets that meal well digested, dinner, with meat and beer, comes round again, and very likely supper is composed of the same fare—a second dinner, in short, with the exception of a table-cloth. What is the result of it all? In the first place, he swells out so, that in less than half a year he comes grinning (as though he had performed a very meritorious act), to say that his clothes are grown too tight for him, the failure in size being invariably attributed to the shrinking of the cloth, and not to the inflation of the carcase. The consequence is, he must either have another rig out, or go with his great red hands staring a mile through his sleeves, and his late baggy breeches all but bursting at the seams. But the failure in clothes is not half the evil. High keep and the progress of an acquaintance with the Squire's under-butler (as the knife-boy calls himself), lets him a little into the secrets of higher life; and losing sight of the dirty, hungry brothers and sisters at home, he forgets all the privations of cottage-life in his aspirations after the good things of the hall. Most servants look at what others have instead of what they themselves get. Instead of feeling grateful to their masters for what they have, they are always grumbling for what they have not. The lad then begins to get airified, cavils at his work, thinks it is not his place to do this and that, and is all for the division of labour as it is at the hall or the castle. He wants to better himself, and either succeeds or throws himself out of place in the attempt.

The keep I look upon as the great evil of all. It is quite ridiculous the way some great people's servants are fed. It is enough to ruin a half-witted country lad taking him on one of those occasional

> "As 'tis a toil to them
> No less to us"

sort of visits that the great inflict and the humble submit to in all counties under the plea of popularity on one side, and in the hopes of patronage, or for the sake of "saying they have been at my lord's" on the other. No wonder we hear of noblemen going abroad, and getting George Robins'd, every now and then, when there are such goings on in their housekeeper's room, their pantries, their halls, and their kitchens. The idea of giving servants wine is really little less than wicked, considering how many thousands there are who can hardly get bread. Noblemen may think it sounds well out of doors, but they should remember the mischief they are doing the very parties themselves by giving them it. It is quite inconsistent with the station of life from which I have shown servants are taken, and only tends to make them uneasy and discontented with their places, and very probably causes them to lose them. As soon as ever a servant begins to find fault, or ask for increased wages, it is time to look out for another.

Notwithstanding the increased locomotion of the age, there is still a great deal of misconception among real country servants as to the capabilities and requirements of London; many of them look upon London as a sort of *dernier resort*, upon which they can always fall back, when they have exhausted character and credit in the country. As I am sure all discreet masters and prudent mistresses will leave the numbers of this magazine, containing this treasurable treatise on servants, in the way of their domestics—if they do not order an extra copy or two for the servants' hall and housekeeper's room—I may as well devote this wet day to undeceive servants on that point, at least *attempting* to do it, for few of them are open to conviction, while revelling in the luxuries of place.

London, then, my beloved but very ignorant friends, is a very different place to what you imagine. It is not every awkward common-looking dog, with even the best of characters in his hand that the Londoners will look at, much less a common-looking dog with no recommendation but his own common looks and outlandish dialect. London is rather a large place, larger than perhaps your imagination can admit of, and they breed so many queer-looking cubs there and thereabouts, that there is no occasion to import any from the country. To pass muster in London, a servant must look like a servant, and have the manners of one. It is not sufficient to *want* a place there; there must be the evident capacity for service apparent at the first glance, or no questions are asked. Good looks are a *sine qua non*. Now, looks in London and looks in the country are very different things. A youth may be a very killing fellow among the milk-maids in the country, have great, staring black eyes and curly head, may be a love lock reaching down to his nostrils, a very good-looking man at a plough's tail, and yet be a terribly awkward fellow on a carpet. Any but a most self-enamoured fool must see with half an eye that a London servant is as different an article to a country one as plate is to pewter. There is no need to spend much time for a man to satisfy himself of that. He has nothing to do but look at the servants that pass him in the street—watch their action, their shape, their make, their dress, and their address; and yet most likely not one in ten is in London bred. These are the *picked* men of country service, not the *dregs*, as some of you seem to imagine, when you talk about going to London for a place. It is needless—it is ruinous, indeed—for a man to go to London without smartness, looks, and a good recommendation.

Nobody will have anything to say to him. Even should his appearance be in his favour, without a character that will bear the strictest investigation, he will have a poor chance of getting engaged. People in London are far more particular about character than they are in the country—at least than the generality of people in the country. Some of the Londoners are almost equal to the Church Building Commissioners in the questions they ask and the trouble they give.

Let no country fool then undervalue his place, or misconduct himself with the idea that he can always get suited in London. It is the greatest mistake he can make, unless indeed he will be satisfied with a place at the tail of a scavenger's cart with a broom in his hand, and the share of a bed in the workhouse—for which he will be indebted to the polite attention of Mr. Combe, or some of the Police magistrates. Rather let the country booby, when undervaluing what he has, turn to the scenes and recollections of his early life, and think how much better he is off than many belonging to him.

I see, on reading over what I have written, that though I have named the usual wages of farm-servants, I have omitted to say what gentlemen generally give their servants. In naming, however, the sum paid to farm-servants, I meant to show that without any of the privileges, advantages, and luxuries, gentlemen's servants enjoy, farm-servants are paid considerably less. Twenty pounds in the country, and five-and-twenty in London, is about the average wages of a groom that is clothed and kept in the house. And here I may observe, that the doctrine of clothes is one that requires revision. Having drawn our hero from the humble cottage, placed him in a ten times easier place than he would have had as a farm-servant, with twenty times better fare, and with all these advantages, giving him as large, if not larger wages, we carry on the principle of inequality still further by clothing him also. Now to arrive at the merits of the matter, let us ask ourselves why we clothe him? The answer, if I mistake not, is, for our own respectability—for our own satisfaction, in fact; so that when we want him to wait or go from home with us, he may have something decent to put on, and not appear in a red neckcloth, a sky-blue coat, pea-green trowsers, or any of the tasty variations his fertile genius might suggest as becoming and appropriate. This I make no doubt was the original doctrine of clothes and liveries, and it has become corrupted to what it is, by the united efforts of servants and tailors. Of course, it suits a tailor very well to have a good paymaster deep in his books; and if a gentleman is constantly moving about, I readily admit that a servant will require a couple of suits a year to ensure his being clean and respectable; but I am also equally sure, that half the servants in England, if they found their own clothes, would make one suit a-year do. Nay, I may go further, and say, that half of them make one suit a year do as it is, for by the custom that tailors encourage of getting suits at stated periods, servants have always one little worse than new to dispose of. If a man meets his recently discarded servant, he will generally find him much better dressed than he was when he left his service, the fruits of previous careful "putting away." Soldiers, if I mistake not, have but one uniform a-year, neither have policemen, and yet they are always neat.

I maintain that letting the clothes form any part of the contract is impolitic and unnecessary. Why should they? Has not the man advantages and enjoyments enough already? Gentlemen's service is in fact, one of the prizes in the lotteries of humble life, and it does not do to gild the prizes too much. To attempt to satisfy the generality of servants of the present day, is one of those hopeless sort of tasks that few men undertake, and the best plan therefore, is to keep them as near their proper level, the farm-servant level, as we can.

It is better for both parties: better for the master, as by so doing, he will save a considerable and useless expense; and better for the servants, for when they "fall out of place" as they call it, their descent will not be so great.

Some of them, however, have the impudence to say they can do what farm-servants can't do, and therefore they ought to be paid more: but the reverse is oftener the case, for the farm-servant can do what the gentleman's servant cannot. Indeed, in a general way it may be said, that a good farm-servant could do his own work, and a gentleman's servant's work at his leisure. It vexes me to see a lazy fellow fussing at a coat or pair of boots, or hissing away at a curb chain all a morning, and then talking about not having time to do this or that. As soon as ever a servant begins to be shifty, begins to make excuses, and leave his work undone, it is time to part with him. It always comes to that, and the sooner it is done, the better for the master's comfort. But then says the master, "he has just got a new suit of clothes, and I should not like to lose them." That consideration has saved hundreds of idle good-for-nothings in their places, and is an additional argument for the general adoption of my plan. It is that consideration, far more than the general objection to changing servants, that makes masters put up with idle, ill-conditioned servants.

It does not require any great length of time to see whether a servant is likely to suit or not: a practised eye will soon discover; but should there be any doubt, it would be well to let him "find himself," as it is called, at first, by which a double end will be gained. In the first place, the master will not clothe him at all, unless he seems likely to suit; and in the second, the servant will have recovered his servitude bulk, supposing him to have been out of place a time, and the liveries will not be too small before they are half worn out.

Wages ought to constitute the sole consideration in hiring. Clothes should be a matter entirely within the breast and option of the master, as far as number and renewal goes. In fact, the clothes should be as much the master's, as the clothes on the servant's bed, or the clothes on the hall table. The servant should only have the use of them so long as he stayed in his place. By adopting this course, considerable annual expense would be saved, and a master would have no inducement for keeping an unworthy servant after he began to be dissatisfied with him. The clothes would be fairly worn out in the master's service, and there would be no bickering and disputing at parting, as to whether the things had been worn the half year or not, or what allowance John ought to have for wearing his old coat part of the second half-year. Some may say, "But where's the use of keeping the clothes, the new servant won't wear them." Won't they, indeed!

A servant in place and a servant out of place are very different animals. In place, or just leaving place, full of beef and beer, there is no dealing with them; but let them have a six months' run at home, returning to their early fare, potatoes and skim-milk, varied by a pound of fat bacon on a Sunday, and they will be very manageable. There are no questions asked then about whether the clothes are old or new, the colour of liveries, cold meat on the Sundays, early rising, or dirty work to do; they are willing to do everything, and make themselves generally useful. The great anxiety is to close the bargain, and get back to the paradise of place. But even if the clothes will not do for the new-comer, are there no poor people about to whom they would be acceptable? you think not, perhaps, because they are livery, but give them to a poor man, and see what nice things they will make for himself or his children, and I will be bound to say, you will find those clothes in wear, long after the recollection of the fellow for whom they were made has passed from your mind — unless he robbed the pantry, or performed some exploit of that sort.

I once went into a fashionable hatter's in Bond-street, and found the counter covered with broad gold-laced hats—a dozen of them, at least. The hats were of the best quality, and the lace the richest and finest pattern. They were bound as well as banded—I wondered who could keep a dozen footmen to wear them, and was told they were the Earl of ——— ; that the servants were allowed four new hats a-year each, but his lordship being abroad, the last quarter's hats had not been sent home, and that was the reason the number was so great. "But it seems a great waste of money," said I, "sending them such a quantity home at once." "They are *allowed* them," said the hatter, and of course it was not for him to object.

That sort of work, however, is only for noblemen, or gentlemen who don't mean to pay. We know an old gentleman, whose first question to any one soliciting his place, is, "Have you tried on the clothes?" If not, the party is sent to do it, and upon his appearance in them, depends whether any more questions are asked or not.

A farmer never has difficulties about clothes. If Chawbacon does not suit, away he goes at the end of the half year, without a rag but what he brought with him. Chawbacon's brother, however, having had the luck to get into the pampered luxuries of a gentleman's establishment, and having got his cap and suit of fustian for the stable, with a hat, cloth coat, and waistcoat, breeches, and boots, his master finding that he gets worse instead of better, sets him off at the same time, and Chaw the second, claims his clothes, because he has worn them half-a-year, and perhaps, carries away more in clothes, than he has earned in wages, the time he has served; a man parts with his butler with far less reluctance than he does with his footman or groom; and why? because the butler finds his own clothes, and the others don't.

Perquisite allowing is another of the ruination absurdities of the day. Livery giving is the foundation of it. If a man has fair wages suitable to his birth, his class of life, and his education—that is to say, equal wages to his humbler, but more useful brethren—why, in the name of goodness, should he have more? But because he has the luck to get into place, to revel in idleness, and live on the fat of the land, he must be over-paid as well as pampered, and have his station made still more unequal by perquisites. Perquisites are really and truly nothing more than plunder. The Americans honestly call them stealings: "So much money and my stealings," they say on hiring.

I don't know how it may be with other people, but I rarely meet a man who does not complain of want of money, and yet to my certain knowledge, many of them are cheated by their servants and tradespeople, to an extent that is scarcely credible. Of course, the generality of these are men who live so fast, as never to have time to think of ceremony till they are regularly out at the elbows, and their conduct would be immaterial, were it not for the pernicious effect their example has upon the establishments of other people. Servants never stop to consider that people's fortunes are unequal. They see that Mr. A.'s servants have strong ale twice a-day, and they think Mr. B.'s ought to have it also; nor do they consider that Mr. A. is going it as hard as ever he can, while Mr. B. is living within his means.

One of the greatest errors a person can commit in the matter of servants, is hiring one from an establishment superior to his own: the chances are two to one against him. In the first place the probability is, if the servant had been worth keeping, he would have retained his situation; and, secondly, he is pretty sure to institute disagreeable comparisons between Sir Harry's place and his new one—be dissatisfied himself, and, very likely, make the other servants so too.

Country servants, in general, have no neatness. They seem to rub against every whitewashed wall, and put their feet into every puddle they can find. As to dusting a carriage or harness, or putting anything to rights after they once get started, that seems quite out of the question. That, to be sure, may be a good deal the fault of education; but some fellows never can see anything that is wrong. They never seem to care for making things look their best. In calling in the country, for instance, instead of taking care of their carriage and horses, servants seem to think themselves quite as much "out pleasuring," on their own account, as for their masters or mistresses, and having "set down," they forthwith begin gossiping with the servants of the house at the door, or rush into the hall to lay hold of whatever they can find, as if they had not been fed for a month. The appetite of some servants is truly astonishing. I believe if they were to call at half-a-dozen houses in a morning they would eat and drink at them all.

In country towns the same. Having driven the carriage in, they consider their work done, and resign in favour of the ostler, whom the master has to pay, while his servants roll about the streets, gape into shop-windows, or sit in the tap, telling all the secrets of the establishment. How much better it would be if they were dusting their carriage and harness, and making things look neat for taking up again! It is in these little things that the real servant shews himself. Half the fellows that call themselves servants are only fit for helpers, and very moderate helpers they would make. I have seen a nobleman's coachman drive his four horses into a country town, pull on his overalls, and wash the carriage preparatory to taking up—a thing no clown would ever think of.

The great influx of wealth, among the industrious, commercial, and manufacturing classes, has found—employment, I was going to say—but *service* is the more correct term—for an amazing number of idle hands, and a most extraordinary host it has called into existence. The style of the servant is not a bad criterion whereby to judge of the master, their manner or want of manner being frequently reflected in the domestic. But the liveries are the grand things. I may lay it down as a general rule, that not one servant in fifty out of London (I mean, not in the habit of going to London) knows how to dress himself. Look at the black velveteens, with top-boots—the green neckcloths, with gold-laced hats and gaudy coats! I don't know a more ludicrous object than a loutish, over-dressed country servant: the creature looks so unlike what he's meant for. The tarnished gold band only makes the shapeless, woolly, dogs'-hairy hat more forlorn and outlandish; while the binding, the braiding, the collar-gilding of the coat, reminds one of Benjamin's celebrated one of many colours. These sort of fellows generally look more like the attendants on travelling showmen than what they are meant for—*very swell* servants.

That dress will do a great deal to setting off a servant, no one, I think, will deny: witness its effects on making a countryman into a soldier, or a townsman into a policeman; but in both these cases drilling is used to carry it off, which in the case of the servant is omitted. Smart-figure footmen of course are exceptions; but it may be laid down as a general rule, that for any but first-class servants the livery cannot be of too quiet and sober a character. If it does not create sensation, at all events it does not provoke criticism.

TO THE MEMORY OF LAMAN BLANCHARD.

BY J. L. F.

The voice of the Minstrel
His last words hath spoken;
The harp of his genius
Lies chordless and broken.

But, echo-awakened,
Its tones are still flinging
Their music around us,
In melody ringing.

And cold must that heart be,
And worthless its feelings,
Which callous can list to
Those gentle revealings.

The might of the tempest
Hath swept by in madness,
And levell'd the laurel
That flourish'd in gladness.

The heel of the despot,
All ruthlessly rushing,
Hath trampled the flower, which
In sunlight was blushing.

But green still, though fallen,
The laurel is lying,
For, sapful of vigour,
His fame is undying.

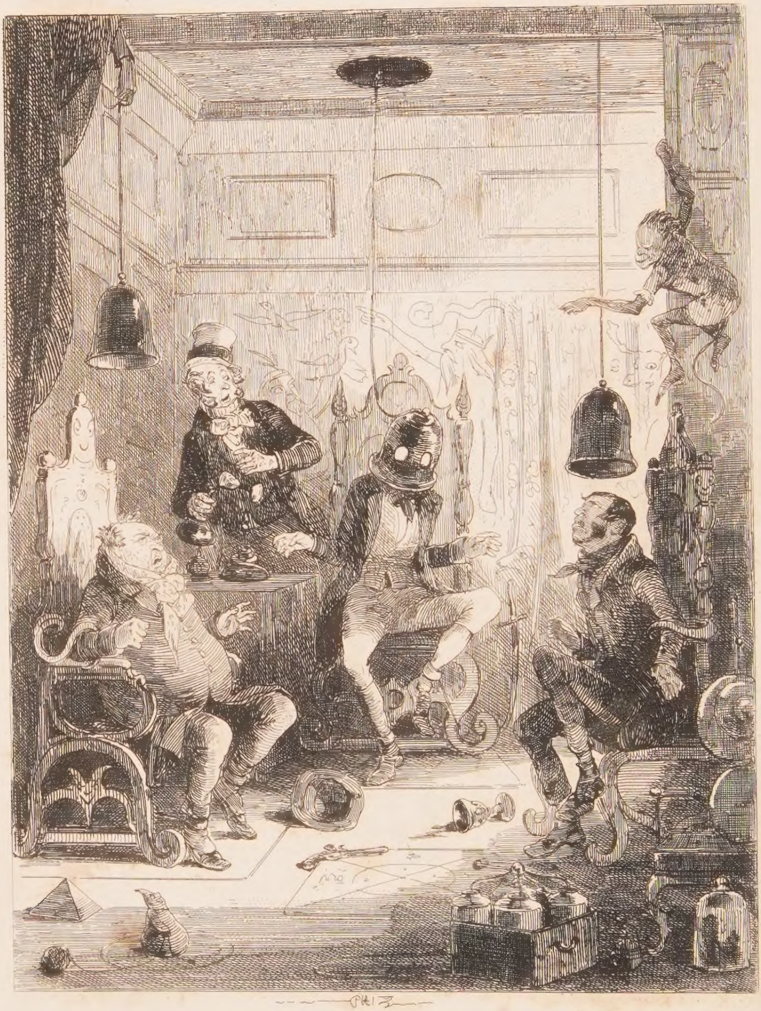
And, crush'd though the flower be,
Still fragrance is breathing
Through each chord of the lyre,
Its stem was enwreathing.

A Star hath departed,
Its light hath been clouded;
In the gloom-haze of death
Its glories lie shrouded.

But, lingering in lustre,
A halo still shineth,
On the wreath with which Fame
His temples entwineth.

And sweet o'er our senses,
Like music of slumbers,
Steals softly, O Minstrel,
The flow of thy numbers.

Embalm'd thus in perfume,
Thus throned in each bosom,
In greenness perennial,
Thy memory shall blossom.



The Enchanted Chairs.

LONDON: JOHN MORTIMER, ADELAIDE STREET, 1845.

REVELATIONS OF LONDON.

BY THE EDITOR.

BOOK THE SECOND.

Cyprian Rougemont.

I.

THE CELL.

Mr. Thornicroft and his companions had scarcely gained a passage in the deserted house, which they had entered in the manner described in a previous chapter, when they were alarmed by the sudden and furious ringing of a bell over-head. The noise brought them instantly to a halt, and each man grasped his arms in expectation of an attack, but the peal ceasing in a few moments, and all continuing quiet, they moved on as before, and presently reached a large hall with a lofty window over the door, which, being without shutters, afforded light enough to reveal the dilapidated condition of the mansion.

From this hall, four side-doors opened, apparently communicating with different chambers, three of which were cautiously tried by Reeks, but they proved to be fastened. The fourth, however, yielded to his touch, and admitted them to a chamber, which seemed to have been recently occupied, for a lamp was burning within it. The walls were panelled with dusky oak, and hung at the lower end with tapestry, representing the Assyrian monarch Ninus, and his captive Zoroaster, king of the Bactrians. The chief furniture consisted of three large high-backed and grotesquely carved arm-chairs, near one of which stood a powerful electrical machine. Squares and circles were traced upon the floor, and here and there were scattered cups and balls and other matters apparently belonging to a conjuring apparatus.

The room might be the retreat of a man of science, or it might be the repository of a juggler. But whoever its occupant was, and whatsoever his pursuits, the good things of the world were not altogether neglected by him, as was proved by a table spread with viands, and furnished with glasses, together with a couple of taper-necked bottles.

While glancing upwards, Mr. Thornicroft remarked, that just above each chair, the ceiling was pierced with a round hole, the meaning of which he could not at the time comprehend, though after circumstances sufficiently explained it to him.

"A singular room," he observed to Reeks, on concluding his survey. "Did you expect to find any one here?"

"I hardly know," replied the other. "That bell may have given the alarm. But I will soon ascertain the point. Remain here till I return."

"You are not going to leave us?" rejoined Mr. Thornicroft uneasily.

"Only for a moment," said Reeks. "Keep quiet, and no harm will befal you. Whatever you may hear without, do not stir."

"What are we likely to hear?" asked Thornicroft, with increasing trepidation.

"That's impossible to say," answered Reeks; "but I warn you not to cry out unnecessarily, as such an imprudence would endanger our safety."

"You are quite sure you don't mean to abandon us?" persisted Thornicroft.

"Make yourself easy, I have no such intention," rejoined Reeks, sternly.

"Oh! ve'll take care of you, don't be afeard, old gent," said Ginger.

"Yes, ve'll take care on you," added the Tinker and the Sandman.

"You may depend upon them as upon me, sir," said Reeks. "Before we explore the subterranean apartments I wish to see whether any one is up-stairs."

"Wot's that you say about subterranean apartments, Mr. Reeks?" interposed Ginger. "Ve ain't a-goin' below, eh?"

But without paying any attention to the inquiry, Reeks quitted the room, and closed the door carefully after him. He next crossed the hall, and cautiously ascending a staircase at the further end of it, reached the landing-place. Beyond it was a gallery, from which several chambers opened.

Advancing a few paces, he listened intently, and hearing a slight sound in an apartment on the right, he stepped softly towards it, and placing his eye to the key-hole, beheld a tall man, dressed in black, pacing to and fro with rapid strides, while three other persons, wrapped in sable gowns, and disguised with hideous masks, stood silent and motionless at a little distance from him. In the tall man he recognised Cyprian Rougemont. Upon a table, in the middle of the room, was laid a large, open volume, bound in black vellum. Near it stood a lamp, which served to illumine the scene.

Suddenly, Rougemont stopped, and turning over several leaves of the book, which were covered with cabalistic characters, appeared in search of some magic formula. Before he could find it, however, a startling interruption occurred. An alarum-bell, fixed against the wall, began to ring, and at the same moment, the doors of a cabinet flew open, and a large ape, (for such it seemed to Reeks,) clothed in a woollen shirt and drawers, sprang forth, and bounding upon the table beside Rougemont, placed its mouth to his ear. The communication thus strangely made, seemed highly displeasing to Rougemont, who knitted his brows, and delivered some instructions, in an under-tone, to the monkey. The animal nodded its head in token of obedience, jumped off the table, and bounded back to the cabinet, the doors of which closed as before. Rougemont next took up the lamp, with the evident intention of quitting the room, seeing which, Reeks hastily retreated to an adjoining chamber, the door of which was fortunately open, and had scarcely gained its shelter, when the four mysterious personages appeared on the gallery. Reeks heard their footsteps descending the staircase, and then, creeping cautiously after them, watched them cross the hall, and pause before the chamber containing Mr. Thornicroft and his companions. After a moment's deliberation, Rougemont noiselessly locked the door, took out the key, and, leaving two of his attendants on guard, returned with the third towards the staircase.

Without tarrying to confront them, Reeks started back, and hurried along the gallery till he came to a back staircase, which conducted him, by various descents, to the basement floor, where, after traversing one or two vaults, he entered a subterranean passage, arched overhead, and having several openings at the sides, apparently communicating with other passages. It was lighted at intervals by lamps, which emitted a feeble radiance.

By the light of one of these, Reeks discovered the door of a cell. It was of iron, and as he struck it with his hand, returned a hollow clangour. On repeating the blow, a hoarse voice from within cried, "Leave me in peace!"

"Is it Auriol Darcy who speaks?" demanded Reeks.

"It is," replied the prisoner. "Who are you that put the question."

"A friend," replied Reeks.

"I have no friend here," said Auriol.

"You are mistaken," rejoined Reeks. "I have come with Mr. Thornicroft to deliver you."

"Mr. Thornicroft has come too late. He has lost his daughter," replied Auriol.

"What has happened to her?" demanded Reeks.

"She is in the power of the Fiend," replied Auriol.

"I know she is detained by Cyprian Rougemont," said Reeks. "But what has befallen her?"

"She has become like his other victims—like *my* victims!" cried Auriol, distractedly

"Do not despair," rejoined Reeks. "She may yet be saved."

"Saved! how?" cried Auriol—"All is over."

"So it may seem to you," rejoined Reeks; "but you are the victim of delusion."

"Oh! that I could think so!" exclaimed Auriol; "but no—I I saw her fall into the pit. I beheld her veiled figure rise from it. I witnessed her signature to the fatal scroll. There could be no illusion in what I then beheld."

"Despite all this, you will see her again," said Reeks.

"Who are you who give me this promise?" asked Auriol.

"As I have already declared, a friend," replied Reeks.

"Are you human?"

"As yourself."

"Then you seek in vain to struggle with the powers of darkness," said Auriol.

"I have no fear of Cyprian Rougemont," rejoined Reeks, with a laugh.

"Your voice seems familiar to me," said Auriol. "Tell me who you are?"

"You shall know anon," replied Reeks. "But, hist!—we are interrupted. Some one approaches."

II.

THE ENCHANTED CHAIRS.

More than ten minutes had elapsed since Reeks's departure, and Mr. Thornicroft, who had hitherto had some difficulty in repressing his anger, now began to give vent to it in muttered threats and complaints. His impatience was shared by the Tinker, who stepping up to Ginger, said—

"Wot the devil can Mr. Reeks be about? I hope nuffin has happened to him."

"Don't mention a certain gent's name here," remarked Ginger; "or if you do, treat it vith proper respect."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed the Tinker, impatiently; "I don't like a man stayin' avay in this manner. It looks suspicious. I wotes ve goes and sees arter him. Ve can leave the old gent to take a keviet nap by himself. Don't disturb yourself, sir. Ve'll only jist giv' a look about us, and then come back."

"Stay where you are, rascal!" cried Thornicroft, angrily. "I wont be left. Stay where you are, I command you!"

"Vell, ve've got a noo captin I'm a-thinkin'," said the Tinker, winking at the others. "Ve've no vish to disobleege you, sir. I'll only jist peep out into the hall, and see if Mr. Reeks is anywhere thereabouts. Vy, zounds!" he added, as he tried the door, "it's locked!"

"What's locked?" cried Thornicroft, in dismay.

"The door to be sure," replied the Tinker. "Ve're prisoners."

"Oh Lord, you don't say so!" cried the iron-merchant, in an agony of fright. "What will become of us?"

A roar of laughter from the others converted his terror into fury.

"I see how it is," he cried. "You have entrapped me, ruffians. It's all a trick. You mean to murder me. But I'll sell my life dearly. The first who approaches shall have his brains blown out."

And as he spoke, he levelled a pistol at the Tinker's head.

"Holloa! wot are you arter, sir?" cried that individual, sheltering his head with his hands. "You're a labourin' under a mistake—a complete mistake. If it is a trap, ve're catched in it as vell as yourself."

"To be sure ve is," added the Sandman. "Sit down, and vait a bit. I dessay Mr. Reeks 'll come back, and it vont do no good gettin' into a passion."

"Well, well, I must resign myself, I suppose," groaned Thornicroft, sinking into a chair. "It's a terrible situation to be placed in—shut up in a haunted house."

"I've been in many much vurser sitivations," observed Ginger, "and I alvays found the best vay to get out on 'em wos to take things quietly."

"Besides there's no help for it," said the Tinker, seating himself.

"That remains to be seen," observed the Sandman, taking the chair opposite Thornicroft. "If Reeks don't come back soon, I'll bust open the door."

"Plenty o' time for that," said Ginger, sauntering towards the table on which the provisions were spread; "wot do you say to a mouthful o' wittles?"

"I wouldn't touch 'em for the world," replied the Sandman.

"Nor I," added the Tinker; "they may be pisoned."

"Pisoned—nonsense!" cried Ginger; "don't you see some von has bin a-takin his supper here? I'll jist finish it for him."

"Vith all my 'art," said the Tinker.

"Don't touch it on any account," cried Mr. Thornicroft. "I agree with your companions, it may be poisoned."

"Oh! I aint afeard," cried Ginger, helping himself to a dish before him. "As good a pigeon pie as ever I tasted. Your health, Mr. Thornicroft," he added, filling a goblet from one of the bottles. "My service to you, gents. Famous tipple, by Jove!" drawing a long breath after the draught, and smacking his lips with amazing satisfaction. "Never tasted sich a glass o' wine in all my born days," he continued, replenishing the goblet; "I wonder wot it's called?"

"Prussic acid," replied Mr. Thornicroft, gruffly.

"Proossic fiddlestick!" cried Ginger; "more likely Tokay. I shall finish the bottle, and never be the vorse for it!"

"He's a gettin' svipy," said the Tinker. "I vonder vether it's really Tokay?"

"No such thing," cried Thornicroft; "let him alone."

"I must taste it," said the Tinker, unable to resist the temptation. "Here, give us a glass, Ginger!"

"Vith pleasure," replied Ginger, filling a goblet to the brim, and handing it to him. "You'd better be perwailed upon, Sandy."

"Well, I s'pose I must," replied the Sandman, taking the goblet proffered him.

"Here's the beaks' healths!" cried Ginger. "I gives that toast, 'cos they're alvays so kind to us dog-fanciers."

"Dog-fanciers—say, rather, dog-stealers; for that's the name such vagabonds deserve to be known by," said Mr. Thornicroft, with some asperity.

"Vell, ve von't quarrel about names," replied Ginger, laughing, "but I'll relate a circumstance to you as'll prove that wotever your opinion of our wocation may be, the beaks upholds it."

"There can be but one opinion as to your nefarious profession," said Mr. Thornicroft, "and that is, that it's as bad as horse-stealing and sheep-stealing, and should be punished as those offences are punished."

"So I think, sir," said Ginger, winking at the others; "but to my story, and don't interrupt me, or I can't get through vith it properly. There's a gent livin' not a hundred miles from Pall-Mall, as the noospapers says, as had a favourite Scotch terrier, not vorth more nor half-a-crown to any one but hisself, but highly wallerable to him, 'cos it wos a favourite. Vell, the dog is lost. A pal of mine gets hold on it, and the gent soon offers a reward for its recovery. This don't bring it back quite so soon as he expects, 'cos he don't offer enough; so he goes to an agent, Mr. Simpkins, in the Edgevare-road, and Mr. Simpkins says to him—says he, 'How are you, sir? I expected you some days ago. You've com'd about that ere Scotch terrier. You've got a wallerable greyhound, I understand. A man told me he'd have that afore long.' Seein' the gent stare, Mr. S. adds, 'Vell, I'll tell you wot you must give for your dog. The party wont take less than six guineas. He knows it aint vorth six shillin', but it's a great favourite, and has given him a precious sight o' trouble in gettin' it.' 'Given *him* trouble!' cries the gent, angrily—'And what has it given me? I hope to see the rascal hanged! I shall pay no sich money.' 'Werry vell,' replies Mr. Simpkins, coolly, 'then your dog'll be bled to death, as the nobleman's wos, and thrown down a breathless carkis afore your door."

"You don't mean to say that such a horrid circumstance as that really took place!" cried Thornicroft, who was much interested in the relation.

"Only t'other day, I assure you," replied Ginger.

"I'd shoot the ruffian who treated a dog of mine so, if I caught him!" cried Mr. Thornicroft, indignantly.

"And sarve him right, too," said Ginger. "I discourages all cruelty to hanimals. But don't interrupt me again. Arter a bit more chafferin' vith Mr. Simpkins, the gent offers three pound for his dog, and then goes avay. Next day he reads a report i' the Times noospaper that a man has bin taken up for dog-stealin', and that a lot o' dogs is shut up in the green-yard behind the police-office in Bow Street. So he goes there in search o' his favourite, and sure enough he finds it, but the inspector wont give it up to him, cos the superintendent is out o' the vay."

"Shameful!" cried Mr. Thornicroft.

"Shameful, indeed, sir," echoed Ginger, laughing. "Thinkin' his dog safe enough in the hands o' the police, the gent sleeps soundly that night, but ven he goes back next mornin' he finds it has disappeared. The green-yard has been broken into over night, and all the dogs stolen from it."

"Under the noses of the police!" cried Thornicroft.

"Under their werry noses," replied Ginger. "But now comes the cream o' the jest. You shall hear wot the beak says to him ven the gent craves his assistance. 'I can't interfere in the matter,' says he, a bendin of his brows in a majestic manner. 'Parties don't ought to come here vith complaints of vich I can't take notice. This place aint an advertisin' office, and I shan't suffer it to be made von. I von't listen to statements affectin' the characters of absent parties.' Statements affectin' *our* characters,—do you tvig that, sir?"

"I do, indeed," said Thornicroft, sighing; "and I am sorry to think such a remark should have dropped from the bench."

"You're right to say dropped from it, sir," laughed Ginger. "I told you the beaks vos our best friends; they always takes our parts. Ven the gent urges that it was a subject of ser'ous importance to all dog-owners, the magistrit angrily interrupts him, sayin'—'Then let there be a meetin' of dog-owners to discuss their grievances. Don't come to me. I can't help you.' And he vouldn't if he could, cos he's the dog-fancier's friend."

"It looks like it, I must own," replied Thornicroft. "Such reprehensible indifference gives encouragement to people of your profession. Government itself is to blame. As all persons who keep dogs pay a tax for them, their property ought to be protected."

"I'm quite satisfied vith the present state of the law," said Ginger; "here's the worthy beak! I'll drink his health a second time."

"Halloa! wot's that?" cried the Tinker; "I thought I heerd a noise."

"So did I," rejoined the Sandman — "a strange sort o' rumblin' overhead."

"There it goes again!" cried Ginger—"wot an awful sound!"

"Now it's underneath," said Mr. Thornicroft, turning pale and trembling. "It sounds as if some hidden machinery were at work."

The noise, which up to this moment had borne an indistinct resemblance to the creaking of wheels and pulleys, now increased to a violent clatter, while the house was shaken as if by the explosion of a mine beneath it.

At the same time, the occupants of the chairs received a sharp electrical shock, that agitated every limb, and caused Mr. Thornicroft to let fall his pistol, which went off as it reached the ground. At the same time, the Sandman dropped his goblet, and the Tinker relinquished his grasp of the cutlass. Before they could recover from the shock, all three were caught by stout wooden hooks, which, detaching themselves from the back of the chairs, pinioned their arms, while their legs were restrained by fetters, which sprang from the ground and clasped round their ancles. Thus fixed, they struggled vainly to get free. The chairs seemed nailed to the ground, so that all efforts to move them proved futile.

But the worst was to come. From the holes in the ceiling already alluded to, descended three heavy bell-shaped helmets, fashioned like those worn by divers at the bottom of the sea, and having round eyelet holes of glass. It was evident, from the manner of their descent, that these helmets must drop on the heads of the sitters—a conviction that filled them with inexpressible terror. They shouted, and swore frightfully; but their vociferations availed them nothing. Down came the helmets, and at the same moment the monkey which had been seen by Reeks, issued from a cupboard at the top of a cabinet, and grinned and gibbered at them.

Down came the first helmet, and covered the Tinker to the shoulders. His appearance was at once ludicrous and terrible, and his roaring within the casque sounded like the bellowing of a baited bull.

Down came the second helmet, though rather more slowly, and the Sandman was eclipsed in the same manner as the Tinker, and roared as loudly.

In both these instances the helmets had dropped without guidance, but in the case of Mr. Thornicroft, a hand, thrust out of the hole in the ceiling, held the helmet suspended over his head, like the sword of Damocles. While the poor iron-merchant momentarily expected the same doom as his companions, his attention was attracted towards the monkey, which, clinging with one hand to the side of the cabinet, extended the other skinny arm towards him, and exclaimed—"Will you swear to go hence if you are spared?"

"No, I will not," replied the iron-merchant. He had scarcely spoken when the helmet fell with a jerk, and extinguished him like the others.

Ginger alone remained. During the whole of this strange scene, he had stood with the bottle in hand, transfixed with terror and astonishment, and wholly unable to move or cry out. A climax was put to his fright, by the descent of the three chairs, with their occupants, through the floor into a vault beneath; and as the helmets were whisked up again to the ceiling, and the trap-doors closed upon the chairs, he dropped the bottle, and fell with his face upon the table. He was, however, soon roused by a pull at his hair, while a shrill voice called him by his name.

"Who is it?" groaned the dog-fancier.

"Look up!" cried the speaker, again plucking his hair.

Ginger complied, and beheld the monkey seated beside him.

"Vy it can't be, sure*ly*"—he cried. "And yet I could almost swear it wos old Parr."

"You're near the mark," replied the other, with a shrill laugh. "It is your venerable friend."

"Vot the deuce are you doing here, and in this dress, or rayther undress?" inquired Ginger. "Ven I see you this mornin', you wos in the serwice of Mr. Loftus."

"I've got a new master since then," replied the dwarf.

"I'm sorry to hear it," said Ginger, shaking his head. "You havn't sold yourself, like Doctor Forster—eh?"

"Faustus, my dear Ginger—Doctor Faustus," corrected Old Parr. "No, no, I've made no bargain. And to be plain with you, I've no desire to remain long in my present master's service."

"I don't like to ask the question too directly, wenerable," said Ginger, in a deprecatory tone—"but is your master—hem!—is he—hem—the—the——"

"The devil you would say," supplied Old Parr. "Between ourselves, I'm afraid there's no denying it."

"La! wot a horrible idea!" exclaimed Ginger, with a shudder: "it makes the flesh creep on one's bones. Then we're in your master's power?"

"Very like it," replied Old Parr.

"And there aint no chance o' deliverance?"

"None that occurs to me."

"Oh lord! oh lord!" groaned Ginger; "I'll repent. I'll become a reformed character. I'll never steal dogs no more."

"In that case, there may be some chance for you," said Old Parr. "I think I could help you to escape. Come with me, and I'll try and get you out."

"But wot is to become of the others?" demanded Ginger.

"Oh! leave them to their fate," replied Old Parr.

"No, that 'll never do," cried Ginger. "Ve're all in the same boat, and must row out together the best vay ve can. I tell you wot it is, wenerable," he added, seizing him by the throat; "your master may be the devil, but you're mortal, and if you don't help me to deliver my companions, I'll squeege your windpipe for you."

"That's not the way to induce me to help you," said Old Parr, twisting himself like an eel out of the other's gripe. "Now get out if you can."

"Don't be angry," cried Ginger, seeing the mistake he had committed, and trying to conciliate him; "I only meant to frighten you a bit. Can you tell me if Mr. Auriol Darcy is here."

"Yes, he is, and a close prisoner," replied Old Parr.

"And the girl,—Miss Ebber, wot of her?"

"I can't say," rejoined Old Parr. "I can only speak to the living."

"Then she's dead!" cried Ginger, with a look of horror.

"That's a secret," replied the dwarf, mysteriously; "and I'm bound by a terrible oath not to disclose it."

"I'll have it out of you notvithstandin'," muttered Ginger. "I wish you would lend me a knock on the head, old feller. I can't help thinkin' I've got a terrible fit o' the nightmare."

"Let this waken you, then," said Old Parr, giving him a sound buffet on the ear.

"Halloa, wenerable! not so hard!" cried Ginger.

"Ha! ha! ha!" screamed the dwarf. "You know what you're about now."

"Not exactly," said Ginger. "I wish I wos fairly out o' this cursed place!"

"You shouldn't have ventured into the lion's den," said Old Parr, in a taunting tone. "But come with me, and perhaps I may be able to do something towards your liberation."

So saying he drew aside the tapestry, and opened a panel behind it through which he passed, and beckoned Ginger to follow him. Taking a pistol from his pocket, the latter complied.

III.

GERARD PASTON.

Before the chair, in which Mr. Thornicroft was fixed, reached the ground, terror had taken away his senses. A bottle of salts, placed to his nose, revived him after a time; but he had nearly relapsed into insensibility on seeing two strange figures, in hideous masks and sable cloaks, standing on either side of him, while at a little distance was a third, who carried a strangely-fashioned lantern. He looked round for his companions in misfortune, but though the chairs were there, they were unoccupied.

The masked attendants paid no attention to the iron-merchant's cries and intreaties; but as soon as they thought him able to move, they touched a spring, which freed his arms and legs from their bondage, and raising him, dragged him out of the vault, and along a narrow passage, till they came to a large sepulchral-looking chamber, cased with black marble, in the midst of which, on a velvet fauteuil of the same hue as the walls, sat Cyprian Rougemont. It was, in fact, the chamber where Ebba had been subjected to her terrible trial.

Bewildered with terror, the poor iron-merchant threw himself at the feet of Rougemont, who, eyeing him with a look of malignant triumph, cried, "You have come to seek your daughter. Behold her!"

And at the words, the large black curtains at the further end of the room were suddenly withdrawn, and discovered the figure of Ebba Thornicroft standing at the foot of the marble staircase. Her features were as pale as death; her limbs rigid and motionless; but her eyes blazed with preternatural light. On beholding her, Mr. Thornicroft uttered a loud cry, and, springing to his feet, would have rushed towards her, but he was held back by the two masked attendants, who seized each an arm, and detained him by main force.

"Ebba!" he cried—"Ebba!"

But she appeared wholly insensible to his cries, and remained in the same attitude, with her eyes turned away from him.

"What ails her?" cried the agonized father. "Ebba! Ebba!"

"Call louder," said Rougemont, with a jeering laugh.

"Do you not know me? do you not hear me?" shrieked Mr. Thornicroft.

Still the figure remained immovable.

"I told you you should see her," replied Rougemont, in a taunting tone; "but she is beyond your reach."

"Not so, not so!" cried Thornicroft. "Come to me, Ebba! come to your father. Oh heaven! she hears me not! she heeds me not! Her senses are gone."

"She is fast bound by a spell, said Rougemont. "Take a last look of her. You will see her no more."

And, stretching out his hand, the curtains slowly descended, and shrouded the figure from view.

Thornicroft groaned aloud.

"Are you not content?" cried Rougemont. "Will you depart in peace, and swear never to come here more. If so, I will liberate you and your companions."

"So far from complying with your request, I swear never to rest, till I have rescued my child from you, accursed being!" cried Thornicroft, energetically.

"You have sealed your doom, then," replied Rougemont. "But before you are yourself immured, you shall see how Auriol Darcy is circumstanced. Bring him along."

And, followed by the attendants, who dragged Mr. Thornicroft after him, he plunged into an opening on the right. A few steps brought him to the entrance of the cell. Touching the heavy iron door, it instantly swung open, and disclosed Auriol chained to a stone at the farther corner of the narrow chamber.

Not a word was spoken for some minutes, but the captives regarded each other piteously.

"Oh, Mr. Thornicroft," cried Auriol, at length. "I beseech you forgive me. I have destroyed your daughter."

"You!" exclaimed the iron-merchant, in astonishment.

"It is true," said Rougemont.

"I would have saved her if it had been possible!" cried Auriol. "I warned her that to love me would be fatal to her. I told her I was linked to an inexorable destiny which would involve her in its meshes—but in vain."

"Oh!" ejaculated Thornicroft.

"You see you ought to blame him, not me," said Rougemont, with a derisive laugh.

"I would have given my life, my soul, to preserve her, had it been possible!" cried Auriol.

"Horrors crowd so thick upon me that my brain reels," cried Thornicroft. "Merciless wretch!" he added to Rougemont, "fiend—whatever you are! complete your work of ruin by my destruction. I have nothing left to tie me to life."

"I would have the miserable live," said Rougemont, with a diabolical laugh. "It is only the happy I seek to destroy. But you have to thank your own obstinacy for your present distress. Bid a lasting farewell to Auriol. You will see him no more."

"Hold!" exclaimed Auriol. "A word before we part—"

"Ay, hold!" echoed a loud and imperious voice, from the depths of the passage.

"Ha!—who speaks?" demanded Rougemont, a shade passing over his countenance.

"I—Gerard Paston!" exclaimed Reeks, stepping forward.

The crape was gone from his brow, and in its place were seen the handsome and resolute features of a man of middle life. He held a pistol in either hand.

"Is it you, Gerard Paston?" cried Auriol, regarding him; "the brother of Clara, my second victim?"

"It is," replied the other. "Your deliverance is at hand, Auriol."

"And you have dared to penetrate here, Gerard?" cried Rougemont, stamping the ground with rage. "Recollect you are bound to me by the same ties as Auriol, and you shall share his fate."

"I am not to be intimidated by threats," replied Paston, with a scornful laugh. "You have employed your arts too long. Deliver up Auriol and this gentleman, at once, or—" And he levelled the pistols at him.

"Fire!" cried Rougemont, drawing himself up to his towering height. "No earthly bullets can injure me."

"We'll try that!" cried Ginger, coming up at the moment behind Paston.

And he discharged a pistol, with a deliberate aim, at the breast of Rougemont. The latter remained erect, and apparently uninjured.

"You see how ineffectual your weapons are," said Rougemont, with a derisive laugh.

"It must be the devil!" cried Ginger, running off.

"I will try mine," said Vernon.

But before he could draw the triggers, the pistols were wrested from his grasp, by the two attendants, who had quitted Thornicroft, and stolen upon him unperceived, and who next pinioned his arms.

LIGHT LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.*

"Saint Patrick's Eve" is one of the best of Mr. Lever's many able productions. In its objects and aim it is serious rather than light, and proves that its writer is as great a master of the pathetic as he is allowed to be of the humorous. We have ever expressed a consistent disapprobation of those literary efforts which, assuming a vast sympathy for the poor deny all merit in the rich, and are rather an attack upon the one than a defence of the other. Instead of inculcating patience and submisssion in adversity, these works fill the aching heart with discontent. It is satisfactory to find Mr. Lever eschewing all such false and mischievous philosophy. His poor Irishman is skilfully and touchingly portrayed. The story of little Patsy, left an orphan by the visitation of the cholera, is full of affecting incident; and the love, even of a peasant, is touched with a delicate sensibility that lends to the tale a truthful and genuine pathos, and imparts to it high moral and intellectual beauty.

"The rights and privileges of landed proprietorship," remarks Mr. Lever, "have as many duties as adversity has sorrows; those to whom Providence has accorded many blessings, are but stewards of his bounty to the poor; and the neglect of an obligation so sacred as this charity, is not only a grievous wrong, but may also be the origin of evils, for which all efforts to do good through life will be but a poor atonement." Mr. Lever does not enforce these principles by details of grief, which become repugnant, because they are irremediable; but he arouses sympathy, by legitimate means, and deals even justice to all parties.

Miss Camilla Toulmin's "Lays and Legends" form a very beautiful quarto volume, profusely illustrated by engravings on steel and woodcuts. The legends, which in themselves are very charming, are ingeniously interwoven with a tale of every-day life, "linking memories of the romantic past to a story of the real, thoughtful, stirring present." The poetry is, perhaps, of a higher character than the prose —witness the beautiful Song of the Trees, exquisitely illustrated by Williams. The legends of Sir Francis Drake are picturesque and amusing; and there are many pleasing pictures of English life interspersed throughout the volume, which deserves a place on every drawing-room table.

Mr. Kingston's "Prime Minister" is rather an historical tale than a work of fiction, and as such possesses more than ordinary merit. The tale concerns itself with Portugal, in which country the author has resided for some time; and the epoch chosen commences with the summer of 1755, the year of the great earthquake of Lisbon, previous to which period the weak, bigoted, and profligate King John the Fifth, after allowing his country to sink into a state bordering on ruin, had finished his pernicious reign and worthless life, being succeeded by his son Joseph the First. The "Prime Minister" is Sebastian Joseph de Carvalho, afterwards Marquis de Pombal, one of the most energetic men his country ever produced, and who began whatever reforms have been attempted to be carried out in modern times in those countries; "but," says Mr. Kingston, "he was, like Napoleon, never prevented from doing what he considered necessary to forward his own views, either political or private, *by any laws, human or divine.* It is impossible, in perusing such fearful accounts of barbarous sacrifices made to an iron policy (and which Mr. Smith has attempted to palliate, by saying that some of equal cruelty have taken place in France and Germany), not to wonder that such things could have been in the eighteenth century, if we did not know that the same are of yearly occurrence both in Portugal and her sister in sanguinary policy—Spain, in the nineteenth century. These people are essentially religious, even to bigotry and superstition. They persecute, imprison, and torture, for conscience' sake. How difficult is it, then, to associate with such feelings the calm indifference with which a minister can carry on public affairs, while the first of the nobility are languishing in dark and damp dungeons for mere opinion's sake! How still more difficult to justly appreciate the coolness with which, for the sake of temporary ascendancy, the minister awaits that retributive doom to which he must know he has most certainly consigned himself!" Mr. Kingston says he has not described the Marquis de Pombal as performing one action that is not well authenticated. This will render a story of considerable power and interest, still more acceptable to those who may wish for a truthful delineation of Portuguese manners and principles. It is a tale, indeed, of no ordinary people or times, dyed as the latter were in all the various hues of passion, fanaticism, cupidity, violence, and crime. Such a work could, indeed, only have been produced under the favourable circumstances enjoyed by its accomplished author.

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* St. Patrick's Eve. By Charles Lever. 1 vol.
Lays and Legends illustrative of English Life. By Camilla Toulmin. 1 vol. 4to.
The Prime Minister: an Historical Tale of Portugal. By William H. G. Kingston. 3 vols.
The Battle Cross: a Romance of the Fourteenth Century. By John Brent. 3 vols.
The Gitana: a tale in three volumes. Saunders and Otley.
Letters from the Orient; or, Travels in Turkey, the Holy Land, and Egypt By Ida, Countess Hahn-Hahn; translated from the German, by the author of "Caleb Stukely."
The English Ceres. Engraved by G. H. Every, from a painting after nature, by the late Madame Soyer.

Mr. Brent's "Battle Cross" is dedicated to Lord Albert Conyngham, as holding, by his love of literature and antiquarian research, a distinguished station among his countrymen. It is a romance of the good old school, taking for its epoch the good old times of the border warfare, as it was in its hottest period. The "Battle Cross" is the name of a monument erected on the field where was fought that dreadful combat, in which James, Earl of Douglas, fell mortally wounded, and the renowned Hotspur was taken prisoner. This is a period of English history to which, however, an interest of a different character is imparted, by the great moral and intellectual struggle which had commenced between the followers of John Wycliffe and the ecclesiastical hierarchy of the day; and Mr. Brent has availed himself of these materials with much tact and skill.

A tale like "The Gitana" addresses itself particularly to the lovers of light literature. Its incidents are numerous, and the characters (carried through two generations) are very felicitously portrayed. As a fiction, although of a somewhat sombre cast, it is rendered pleasing by the light of a vivid imagination, and by a correct and gracefully regulated taste. There is also much tenderness of feeling, especially in the female characters, and this interest is well sustained throughout.

The Gitana, indeed, brings out the favourable qualities of a novelist in such harmonious combination, that, as a first attempt it must be regarded in the light of a perfect success.

The popularity of the "Letters from the Orient" is evidenced by the simultaneous publication of two translations, the best of which is decidedly that by the author of "Caleb Stukely," who has done complete justice to the vivid peculiarities of the original. It is not very creditable to the public taste that, in reference to the East, works of the most superficial character should be the most favourably received. But so it is. In the land richest in historical associations, and rife with illustrations of memories endeared to us all, butterfly rovings are the most acceptable ; and lively and picturesque descriptions, and clever delineations of character, ensure a success, which the critical acuteness of a Robinson, the laborious research of a Fellowes, or the learned inquiry of a Hamilton, cannot in the smallest degree approach. The fact is, the world has not only more sympathy with the Present than with the Past, but it requires a positive effort to rouse the mind to the contemplation of the lessons of antiquity, while those derived from existing things at once touch chords which are ever ready to receive new and transient impressions. This is the secret of the popularity of such works as address themselves to the passing hour, although, like that hour, their favour is likely to be evanescent. The Countess of Hahn-Hahn's swallow-like excursions are characterized, like her other works, by that waywardness of a spoilt genius, which rarely condescends to be amenable to the common rules of criticism. But as travelling sketches, they are so replete with brilliant remarks, and intellectual and piquant opinions on the people and places she visits, as to fully entitle them to the favourable reception which they have met with in this country.

A word must be added in reference to a very beautiful engraving, by G. H. Every, of the English Ceres, from a painting, after nature, by the late Madame Soyer. It is a subject full of exquisite feeling treated with consummate skill. Just one touch, so delicate as to be scarcely perceptible, indicates the humble position of the original and the truthfulness of the portrait, while an ear of bearded wheat serves naturally to adorn the silken hair which enshrines a face replete with rustic beauty of true English character. A monument to the memory of Madame Soyer, and in every respect worthy of an artist so distinguished, has lately been erected by her husband, in the Kensal-green Cemetery.

A BIT OF "STILL LIFE" AMONG THE HILLS OF CONNEMARA.

On a fine bright August morning, some ten years since, with my trusty Manton in my hand, and accompanied by a favourite setter, I strolled up the mountain, which overhung a friend's shooting-lodge in Connemara. For some time, I was tolerably successful in my sport; bird after bird sprang up from the heather, only to find its way into my capacious pockets; and by twelve o'clock I found I had secured more game than I could well stow away. Cursing my want of forethought, which had prevented me from accepting the services of at least one of the dozen lazy hangers-on at the lodge, I determined on retracing my footsteps, with what feelings I leave it to my brother sportsmen to decide.

Fortune, however, had better luck in store for me. I had not moved ten yards from the spot where I had been standing, when a thin blue wreath of smoke, curling over the shoulder of a mountain far away to the right, attracted my attention. Certain, now, of discovering some house where I might deposit my spoil, and obtain shelter from the heat which was becoming intense, I drew my shot-belt tighter around me, and, shouldering my gun, pushed briskly forward,—now plunging to the hips in the tall heather, now threading my way through a morass,—till, after half-an-hour's hard work, I reached a small low cabin at the top of a narrow glen, and out of the chimney of which the smoke was pouring in considerable volumes.

I had been long enough in Connemara to more than half suspect I had come unawares on an illicit still; indeed, the day before, I had heard there was one in full operation somewhere in these mountains, so, without farther ceremony than the usual Irish benediction of "God save all here," (to which the over-scrupulous add, "except the cat,") I pushed open the door and entered the cabin.

A tall fine-looking girl, whom I immediately recognised as an old acquaintance, having frequently seen her at the lodge, was seated on a low stool in the centre of the apartment, while a stout middle-aged countryman, dressed in a long frieze coat and knee breeches, but without shoes or stockings, was on his knees in a corner blowing away with a pair of old bellows at a turf fire, on which hung what appeared to my uninitiated eyes an immense pot. My sudden entrance evidently startled him not a little, for, springing to his feet, he grasped a stout blackthorn stick that lay beside him, and stared at me for a moment with a countenance in which fear and rage were curiously blended. Not so the girl. She rose from her seat and welcomed me to the cabin, with that gay, frank, and peculiarly Irish hospitality, which, I'll be sworn, has gladdened the heart of many a weary sportsman like myself.

"A, thin, bud yer honour's welcome. It's happy and proud we are to see you. Tim, you unmannerly thief, what are you starin' for, as if ye seen the gauger? Don't ye see the master's frind standin' foreninst you? and yer caubeen on your head, ye amathaun!"

Tim doffed his hat with much reverence. He "axed my honour's pardon; bud the thieven gaugers war gettin' so plinty, that a poor boy could hardly get done a hand's turn without havin' them on his tracks."

I looked at the fellow as he spoke. There was none of that brutal debauched look about him which distinguishes the English law-breaker. On the contrary, he was a very fair specimen of an Irish peasant; and, as I examined his honest, manly countenance, I could not help feeling strong misgivings as to the righteousness of the excise laws. Whether this feeling was caused by the delicious smell of the "potheen" that pervaded the room, I leave it to the charitably disposed reader to decide.

Meantime, a bottle filled with the aforesaid potheen was placed on the table by the girl, and consigning my Manton to a corner, and emptying my pockets on the dresser, I speedily came to the conclusion that there are worse places than an Irish still-house for a tired sportsman to rest in.

I had hardly drained the first glass to the health of my fair hostess, when a little ragged sunburnt gossoon rushed into the cabin, and, clasping his hands above his head, broke out into the most unearthly yell I ever heard.

"Och! wirr-as-thrue, murder!—och hone! och hone! Save yourselves for the sake of the Blessed Vargin! We're sowld!—the peelers is an us!"

Tim jumped from his seat as he spoke, and, seizing him by the collar, shook him violently,—"Who? what?—How many is in it! Spake, you young reprobate, or, by Jabers, I'll make short work of you!"

"There's two!—bad luck to them!" sobbed out the poor boy. "They kem round the Priest's Pass, and were an me afore I could bless myself."

"Then the devil resave the drop of sparits they'll seize there to-day!" said Tim, as his eye fell on my double-barrel that was leaning against the wall beside me.

"Come, my fine fellow," I cried, "that wont do. I'll do what I can for you. But you had better not try that."

We had no time for farther parley, for the next moment the heavy tramp of footsteps was heard without, and two revenue policemen, with fixed bayonets, entered the cabin.

"A purty mornin's work you have made of it, Misther Connolly," said the foremost of the pair, "but a mighty expensive one, I'm thinkin'. Long threatnin' comes at last. I towld you I'd be on your thrack afore long, and I've kept my word. Guard the door, Jim, and let no one pass out."

"An' I towld you," said Tim, his face darkening as he spoke—"I towld you I'd be even wid you for what ye did to poor Hugh Connor. So pass on your way, and lave me and mine alone, or it'll be the worst job ever you put a hand in."

"I must first see what you have on the fire, my good lad," said the man: "so make way there, in the Queen's name."

"It ill becomes the like of ye to have the Queen's name in yer mouth, ye dirty informer," said Tim. "So pass on yer way—I say again—or the divil a bit of this world's bread ever you'll eat."

"We'll try that presently," said the policeman, coolly: "Jim, keep an eye on the girl that she doesn't bolt on ye,—she's as cunnin' as a fox."

So saying, and lowering his carbine, he attempted to pass Tim, but, in doing so, he evidently reckoned without his host, for, with a shout like a Delaware Indian, Tim sprang within his guard and seizing him by the collar, in a second both men were rolling over on the ground, grappling one another like two bull-dogs.

My hostess, like myself, had hitherto remained an inactive spectator; but she now evidently determined not to let them have all the fun to themselves, for, taking up a pair of heavy iron tongs, she would soon, no doubt, have made a considerable diversion in Tim's favour, had not the other policeman jumped forward and caught her by the wrist.

"So that's yer game is it, my lady? then I'll take the liberty of fittin' you wid a pair of bracelets," producing at the same time a pair of handcuffs which he attempted to force on her wrists; but the girl struggled desperately, and, in doing so, must have irritated him greatly, for the ruffian struck her a heavy blow with his closed fist.

My blood was now fairly up, and grasping my gun I inserted the butt-end under the fellow's ribs, and dashed him into the corner, where, his head striking heavily against the sharp edge of a table, he lay apparently insensible.

"Run for it, Master Harry,—never mind Tim,—run or you'll be cotched!" shouted Mary, as she vanished out of the back door, while I bolted at the front. The ringing sound of a stick against the policeman's shako, telling me, as I went, that Tim's blackhorn was doing its office.

I had got about fifty yards up the mountain, when I turned and witnessed a sight I shall not easily forget. I have mentioned before that the cabin was built at the top of a glen, between two mountains. Down this glen bounded Tim with the speed of a hunted stag, his long frieze coat streaming in the wind behind him, while the worm (the only valuable part of the apparatus) was bobbing up and down over his shoulder, keeping time to the motion of his bare legs, which were taking the ground along with them at an awful pace. In front of the cabin was his antagonist ramming a cartridge down his carbine, with unmistakable energy, which the moment he had accomplished he fired slap after the caubeen, but the ball only tore up the ground some yards to his right, and with a yell of triumph I saw Tim disappear round the corner of the glen.

It was late in the evening when, tired and travel-stained, I entered the dining-room at the lodge, where I found a large party assembled.

"Harry, my boy," said my friend, "we had given you up in despair. Ellen insisted you had fallen over a precipice, or were drowned in a bog-hole, or something of the kind. You look tired, too," filling me a tumbler of claret as he spoke; "there, now, take off that."

I never was remarkable for setting the table in a roar; but, on this occasion, if Theodore Hook himself had been relating my adventure I doubt whether he could have succeeded better than I did myself, and the old oak ceiling rang again, as my friend starting up and pointing to a short, punchy, red-faced, little man, said:—

"Let me introduce you to Lieutenant Cassidy, late of H. M.'s 88th regiment, and now commander of the Clifden revenue police."

"And an officer," said the Lieutenant, bowing, "who would be sorry to interfere with any gentleman's diversions, even if he chose to break the heads of every scoundrel in the squad. The only thing I would recommend," he added, lowering his voice as he spoke, "is change of air; after your praiseworthy exertions this morning, I am sure it would be of service."

THE VICTIMS OF DIPLOMACY.*

We take credit to ourselves for having already grappled with this subject, which is daily assuming a more important aspect. We gave to it, originally, the title now adopted by Captain Grover; but, if his views are correct, the phrase to be used should rather be the "victims to diplomacy," as expressive of a new order of political atonements, offered up in the persons of ambassadors and envoys to political expediency. This is a kind of political drama, which can only be well enacted in semi-barbarous countries; and it is therefore, as yet, confined to Anglo-Russian rivalry. For a time it concerned itself more with the loss of political and commercial advantages, as the resignation of the Euphrates and the Tigris, the retreat from Affghanistan, and many minor cessions made to Russian influence; but Russia began with disavowing agents, in the person of the unfortunate Vicovitch, and Great Britain carried out the principle wholesale, in the almost simultaneous sacrifice of Wyburd, Stoddart, and Conolly. There is no mincing the matter now, all the points are ascertained, all the details established beyond controversy; and it will never do to allow a transaction, involving the utmost disgrace and the most humiliating dishonour to the nation, to pass by unnoticed.

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* The Bokhara Victims. By Captain Grover Unatt, F.R.S. 8vo. London: Chapman and Hall.

Notwithstanding the disavowal of Government, the fact of these gentlemen being politically employed is now placed beyond question. Lieut. Wyburd was sent, in 1835, by Sir John Campbell, who then represented the sovereign of Great Britain at the court of Persia, on a very important secret mission to Khiva. He has never been heard of since; and apparently, indeed scarcely inquired after. Dr. Wolff's mission to Bokhara suggested the opportunity of making such inquiries; and Captain Grover, as president of the committee, addressed a letter to the Foreign Office, calling attention to the case. The answer was, that the Foreign Office "was not aware that Lieut. Wyburd was sent on any mission *at all* to Khiva." This Gothic expression "at all" betrays considerable irritability upon the subject. The dauntless Grover immediately responded, that he had Sir John Campbell's authority to the effect that he was employed. The Foreign Office was obliged to cry "peccavi," and acknowledge that it had overlooked the possession of a dispatch to that effect; sheltering itself also under the statement, that the British embassy at the court of Persia was at the time of Lieut. Wyburd's mission under the direction of the East India Company, and not of the Foreign Office. It would scarcely be conceived, that in consequence of this, not only is an envoy overlooked and lost sight of, but being denied and repudiated by the Foreign Office, and dead to the East India Company, a pension to Lieut. Wyburd's aged and unfortunate mother is refused, by the latter, because, although an officer in their service, he was sent on this mission, not by the Company, but by Queen Victoria's Government. Well may Captain Grover, in his letter to the Earl of Aberdeen, of May 2nd, 1844, say—

> "Should the notion get abroad that British officers are to be sent on perilous duties, to be then abandoned, the honour of the British army, and the prosperity of the British nation, will soon be among the things past."

The same year that poor Wyburd was sent off, never to be again made mention of, till some generous, humane and gallant Grover asks the whereabouts of his official grave, Colonel Stoddart was attached, as military secretary, to Mr. Ellis's mission to Persia. Three years afterwards, in 1838, Russia sent a large and rich caravan to the frontiers of Bokhara, the pretended peaceable merchants of which were in reality agents and officers of the government. It was expected that so rich a prey would tempt the nomades of the Oxus; and, to reclaim its subjects, Russia intended an invasion of Central Asia. The thing happened as anticipated: the caravan was beset, and the sham merchants converted into willing prisoners. This was at the time when the expedition into Affghanistan was preparing. The Czar was also assembling troops for the Oxus. In order to prevent this, Lord

Palmerston despatched orders to send some clever and intrepid member of the Persian mission into Bokhara, to prevail upon the Amir to restore the supposed merchant prisoners, and thus to deprive Russia of a pretence for war. Colonel Stoddart was selected for this purpose.

> "It is impossible," says the Revue de Paris, in noticing this mission, "not to envy England these courageous agents, which it always finds ready to devote themselves to its service. The merit is so much the greater, as the fate that awaits them in these perilous enterprises is scarcely ever doubtful. For one Burnes, whose name becomes known throughout the civilized world, how many victims of this patriotism fall obscurely, disappear without leaving any more traces than the straw which is carried away by the wind! These examples of devotedness are sublime; they deserve to be held out to the just admiration of people."

Success attended upon the mission. The Russian prisoners were liberated, and the Czar deprived for the time of an excuse for the conquest of Bokhara. But the Amir, frightened by the progress of the British in Affghanistan, determined upon detaining Colonel Stoddart, in order that if his own territories or surety should be affected by the war, he should be enabled to negotiate with better chance of success. This is now the opinion of all best able to judge of Oriental actions. It was the explanation given by the Khan of Khiva to Captain Abbot; it is the explanation admitted by Captain Grover, and by the Revue de Paris. But the Amir was also irritated that the envoy, in whose detention he had placed his hopes of safety, could not obtain from a timid or forgetful government the proper vouchers for his authority; and he added cruel tortures to what was at first a mere captivity. On a former occasion, we surmised the possibility of the British envoy having been confined in the horrid well full of ticks. Captain Grover now makes the positive circumstance of that confinement known to the public.

The detention of Colonel Stoddart betrayed the secret of the embassy to the Russians. It was to be expected that the czar would be irritated at having been outwitted in the caravan plan; and it appears to have caused less compunction at the Foreign Office to disavow and abandon an agent full of integrity and honour, and a gallant officer, than to be obliged to wince under the imperial frown. It is not that such a disavowal of an agent would satisfy Count Woronzow or his imperial master of the innocency of Great Britain in having thwarted their measures in Central Asia, but it is that the humiliation of such a proceeding is considered, in the Anglo-Russian international diplomacy, as an equivalent for the success temporarily obtained through the means of the now repudiated envoy.

The arrival of Conolly gave greater complication to the affair. This officer,—according to Sir Robert Peel's statement, made in the House of Commons on the 28th of June, 1844, in answer to a question by Mr. Cochrane,—had been sent by the Indian government to make communications at Khiva and Kokan. An intimation was made to Colonel Stoddart that Captain Conolly was at Khiva, and if he thought he could be useful to him, he had authority to send for him from that place. Colonel Stoddart, guided by these direct official instructions, wrote to Captain Conolly, who in consequence repaired to Bokhara. On the same occasion Sir Robert Peel stated before the House that Colonel Stoddart had been authorized to repair to Bokhara, and was directly employed by the government to make communications at Bokhara; putting that part of the question which refers to the disavowal of both these envoys beyond a doubt. And yet these were the two officers, employed on so perilous a mission, and as deeply engaged in the service of their Queen and their country as the Foreign Secretary and the Governor-General themselves, whom Lord Ellenborough wrote to the Amir, claiming as "innocent travellers,"—that is declaring them to be impostors and spies. "A mode of intervention," says the Revue de Paris, "which succeeded in destroying them."

But as the detention of the British emissaries was persevered in by the Amir, in order to ensure safety to his own territories, he could have nothing to gain by their death. He might subject them to cruel tortures, when disavowed by their government, but it could never have been his interest to actually destroy them. With the capriciousness of an Oriental despot they might be tortured to change their faith, and then liberated to practise openly the rites of the Christian religion: they might be one day in a dungeon, and another in favour at court; but unless disease and suffering may have carried them off, there is no reason to believe that the Amir would cause them to be slain. When Captain Grover was at St. Petersburg, he heard that the prisoners had been removed to Samarcand before Dr. Wolff arrived at Bokhara; and the circumstances attendant upon the interview of that excellent man with the Shakhaul (Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs) are highly corroborative of this opinion. After some preliminary remarks, the conversation proceeded :—

"SHAKHAUL. What is therefore now your object?

"DR. WOLFF. My object is to ask, where are my friends Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly? Are they alive or dead? If alive, I beg his Majesty to send them with me back to England; if dead, I beg his Majesty to state the cause.

"SHAKHAUL. Has the British Government itself authorized you to come here?

"DR. WOLFF. No, I am sent by the Sultan and Mahomed Shah, on account of their friendship with England.

"SHAKHAUL. Are you authorized to claim them, if alive?

"DR. WOLFF. Yes, by all the powers of Europe, and the voice of the British nation.

"SHAKHAUL. Is there much commotion about it in England?

"DR. WOLFF. Very much."

"Now, is it likely," Captain Grover remarks upon the above, "if Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly had been put to death, that the Secretary of State would have asked Dr. Wolff if he were authorized to claim our envoys if alive? This, and all the accounts I have found in Dr. Wolff's letters, tend to confirm in my mind the account I received at St. Petersburgh, that our envoys were both alive at Samarcand."

It makes the blood run cold to read the following. Dr. Wolff writes—

"The time of evening approached, and the military band played 'God save the Queen,' which most agreeably surprised me."

Dr. Wolff makes no observation whatever upon this very extraordinary circumstance.

"At Bokhara," says Captain Grover, "they have not the least idea of music, according to our acceptation of that term;" and Dr. Wolff says, "there was not a man at Bokhara who knew anything of England, or the English language, except the Nayib's 'halt-front,' and 'no force.' What then means this 'God save the Queen,' played passing the doctor's residence, or I should say prison?

"I will give the reader my opinion, upon which he will place his own value.

"During the Cabul disaster numerous British soldiers and sepoys were taken prisoners, and I have good reason to believe were sold at Bokhara. One of the chief objects of Dr. Wolff's mission was to purchase the release of these unfortunates, and he had authority to draw upon my small fortune for that purpose. Among these prisoners would probably be found some musicians, and the king would most likely form these men into a band. The king of Bokhara would of course be most anxious to conceal from Dr. Wolff the presence of these men at Bokhara, while they would be most anxious to make themselves known; and the safest and most natural means of doing this would be to play our national air. Such modes of communication have been commonly employed from the time of Richard Cœur de Lion, ('Richard, O mon Roi!') down to Silvio Pellico. Had I, at Bokhara, heard a man humming 'Au clair de la lune,' I should immediately have been sure that a Frenchman was near, and should have whistled 'Dormez, dormez,' to show that I was 'wide awake.'"

Captain Grover proves, from Dr. Wolff's reports, that the accounts of the public execution of Colonels Stoddart and Conolly, for which Saleb Mohammed received 3000 rupees, and on the faith of which the name of as brave a man as ever wore the British uniform was struck out of the list of the army, must have been false. It will not appear remarkable, after what we have related of intentional diplomatic sacrifice, that government should have paid 3000 rupees for such information, although they would not contribute a farthing to the rescue of their suffering emissaries. Her Majesty's government, in following out the same determination that these envoys should be publicly dead, whether actually alive or not, published in the papers a communication from the Russian minister to that effect; but to this day they have never published the contradictory statement received shortly afterwards from the British minister, Colonel Shiel, it did not suit their purpose to do so. After the disavowal of the envoys by their government, the Russians expressed their wish to convey them away in safety from Bokhara as travellers; but Colonel Stoddart refused to avail himself of such a dishonourable subterfuge. "Had I known," said the Russian envoy to Captain Grover, "that these gentlemen were agents of the government, I could have saved them at once."

The public owe a heavy debt of gratitude to the chivalrous and generous Captain Grover, for the uncompromising manner in which he has taken up this important subject. He throughout exposes the demoralizing results of such conduct, and the contempt brought by it upon the Britsh nation in a masterly and unanswerable manner:—

"I consider it my duty," he says, in his address to the Queen, "to state to your Majesty, that the circumstances attending this extraordinary case are degrading to the British nation, and are of a nature to dim the lustre of your Majesty's crown!"

It is sincerely to be hoped that the work of Captain Grover, and the details which Dr. Wolff may soon be expected to communicate, will rouse the authorities to a sense of what is due to the national dignity. If not, the nation itself must insist upon some effort being made to rescue her envoys, and to ensure the extinction of this newly-invented system of sacrificing honourable and brave men to political expediency. The thing must not stop where it now rests.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The Opera, which opened early in March, has been going on with steady prosperity,—thanks to the good taste and spirit of that excellent manager, Mr. Lumley. A short summary of proceedings may not be unacceptable to some of our readers.

The first operatic work performed was Guiseppe Verdi's *Ernani*, first produced in Italy last year. Verdi is the composer, towards whom all the people of Italy are now turning their eyes, as the head of dramatic *maestri*. By two other works, *Nabucco* and *I Lombardi all'*

Prima Crociata, he had already established his fame, when his *Ernani* was brought out at Venice. It created a *furore* there, and at most of the other Italian towns, and—no unusual matter in the South—the merits of the *maestro* were greatly exaggerated. Some even said he had founded a new school of opera, which would cause the acknowledged masters to sink in obscurity.

When his *Ernani* was produced in this country, though it had a fair success, it by no means corresponded to the excessive laudation that had preceded it. A knowledge of instrumentation and skill in the treatment of his concerted pieces could not be denied the young composer; but he showed himself deficient in that melody, which is, and always has been, the great attraction of Italian *maestri*. That sort of musical mind that can follow a dramatic work through all its varieties, and mark every situation with an appropriate expression, rather seeking than shunning intricacies, belongs almost exclusively to the French, or to the composers who write for the national operas of that people. For harmonic learning we look to Germany; and hence if Italy does not give us melody, she denies us the sole commodity we require at her hands. On this account Verdi's work will not attain, perhaps, the durability of Donizetti; but at present it enjoys great favour with the subscribers—the two last times it was performed, in spite of the length of the opera, and of its serious dramatic character, all the finales were encored, independently of the duet of Rita and Moriani, and the last trio, in which is concentrated all the vocal and dramatic power of the performers. A new *prima donna*, Madame Rita Borio, who came out in the principal female character, displayed much brilliancy, and succeeded sufficiently for the manager to extend her engagement to the end of the season. The other chief *rôles* were by Moriani and Fornasari—established favourites with the London public.

While we are by no means enthusiastic about *Ernani*, we heartily commend the manager in producing it. We feel called upon to do this, as some critics have made their animadversions on Verdi's opera a sort of reproach to Mr. Lumley. These completely mistake the purpose of Her Majesty's Theatre, which is useful, not only so far as it produces the highest musical works, but also in showing the English public what is going on in Italy. The name of Verdi had been so often mentioned, that a natural curiosity was wakened as to what he was really worth; and this was quite enough to render the production of his opera (unacted in Paris) not only justifiable, but highly creditable. Suppose all Verdi's operas had been excluded, the cry would assuredly have been—"There is a new composer named Verdi, why not give us something of him, instead of perpetual Bellini and Donizetti?" This cry is anticipated; and the audience have no right to find fault with the manager, because the Italians have over-lauded their new *maestro*. Moreover, the work, though not first-rate, is not so despisable as some fastidious folks would have us believe; and it may be heard two or three times with pleasure.

The appearance of Madame Castellan, a most accomplished vocalist, who sang at the Philharmonic last year, was the next operatic event of the season. This lady possesses a powerful organ of very great compass, and in the character of *Amina*, in *La Sonnambula*, raised her hearers to perfect enthusiasm. Her style being less florid than that of Persiani, a question has been raised as to the comparative merits of the two artists, one party referring to the sparkling brilliancy by which

Persiani was so much distinguished, the other referring to the superior power of Castellan. Without entering into any controversy of the sort, we may remark that Madame Castellan is a most valuable acquisition to the theatre. Being a thorough musician, and a judicious and intelligent actress, she only needs more ease in her delivery to attain perfection.

The arrrival of Grisi, Lablache, and Mario, brought, of course, a splendid reinforcement to the company. Grisi—that inspired creature—great in her energetic declamation, great in her voluptuous warblings, great in the spontaneous utterance of her brilliant embellishments, returns in admirable voice, and again astonishes crowded audiences in the terrible *Norma*, and the playful *Norina*. Lablache, whose ponderous voice is as a mighty substratum, whereon a whole operatic structure may be built, again rolls forth his gigantic notes, within the walls of the Haymarket, manfully pathetic as *Oroveso*—the pink of old *beaux*, as *Pasquale*. Our ungenial climate had last year cast a veil over the voice of the mellifluous Mario, and he was what the profane call "husky;" now he has thrown aside the cumbrous impediment, and sings charmingly as ever. Brambilla, an admirable artist, contributing her contralto voice, will enable the manager to draw many a slumbering opera from the shelf.

The ballet has chiefly rested on the fair shoulders—or rather the feet, of Lucille Grahn, a *danseuse* who does not startle her audience, but who is as elegant and accomplished a creature as an *habitué* may claim to look upon. The chief character has been that of a Dryad in a ballet called *Eoline*, founded on the *Libussa* of Musäns, and her conception of this character is most perfect. She is so lightly playful, has such fairy-like nonchalance, and even when she achieves a *tour de force* does it with such facility, that people overlook the difficulty of the feat. In a *Mazurka d'Extase*, a *pas de deux* in which she is forced to dance by a malicious gnome (Perrot, of course—Perrot is always malicious), she shews qualifications of the highest kind, representing the agony of her situation with a variety of countenance and of gesture worthy of Fanny Elssler. Lately she has appeared in a Norwegian divertissement, called *Kaya*, and her assumption of the buoyant spirits and unconstrained gaiety of a peasant girl is admirable. Lucile Grahn is a great *artist*—a truth which will some day be more generally diffused than it is at present.

But what shall we say of the *Danseuses Viennoises*—of the thirty-six little Terpsichoreans, who so astonish all beholders by two very opposite qualities? For the mechanical accuracy with which they perform the most intricate movements, and that precision of theirs, which would raise the enthusiasm of a drill-serjeant, would lead us to believe, that the whole affair was some large machine, and that the small artists were but the symbols of divers wheels, cogs, and pulleys under the boards. But when they start off with delight, and scramble anyhow to the back of the stage, there to commence new achievements, we find they are veritable children, who have not lost one iota of their childish gaiety. The perfection of discipline, and the fact that this yoke of discipline sits so lightly on the thirty-six little shoulders, render this exhibition most charming. To describe the *Danseuses Viennoises* is impossible;—everybody *must* go to see them, not forgetting to admire the beautiful Spanish lady, *La Nena*, who dances her *boleros* with so much fire and inspiration.

The scenery at the opera is in excellent taste. Does any one recollect what scenery and costume used to be at Her Majesty's theatre? Truly Mr. Lumley is a great reformer—the Martin Luther of the Opera.

THE THEATRES.

These depend still on those combinations of fun and glitter—the Easter-pieces; and, till other attractions supply their place, we shall have but little to say about them. Duprez, who delighted London last year at Drury Lane, has been re-engaged, and "stars" with that very clever singer, Eugenie Garcia. Peake's "Sheriff of the County" laughs triumphantly at objecting critics, and causes shouts of laughter in the "little Haymarket," the only "legitimate" theatre in the metropolis. Mr. Webster does more for the real English drama than any existing manager, and we are glad to see him rewarded. His other speculation, the Adelphi, thrives excellently, the melo-drama of *Green Bushes* having proved the greatest "hit" since the days of *Victorine*, and promising to "run" till some day in the twentieth century. The native genius and strong energy of the American "star," Miss Cushman, act with electric effect upon the frequenters of the Princess's, where—by the way—Auber's *Duc d'Olonne* has lately been produced. This is neither Auber's best, nor his second-best opera,—but then, what "fun"—what sparkle—what real dramatic tact and feeling! Intrigues, coquetries, battles—ay, good honest battles, with rounds of cannon and musketry—all worked into the dullest story, and illustrated by music most expressive! The artists—save and except Mr. Allen, might certainly be a little better,—but the opera goes merrily along by its own merit and spirit.

We are brief on theatres,—but foot-lines promise us novelties, and we shall expand when the promises are fulfilled. Have we forgotten anything? Yes,—that the fascinating Mdlle. Plessy has reappeared at St. James's, and has captivated all beholders.

Some of the off nights of the opera have been devoted to the performance of Felicien David's "*Desert*," a descriptive composition of great merit, admirably played by the band. Indeed it is quite "in the cards," that by the employment of his band in purely instrumental works, Mr. Lumley may become a formidable rival to the Philharmonic.

MAUDE DOUGHTY.

BY CHARLES OLLIER.

CHAPTER III.

> "If you look to be released, as my wits have took pains to work it, and all means wrought to farther it, besides to put crowns in your purse, to make you a man of better hopes, and a commander of rich fools, which is safer than highways, heaths, or rabbit-groves, and yet a far better booty,—you must conjure. Your greatest thieves are never hanged; for why? they're wise, and cheat within doors."
>
> Widow of Watling Street.

Contrary to Dick's promise, he and Caleb, tempted by hot and strong potations, sat up very late; and not until the storm had spent its fury, did they betake themselves to their straw beds. It was now about one o'clock in the morning; but, exhausted as old Maude felt by the emotion she had undergone, and though Amie could hardly keep her eyes open, neither of them would lie down. More wood was heaped on the fire; and, holding her daughter's hand, as if she feared to lose her by some approaching calamity, Maude sat in silent reverie. The girl, too, was busy with her own thoughts, which now had no interruption, because the threatening wind had died away, and there was no longer any noise of rain. Profound quiet took place of the elemental roar. Presently the rays of a moon, not long past its full, shone strongly through the bare window-panes. Our watchers felt somewhat comforted by the light, and by the general peacefulness of nature, especially welcome after the recent turmoil.

Oppressed by drink and fatigue, Caleb and Dick slept soundly. Nothing was heard, except now and then the fall of a few leaves from some trees close by. Many of these autumnal deposits had been wind-driven under the eaves of Maude's hovel, where they lay free from wet; they no longer whirled about in rustling eddies; but, though noiseless in themselves, would become instant agents of sound should anything touch them.

Had Maude and Amie been images of stone, instead of human beings, their attitudes could hardly have been more unchanging. Weariness, no less than thoughtful abstraction, kept them fixed. All on a sudden, however, Maude shifted her position; the expression of her face changed; and she bent her head towards the window.

"What is the matter, mother?" asked Amie. "Why do you look so anxious?"

"Hush, my dear!" replied the old woman. "Listen! Do you hear nothing?"

"No. What is it? You frighten me."

"Some foot is treading on the dead leaves outside," pursued Maude. "Who, in the name of Heaven, can be about us at such an hour as this?"

"Hadn't I better go and rouse Caleb?" gasped Amie.

"Not for the world!" returned old Maude. "Oh, Amie, my dear, I would rather both Caleb and Dick Pittock were out of the house than in it, at this moment."

"Why, mother?"

"I cannot tell you now," replied she. "Perhaps my fear is not reasonable. There again! Hark to the rustle of the leaves!"

"I hear it now, plainly enough," responded Amie, "and will see who it is. Don't stop me, mother. We had better know the worst at once."

So saying, the girl crouched down below the window, and brought her eyes on a level with the sill. This manœuvre was not unperceived by him who was prying outside. By the strong fire-light, he saw the crown of Amie's head as she planted it against the window; and, being conscious of detection, at once hurried away, though not before the girl had, in her turn, ascertained his identity as he stood full in the moon's ray.

"He's off, mother!" said she, rising to her feet.

"Did you see him plainly, Amie?" demanded Maude.

"Yes," responded her daughter; "and, what's more, I know who he is."

"Tell me, Amie—tell me at once."

"What will you say, mother," returned the girl, "when you find that Mister Yare has been hovering about our dwelling?"

"Mister Yare!" echoed Maude. "What Nat Yare, of the great house?"

"He, and no other," replied Amie.

"If you are sure of this," pursued the old woman, "some dreadful mischief is afoot, depend on't. You heard what Caleb said, about Yare's master having been robbed."

"Yes; what then?"

"Why Dick Pittock is here. Don't you remember what Caleb said, about Dick knowing who had robbed the squire, and that the thief was high up in the squire's household? Caleb will be ruined, I'm sure of it, by keeping company with Pittock. I've advised him against it time out of mind. But there is no curing the wilfulness of some young men. How does Dick Pittock earn his living? Nobody knows. My poor boy will not mend his fate by listening to this man. We get on pretty well—that is, we earn enough to keep soul and body together, in spring, summer, and autumn: it is only winter that pinches us; and, God knows, I would willingly brave the dead season, and count every week that brings us nearer to work, than seek relief in such schemes as Caleb just now proposed, and which I am convinced he would never have thought of, but for his intimacy with Pittock. Mischief is brewing. Mister Yare, who never came near our house before, now lurks suspiciously about our window, in November, at two o'clock in the morning. I am unhappy, very unhappy, Amie, and very much terrified, too—God help me!"

"I think, mother, you look at things too seriously," said Amie. "We have never known any wrong of poor Caleb. He loves us both, and only wants to see us more comfortable."

"Yes, yes," responded Maude; "but it is this very anxiety that I fear will lead him into trouble. Nothing but honest work will benefit him and us. It is not to be done by deceitful scheming."

Thus talking, and thus desponding, Maude and her daughter wore the gloomy hours away. At length, the white dawn shivered in the east, when Amie, expecting the appearance of her brother, and his friend, made the kettle boil, and laid the table for breakfast. Caleb and Dick came down at eight o'clock, and found everything ready for the morning meal, which, though it was better than any our poor family had for months enjoyed, passed uncomfortably. Both men and women were taciturn, and ill at ease.

When breakfast was finished, Maude and Amie left the cottage, partly because they did not like Pittock's company, and partly to refresh themselves in the open air, after their vigil. Being thus left alone, Caleb and his friend were free to discuss their projects.

Even had nothing more been against Dick than his appearance, Mistress Doughty might have been excused for disliking him. Pittock, truly, was an ill-looking fellow. His complexion was sallow and unwholesome, betokening habitual intemperance: his black hair hung in tangled masses; his nose was broad and flat, hardly breaking the outline of his cheeks; and the obliquity of his eyes gave a peculiarly sinister expression to his countenance. Though slovenly, he was anti-rustical in his dress; and altogether, he looked more like a squalid town ruffian, than one who dwelt in villages. In spite, however, of so unprepossessing an exterior, he was a chosen companion of Caleb, over whom he had entire influence.

"Now Dick," said young Doughty, "as we are alone, let us hear what you have to say."

"I have talked with you, Caleb," returned Pittock, "about the frequent robberies at the squire's house, and have hinted my guess as to the thief."

"I bear it in mind," responded his companion, "'specially as you pointed to the butler, Mister Yare."

"Why who else can it be?" demanded Pittock.

"I don't know," replied Caleb. "But what grounds have you for such a belief?"

"Grounds enough," rejoined Dick. "Hasn't he the command of all his master's plate?"

"Yes; but it don't follow, you know, that he steals it. I think with you, Dick; but let us give every man fair play. Up to this time, Nat Yare has had a good character; and though I'm not the better for him, other poor people, hereabout, speak well of him."

"That's nothing," said Pittock. "Any rogue can get plenty of witnesses to give him a good character. I know much about Nathaniel Yare—he is the thief, depend on't. But 'twould be difficult to fix him. Squire Babstock would never believe it, in the common course of things; in which regard we must do something *uncommon.* Now, a bit of magic (considering that the squire's belief has a wide swallow) would settle the matter. I've been thinking that your mother, who is old and 'cute ——"

"Say no more, Dick," interposed Caleb. "I'm beforehand with you—you've hit my very thoughts; and what's more, I've settled it with the old woman."

"Settled what?" demanded Pittock.

"Why that she shall do duty as a witch, and pretend to find out the thief by sorcery."

Dick sprang from his chair to his feet, clasped his friend's hand, and in an exulting tone cried, "Caleb you have made a man of yourself! I didn't think you had been so knowing; this will bring you plenty of rhino. You'll have no need to think of poaching, or any hazardous way of getting the needful. Trust to the old woman—to a mountebank trick or two, and a few words of gibberish, and we shall upset Mister Yare, (who would do me an ill turn if he could,) and make your pocket ring, for the first time, with chink. I'll put the old woman up to the way of going to work."

"She doesn't need it," returned Caleb, with a sigh. "She knows more about witchcraft than most people. Poor mother!"

CHAPTER IV.

> "Mine enemy's dog,
> Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
> Against my fire."
> SHAKSPEARE.

SIMON BABSTOCK was a simple-hearted, well-meaning, but very ignorant west country squire. He valued himself, as many empty-headed people do, on his powers of discrimination; and, in his capacity of magistrate, this self-conceit very often overcame the better impulses of his heart. That no man could gain upon him was his constant boast: the fruit of this confidence showed itself in his being perpetually deceived. Real culprits escaped his *mittimus;* and innocent individuals were sometimes sent to jail, because his worship could not fathom the crafty designs of their persecutors.

The squire had a good income, and a fair mansion. It was his pride to maintain the old-fashioned country hospitality: he kept open house; and, besides his liberality to guests of his own station, it was his order that no wayfarer who might present himself should be turned away without a slice of bread and meat, and a cup of ale. This, it must be confessed, brought a few questionable characters about his doors; and had not his butler, Nathaniel Yare, kept a sharp look out on what was going on, the other servants might have fallen into riotous habits and bad company. An unlimited access to strong beer, under the plea of dispensing it to casual applicants, might have kept the whole household in a state of drunkenness, had not Yare insisted on having the key of the beer cellar in his own custody, so that a reference to him was always necessary. On this account the main body of domestics united in hating the butler, a feeling which was the more confirmed by Yare's reserved, not to say haughty, bearing.

To Dick Pittock, who was a great favourite with some of the servants, and who intruded himself rather too frequently at the hall, the butler entertained a decided antipathy. Several articles of plate and other property had recently been missing, and as these were under the exclusive charge of Yare, suspicion fell on him, though none in the house dared hint their belief to the squire, who cherished a high opinion of his butler. Every possible manœuvre was adopted to detect the culprit; but Yare's caution and habitual reserve kept the inferior domestics at so great a distance, that they were not able to watch his proceedings, or prove anything against him.

On the night when this little narrative opens, Dick Pittock was at the hall. As the storm was so excessively violent, Dick had persuaded one of the grooms to let him sleep over the stable; and, with this comfortable prospect in view, he sat basking before the roaring kitchen fire, enjoying a mug of strong beer, and cutting jokes with the men and maids. It was now past ten o'clock. Dick was in glorious quarters. What cared he for the raging tempest? In proportion to the dismal weather out of doors, was the luxury within. Besides, something hot was in preparation for supper, a kind of property in which Dick felt he should have a contingent interest.

It unluckily happened, however, that while Pittock was wrapped in these pleasing anticipations, Mister Yare walked into the kitchen. Whether he did so by pure accident, or with a design against Dick, is uncertain; but no sooner had the latter set eyes on the butler, and scanned the austere expression of his face, than Dick's hopes, one and all, began to totter.

"Mister Pittock," said the butler, in a very deliberate tone, "it is against the Squire's orders to have strangers in the house at this time of night."

"I hope, sir," responded Dick, submissively, "I hope you don't look upon me exactly in the light of a stranger."

"Why, you try to make yourself not one," retorted Yare, drily.

"Therefore," pursued Pittock, "I trust you don't mean to turn me out in this desperate weather."

"Turn you out!" echoed the butler; "why, what right have you here? You don't belong to the squire, I suppose."

"Certainly not," replied Dick; "only as the wind is enough to blow a man right away, and the rain to drown him, Tom the groom says I may sleep over the stable to-night."

"Does he?" returned Yare. "Now *I* say you shall do no such thing; and we'll soon see who's most correct, Tom or I."

"Why, bless my soul, Mister Yare," ejaculated Pittock, "you wouldn't surely turn a Christian out into such a night as this!"

"You should stop at home, sir, in bad weather," retorted the butler. "It has been threatening all day. Why do you come here?"

This was a question which could not very conveniently be answered. Dick's resources were at fault; so he was silent.

"In ten minutes," resumed Yare, "I shall order the house to be fastened for the night. And it is my duty to see the servants' offices clear of intruders. Finish your beer, therefore, and be off."

This was a doleful mandate, more especially as the odour from the frying-pan was getting more and more savoury, and the wind and rain were increasing in violence. Then, a night's rest on the premises would involve a breakfast in the morning. How mortifying to be near such comforts and see them snatched away! Instead of merry kitchen company, he must have solitude; instead of a blazing fire, he must face a withering storm; and in lieu of a dry nest, he must lie down in drenched clothes where and how he could. To give up these advantages without an effort was impossible; so he made another appeal to the butler's commiseration. This, however, only roused Mister Yare's ire.

"Pittock," said he, "you will find I'm not to be trifled with. If you don't immediately leave this house, I'll fetch the squire himself to you—that's all!"

"Then I say, Yare," retorted Dick, who felt that all necessity for respectful demeanour was at an end, "you're an unfeeling dastard and no man, let alone a Christian. No fellow with an ounce of charity in him would turn a dog, much less a human being, out of doors on such a night. But I'm off, and it shall go hard but you rue this, master butler."

"I know well what I'm about, Dick Pittock," responded Yare. "I'm not quite such a fool as to suffer you to remain here a whole night."

Dick cast a contemptuous and threatening glance at the butler; took his hat, buttoned up his coat, and left the kitchen. Though the servants, one and all, were in favour of their visitor, they dared not give expression to their feelings in presence of Mister Yare, so they witnessed the scene in silence. But when Pittock departed, one of the housemaids contrived to thrust a loaf into his hand, and another to give him a packet of tea. Dick had already managed, by some means or other, to possess himself of a bottle of rum.

Making a merit, like many other men, of yielding to what was inevitable, Pittock encountered the wild storm, and proceeded, as we have seen, to Maude Doughty's hovel.

THE FATAL BRIDAL.

BY J. L. F.

They tell of a bridal party who retired to the beautiful island of Devenish (Fermanagh), to spend the day, and who, having prolonged the festivities to a late hour of the night, were returning in a large "cot," (a peculiar kind of boat, in the canoe form, in use on Lough Erne,) when, midway between the island and the mainland, either through mismanagement or the effects of a sudden squall, to which inland lakes are subject, the boat was upset, and all, or nearly all—amongst the rest, the Bride and Bridegroom—perished.

The setting sun's last red and lingering smile
  On broad Lough Erne's breast was softly beaming,
From whence uprose a fair and verdant isle,
  Bright as the vision of a poet's dreaming.

So still and sweetly calm the summer even,
  No passing zephyrs woke the leaflets' sighing,
While, brightly in the cloudless arch of heaven,
  A beauteous gem, the lone eve-star was lying.

A silvery mirror seemed the lake's expanse;
  A bashful beauty was the distant planet,
As with a timid, though a smiling glance
  Pleased she beheld her own fair form upon it.

And Echo softly woke her sweetest numbers,
  To welcome twilight's most enchanting hour;
While faëry spirits left their dreamy slumbers
  To dance around the old deserted tower.

And joyous hearts and beaming eyes had met,
  And Music breathed her most enchanting tones;
And all still lingered though the sun had set,—
  For scenes like these Night greater beauties owns.

And there were two who felt that day the bliss
  Which none, but those who love, may hope to feel:
That morn had seen them sealing, with a kiss,
  The bond, which none but those who love should seal.

And they were happy; and they cared not how
  The hours flew by them: all they cared to know
Each loved and was beloved; while to each brow
  The flush of pleasure gave a heighten'd glow.

And midnight came, and still, to music's breathing,
  Glad hearts beat joyously, and laughter wild
Woke the dying echoes; while young Hope was wreathing
  Gay flowers for brows, that on the future smiled.

At length the hour of parting came, and, slowly,
  They sought the border of the lake, whose wave,
Rippling against the beach, woke music lowly,
  Like Friendship sighing o'er the loved one's grave.

And now, to music's measured time, the oars
  Glance in the star-light with a silver ray;
While Echo answers, from her distant shores,
  The rich-toned cadence of the melting lay.

They lift the snowy sail, but scarce a breath
  Fills its unshaken folds. The wanton wind
Plays round the slumbering wave, and many a wreath
  Of gentlest kisses leaves its trace behind.

Echo is giving back that dying strain
With louder utterance. No! 'tis the gush
Of some wild waterfall, whose pearly rain
Wakes mimic roarings in its lakeward rush.

But, see! the sky grows darker, and a shade
Over the shining wave is hurrying fast;
As in bold wantonings the corn's rich blade
Bends, murmuring, before the tempest blast.

Ah, now they feel it! and the straining mast
Creaks in the fierce tempest. Low in the lake
The sail is steep'd. Again it rushes past!
And shrieks of wildest agony the silence wake.

Again, and wilder, fiercer, than before,
Over the frail bark the mountain storm sweeps!
She fills! That piercing shriek is heard once more;
Is hush'd; and on the placid wave soft silence sleeps.

Morn dawns upon the waters, and its star,
Twinkling with brilliancy, gleams on the tide,
Whose undisturb'd and crystal waters are
The nuptial couches of the Bridegroom and the Bride!

THE HABOR, REHOBOTH, AND SALADIN'S CASTLE.

BY W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH.

Expedition arrives at the town of Dér—Thapsacus of Rennell and D'Anville—Monastery of Der Abuina—Traditional tomb of Noah—Bitumen tried as fuel—The river Khabúr—Its sources and tributaries—The Habor of Scriptures—Captivity of the Jews—Abú Séraï, "the father of palaces"—Carchemish of Scriptures, and Cercusium of the Romans—Musquitoes—The beaver—Ancient Zaïta, an olive grove—Tumulus of the Emperor Gordian—Navigation to the Arab town of Mayarthín—Ruins of Castle of Ráhabá—Site of Rehoboth of Scriptures—Pass Carteron mountain—Station off Salahíyá—Tern of the Euphrates—Ruins of Saladin's citadel and castle—Monuments of Saladin's power—Questions regarding his character and assumed piety—His Kurdish origin—Singular doctrines of the Ali Ilahís—Arrival of two Arabs.

The steamers wended their way from the citadel and palace of Zenobia by a more open country, but of sombre aspect. Tracts of clayey alluvium, here and there broke up by the cropping out of ironshot volcanic rocks, lent to the interior a particularly stubborn and uninviting appearance; but on the banks of the river the soil was covered with grasses and brushwood, interspersed with occasional groves of poplar. We also passed in our onward progress several quadrangular mud-forts, such as in these thinly-populated districts at once enclose and give security to the villages of Müdan, or pastoral and sedentary Arabs.

After a navigation of fifty miles, effected without meeting the slightest interruption from banks or shallows, we arrived at a spot where the river was divided into two channels by a central island, and a little way down, on the Syrian side, was the town of Dér, in part built upon an artificial mound or eminence. We took the channel to the right, which was the most narrow and shallow of the two, but which enabled us to bring to immediately before the town, at a time when a dense flight of locusts was passing over, like a cloud, or rather like the dust raised by a hurricane on the desert, and which for a short time obstructed our movements.

Dér is a small town, containing about five hundred houses, and two thousand five hundred inhabitants; but it is a place of importance to the Arabs, who have not many permanent sites of the kind, and who congregate hither, from all quarters, to make the few purchases demanded by their wants. Ibráhim Páshá had hence considered it worth his while to bring the place into subjection, in consequence of the hold which it gave him over the Badawins of the desert; and he had appointed a governor and kadi, upon whose adhesion he could place a certain reliance—a policy which had done much towards tranquillizing and giving security to these wild and neglected districts.

The town and its central house-covered mound lay in the midst of a level clayey and sun-burnt plain; but these disadvantages of position had been successfully combated by industry. The soil was irrigated by innumerable canals, and the gardens were watered by buckets swung upon weighted poles, acting as levers. Hence, though there were few trees or shrubs, the country around produced, during the short Arab summer, much rice, maize, and other grain. The first few palm trees also made their appearance here, but they were of stunted growth, and apparently in an uncongenial soil or climate.

The word Dér signifies a habitation generally; but, in its special signification, it is applied to a monastery. D'Herbelot, in his Bibliotheque Orientale says, also, to a hermitage or chapel. D'Anville supposed, or rather advocated, the derivation of the name from the Persian, Dér, a gate, because he sought here for a pass, corresponding to Thapsacus of old, in which hypothesis he was joined by Rennell, although, in order to effect such an identification, they had to invert the statements of Xenophon, who makes it fifteen parasangs from the palace and park of Belesis to Thapsacus, and fifty parasangs from Thapsacus to the Araxes, and to argue that the Athenian historian intended to say fifty parasangs from the palace to the pass, and fifteen from the pass to the river—a totally unnecessary perversion of the original, as has been demonstrated from the identification of the pass with the ford of the Badawins, and which, as Ptolemy has it, was, in reality, *vada juxta Thapsacum*. Dér, on the Euphrates, according to Idrísi, was so called, from Dér 'Abúna, the name of a monastery which formerly stood on a spot, where, according to the traditions of the country, no less a person than the patriarch Noah, Míh al Nabí, also called Al Naji, and *κατ' εξοκην*, Sheïkh al Murílín, or the head of all the prophets, resided, after leaving the ark, and where he was buried.

We obtained at this place—the inhabitants of which were very friendly and well-disposed—large quantities of asphalte, or solid bitumen, and the colonel determined upon remaining the next day, to experiment upon its qualities as a fuel. The experiments were made on board the Tigris, and it was not found to answer well, alone, being so fusible as to cake and extinguish itself for want of air. The great quantity of combustible matter also caused so much smoke, or of carburetted product, to be given off before complete combustion had taken place, as to choke the vents, and add to the impediments already existing to a free supply of air. These inconveniences were, to a certain extent, obviated, by mixing it with other substances; but we had only earth and stones and dry dung to experiment with. It naturally answered best with the last, which is the ordinary fuel of the Arabs. It would answer still better mixed with cinders, and a fuel has been lately patented in this country, which is made of the refuse cinders, used in brick-fields, and earth, cemented with oil of tar, which is a fluid bitumen, or petroleum.

I have been the more explicit upon this subject, because so highly combustible a substance exists in considerable quantities in various places on the Euphrates, Tigris, and Persian gulf, and it may become of high importance in any future steam navigation of the rivers; also because the result of the experiments was made the subject of special reports to government, not all of a favourable character; while it is quite evident that it would require the exercise of but trifling ingenuity to overcome obstacles which positively take their origin from the excess of combustible matter presented to us.

During our detention at this spot, the sun became so powerful as to strike down the boatswain of the Euphrates, who was immediately cupped, but remained some time an invalid before he recovered.

Before quitting Dér, it remains to be remarked, that D'Anville has, in the district between Zenobia and the latter town, a mountain, called Elteroftrovil, and a rocky point designated as Dismontate, after notices from the Venetian traveller, Balbi; places, however, even of the names of which it is impossible to make anything, and still more difficult to identify with existing positions.

A brief navigation of thirty miles took us, on Wednesday, the 17th, from Dér to the mouth of the Khabur. As we did not quit the former town till after mid-day, it was evening before we arrived at this important junction of the greatest of the Mesopotamian rivers with the Euphrates, and while our steamer brought to on the left bank, a little below Al Khabúr, the colonel went on board the Tigris, which crossed the bar, and ascended up the latter river without interruption, till obliged to return by darkness.

The river Khabúr, which derives considerable importance from its watering all central and northerly Mesopotamia, is fed by various tributaries, the relations of which have only lately been proximately established. The central and main tributary flows from the Kárájah Tágh, in the district of Diyar-Bekr. It is called Jáhjakjáh, and is fed by several tributaries, one of which waters the ancient city of Sinna, now Kúh-Hisár. The next great tributary corresponds to the ancient Mygdonius. It has its source in the Jibal Tur, the ancient Masius, and flows past Nisibis. Other tributaries flow from the Masius, in the neighbourhood of Mardín, and from Dárá, renowned in the wars of the Romans and Persians. There is, also, the Hasawi to the east.

The other tributaries have their origin in central Mesopotomia, among the most remarkable of which are the springs at Rás ul aïn, or the head waters; the Ressania of the Romans, ennobled by Gordian's victory over Nársís. Next in importance are the sources of the Huali, or Holi, "the changeable or variable"—the Hermus of the Romans, said by Forbes (Journal of Royal Geographical Society, vol. ix., p. 422) to have its sources two hours N.W. of Lake Khatuniyeh, probably at the Hileia or Eleia of classical antiquity, renowned in battle history, and which, according to Ammianus (xviii. 16), and Rufus Festus (27), was twenty-five miles from Singara. The Hauli is also fed by streams descending from the Singar hills, where Forbes enumerates the Saluk, Singár, and Sakiniyah, and where Idrísí also notices the Aïn al Jibal, or spring of the mountain. The river Tharthar, which flows past Al Hadhr, was, according to Abu-l-fada, fed by a canal drawn from the Huali.

Forbes has, also, the river Kaukab, or Star; but that is the name of an isolated conical mountain, situate between the hills of Abd al Azíz and of Sinjar. The Theodosian tables also notice the Fons Scobore, and Pliny, Diosphage, which may be interpreted "the fountain of Jupiter." The orientals, indeed, speak hyperbolically of the sources of the Khabur being three hundred in number. In addition to which, the face of the country was covered with towns and forts, of which ten that I cannot determine, are enumerated by Ptolemy alone; while between the Huali and the hills of Singar is the salt marsh and lake, called Khatuníyah, or "of the lady," the extent and precise position of which has not yet been determined.

A passage in Ptolemy, relative to the river Saocoras, has given much trouble to the author, and to commentators generally. The Alexandrian geographer notices the river of that name as originating near Nisibis, and, therefore, apparently the same as the Mygdonius; but he also describes it as flowing into Euphrates, beyond a site, called Bethauna, which, again, is beyond Zaïta. A river having such a course is, consequently, introduced into D'Anville's and other maps of Mesopotamia. But no such stream was met with by the expedition, and it may be observed that Ortelius, in his Geographical Treasury, at the word Saocoras, quotes Andreas Masius, a local authority, to shew that the name of that river is Húr-múz, the Hermus of the middle ages, and Huali of the present day. It is not impossible, as a canal was drawn from the river to the Tharthar, that another might have also been once carried from thence to the south of Al Khabúr.

It is important to establish the identity of this great river of Mesopotamia with the Habor of Scriptures; as, in the endeavours made by the American missionaries to identify the Chaldean Christians with the lost tribes of Israel, the Habor has been sought for in an insignificant stream, also called Al Khabur, which waters the Romaion Ager of Procopius, in Upper Kurdistan. It is recorded, that the children of Israel were carried away captives into Assyria, in the ninth year of Hoshea, and were placed there in Halah and in Habor, by the river of Gozan (2 Kings, xvii. 6), which is translated by Gesenius, "in Chalites and on the Chabor, a river of Gozan." Now, notwithstanding Dr. Grant's identification of Halah with Hatarah, a poor village of Izídís, without a fragment of antiquity in the neighbourhood, the researches of Major Rawlinson have placed beyond a doubt that the Halah of the Captivity was also the Calah of Asshur, the Holwán of the Syrians, and Sar-Puli-Zohab of the present day. It was not, therefore, in the district of the Khabúr of Kurdistan, to which it has been attempted to confine the Assyria of Scriptures. Gozan, according to Cruden, Holden, and others, signifies pasture, and the banks of the Khabúr are far more renowned pasture-lands among the Arabs than are the actual Zozans, or summer pastures of the Chaldeans; and it is not surprising to find a nation preserving an expression, probably common to the Hebrews and Syrians, when languages were few, and intimately allied.

But what identifies the Habor with the Mesopotamian Khabúr most strongly, is, that it is mentioned in 2 Kings, xix. 12, in connexion with Haran and Rezeph, both which cities I have already had occasion to notice, as being in this neighbourhood. The same river is called Chebar in Ezekiel, who prophesied on its banks.

It is curious, however, that although the Habor preserves its ancient name in the Greek (without any two writers agreeing in its orthography),* in the Latin, and in the Oriental languages, that I have not been able to find any passage, in which the identity above advocated is alluded to or noticed.

It would appear that the Emperors Trajan and Severus constructed their boats on the Mygdonius, amid the forests of Masius, and brought them down the river to its junction with the Euphrates, as the means of transporting their troops from Mesopotamia into Babylonia. Julian approached the same place from Callinicus, and passed the river by a bridge of boats.

The point of junction of the Habor with the Euphrates has been the site of a city, town, or villages, from the most remote historical times. The Carchemish, so particularly alluded to by Jeremiah (xlvi. 2), as the spot on the river Euphrates where, uniting all the ancient power of the Assyrian empire, the Chaldean King Nebuchadnezzar defeated Pharaoh-Necho, and drove the Egyptians altogether out of Asia, is stated by Benjamin of Tudela—a high authority in all that concerns Jewish legends—to be the same as Karkisiya, and the identity is admitted by Bochart (Phaleg, 289), and by other learned biblical commentators.

In the time of Artaxerxes (Ardéshír), as we learn from Xenophon, there were at the same spot only a collection of villages; but they were so full of corn and wine, that the army of Cyrus not only refreshed itself here for three days, but also laid in provisions for the journey across the desert. Under the Romans, however, it rose as Cercusium, to be a colonial and limitrophal town,† and when Trajan, by his conquests, extended the empire to the borders of the Persian Gulf, his successor, Hadrian, hastened to bring the limits of the empire to within their former circumscription. "The god Terminus," says Gibbon, "who had resisted the majesty of Jupiter, submitted to the authority of the King Hadrian, to the infinite delight of Saint Augustin, and the resignation of the eastern conquests of Trajan was the first measure of his reign." The new extension given to the empire by Severus had the same brief duration; Rome, indeed, could never permanently subject the Persian power beyond the Habor. Gordian perished in the very neighbourhood; and by the overthrow and captivity of Valerian, the Roman name was humbled on the Euphrates, till Dioclesian undertook the kingly task of re-establishing the frontiers of the empire, on which occasion he embellished the city, and fortified it with walls and lofty towers. Galerius was soon, however, called to the defence of the same frontiers, which he successfully performed, by the engagement at Eleia or Huali; and Julian found on his invasion of the Persian empire, what his historian describes as a strong place, well-built, and of goodly appearance.

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* Zozimus writes *Αβώῤας*; Strabo, *Αβόῤῥας*; Ptolemy, *Χαβώρας*; Isidorus of Charax, *Αβουῤας*; Xenophon alone calls it Araxes.

† Ptolemy calls it *Χαϐώρα*, or Khabora, at the mouth of the river of the same name; and it is also called *Αβορεων φρουριον*, or the Castle of the Aborenses, in Simocatta, lib. iv., cap. 10.

Julian's visit is almost the last we have in history of Cercusium. In the time of Justinian and Anastasius, the boundary still extended nominally from Trebizond to Cercusium; but during the feeble reigns of the emperors of the East, it soon receded to Callinicus, and last held out, as we have before seen, at the Zeugma of Hierapolis.

Ibn Haukal describes Karkisá as still remaining, in Muhammadan times, a place of some importance, and as "abounding in fine prospects, cultivated lands, and gardens."

An Arab village, scattered amid ancient ruins and groves, which here and there disclosed a Muhammadan tomb, marked the site of this once important town and fort. It is still known to the Arabs as Karkisíyá; but is, from its extensive ruins, more familiar to them as Abú Séraï, or the "father of palaces." Unfortunately, night coming on, did not allow us an opportunity of exploring the vestiges of its ancient grandeur. The musquitoes were also more troublesome at this spot than they had hitherto been anywhere. Several attempts made to land on the left bank of the Khabúr, were effectually repulsed by these winged assailants, who filled the eyes, nose, and mouth instantly. The seamen got up the rigging to avoid their attacks, and the servants waited at table with their hands and face muffled up. The next morning I had many sick, and all those whose blood was in a bad condition were in a state of febrile excitement, and suffered much from the after-effects of the bites. The Arabs brought the skin of a beaver for sale. They said that this valuable animal was met with on the Khabùr. They also said that there were ruins of towns up the course of the same river, and it is known that formerly a much frequented line of road led by this river from the Euphrates to the Tigris. Commencing at Karkisíyá, it led, according to Idrísí, to Makisín, a distance of twenty-one Arabian miles, of sixty to a degree; thence to Al Nahr-Aïn, or the junction of two waters (the Khabúr and Huali), eighteen miles; fifteen miles beyond was Síkát al Abbas, the royal road of Abbas; twenty-one further, Aïn al Jíbal, the mountain spring; fifteen more, Sinjar; twenty-one, Tal al Chair, now Tal Afár; and lastly, fifteen beyond that, Balad, now Askí Músúl, and which, under the name of Balada, was a Chaldean episcopacy. There is little trouble, therefore, in following out this line of road. There were many sites known to antiquity in the same districts. Ptolemy, alone, enumerates six towns on the Saocoras, below Nisibin, and few spots offer promises of a richer harvest of archæological facts than an exploration of the tributaries of the Habor.

On Friday, the 18th of May, we continued the descent of the river, through districts which a few words of the Athenian historian have rendered familiar to all scholars:—"A plain throughout, as even as the sea, and full of wormwood; if any other kinds of shrubs or reeds grew there, they had all an aromatic smell, but no trees appeared. Of wild creatures, the most numerous were wild asses, and not a few ostriches, besides bustards and ghazels, which our horsemen sometimes chased."

Passing an olive grove on our left hand, called Zait, we came to a bend of the river, beyond which was the large Arab town of Mayarthin. The plain on which this town was situated was backed by a low range of cliffs, and the ruins of the castle of Ráhabá stood forward upon a detached rock in the midst of them. It was a beautiful, calm, sunshiny, afternoon. The weather, the hitherto continually prosperous navigation, and our sudden arrival at a town pleasantly bordering the low level banks of the river, which were crowded by its inhabitants, their dusky faces lit up by curiosity and wonder, lent such a charm to our situation, and so raised our spirits, that the effervescence could only find an outlet by firing a few guns, as a noisy salute to our friends, while we drew up alongside their sunny dwelling-houses.

So rapid had our progress been, and so swiftly had we been borne along from our last station, that I omitted to recognise the tumulus, or mound, erected, by his soldiers, to the memory of their murdered emperor Gordian. According to Ammianus, this tumulus was conspicuous for a long distance on approaching Zaita; and although that site is placed by the historian of Julian at only sixty stadia from Cercusium, it would appear from its name, to be the same as Zait, "the olive-grove." Ptolemy enumerates three, and the Theodosian tables two sites, between Cercusium and Zaita, which also throw doubts upon the distances above given; and Eutropius (ix. 11) and Sextus Rufus both agree in placing the tumulus of Gordian at a distance of twenty Roman miles from the Castle of Cercusium.

I could also hear of no traces of Dura, which appears to have been a deserted city in the time of Julian. The plain of Dura, on which Nebuchadnezzar erected the golden image, has been referred by Rawlinson to the site of the actual Imam Dúr, which, under the name of Beth Suri, was an episcopal see of the Syrians in the Sasanian times, and the Rusa or Rura, which, with its contained palace of Khusrau, was destroyed by Heraclius. But it is evident that there was also a Dura on the Euphrates, for Isidorus of Charax makes especial mention of such, as a city built by the Macedonians, and by them called Europus. Ptolemy does not notice Dura, but after Zaitha places Bethauna, having the usual Syrian origin, Beth, an "abode" or "town," with a corrupt termination.

Mayarthin could boast of about five hundred houses, chiefly disposed in a double line along the banks of the river. The level and well-cultivated plain on which it was situated, was formerly separated from the cliffs, in the background, by a canal; or, from the physical aspect of things, this may have been the ancient bed of the river, and afterwards a canal. Idrísí notices such a canal as being derived from Euphrates at Ráhabá, which divided itself into various branches in the interior. Some have even supposed this canal to extend hence to the Pallacopas. (*Questions Adressées á M. le Capitaine Chesney avant sa seconde exploration du Cours de l'Euphrate. Bulletin de la Societé de Géographie de Paris.*) But this mistake appears to have arisen from confounding what the oriental geographer says of the division of the canal at Ráhabá into several branches, with what he says immediately afterwards, as to the different canals flowing from the Euphrates.

We hastened from Mayarthin, across well irrigated fields to the Castle of Ráhabá. It was a ruin of Saracenic times, of no very great extent, but built of more ancient materials. Among these was a great abundance of bricks, the surface of which was covered with vitrified bitumen, and clay, converted into green slag, similar to what is met with in many Assyrian ruins. These bricks also occurred in the mound on which the castle is built. The tradition of the natives is, that it was originally founded by Nimrod.

The relation of the name of Ráhabá, with that of the Rehoboth of Scriptures, the existence of Assyrian remnants at the same place, and the preservation of a tradition of one of Nimrod's cities, are all circumstances which would tend to establish this neighbourhood as the site of one of the eight primeval cities of the world. The same tradition is preserved at all the cities of Asshur, of their origin from the mighty hunter. Resen is, in the present day, called Nimrúd, and Rehoboth is described, in Genesis, xxxvi. 37, as being by the river Euphrates, while Resen was between Nineveh and Calah (Holwan); which would hence be now all recognised positions. Bochart admits, at one place, (Phaleg, 38,) that Rehoboth is the same as the Rahabath Malik, or Royal Rahabath of the orientals, but he afterwards (p. 289) seeks for it at Birtha, as being a preferable site. This is founded upon a palpable imperfection of the Alexandrine geographer, by which Bochart was led to believe that Birtha was on the Tigris. Ptolemy it would appear, after following the Tigris for some time, suddenly goes across Mesopotamia to the Euphrates. He notices Dorbeta, (Diyar Bekr,) Saphe (Hisn Kaifá), then Deba or Bezabde (Jazíra ibn 'Umár), on the Tigris; thence he crosses to Sinjar, next to Betuna (Batnæ or Seruj), and by Lambana to Birtha, mis-written Virtha, by Ammianus, and now Bireh-jik.

Benjamin of Tudela noticed Ráhabá in 1173, as a town well constructed and fortified, and rendered agreeable by its surrounding gardens. Balbi, the Venetian traveller, only found, at the same place, in 1579, the vestiges of an ancient town, having but a few inhabitants dispersed among the ruins. It is noticed by Ibn Haukal as Rahabat Malik ban Tauk, and appears also to be the Hebata of Pliny. It was also at one time a Chaldean see, and is enumerated as such; which attests to its importance among the early Christians of Assyria.

Friday, May 20th.—From Mayarthín the river conducted us through a country a little less sombre than heretofore. The plains and marshes, or woods of tamarix, were enlivened by occasional Arab forts and villages, as also by the tombs of Sheïks—great people, in their own small coteries—which were always placed in some prominent and picturesque situation. Low hills of uniform outline stretched along the horizon on the Mesopotamian side, while on the Arabian the hills approached the river at several points; and at Al Ashár, the steamers had to make a very abrupt turn beneath a rocky cliff, which is noticed by Rauwolf, by the name of Carteron Mountain. A boat, not answering the helm readily, would indeed run great chance of being wrecked at this spot. The chief villages, on this part of the river, were Chíblí, Sheïk Arrat, and Al Asharítí.

At mid-day, the steamers brought to for fuel, at a most picturesque and delightful spot. The Mesopotamian side was pleasingly shaded, by an extensive tamarix and poplar wood, but on the Arabian the river was fronted by a bold and perpendicular cliff, about two hundred feet in height, and insulated to the north by a deep wooded ravine, while to the south, it descended more gradually to the level of the green river banks. The summit of this peninsulated rock was occupied by the ruins of a castellated building, which was at once seen to be the acropolis, or citadel, of a more extensive fortification.

It seldom occurs that rivers of such extent and magnitude as the Euphrates have not creations of their own, animal and vegetable forms peculiar to themselves. One great river is characterized by its crocodiles; another, by more savage alligators; a third, which, like the Oroonoko, opens into sea-like expanse, in the interior of lands, has its own porpoises, rolling about on its calm surface, or taking refuge in its mountain-enclosed depths. As yet, the Euphrates had only furnished us with two remarkable denizens, the fierce tryonix, peculiar to its waters, and the gigantic monitor; it was not till we got lower down that we first saw the barbel, which attains the length of an eight-oared cutter; but, at this point, the waters were enlivened by a beautiful and elegant little bird of the sterna, tern, or sea-swallow family, which congregated in numbers at the bows of the vessel, perpetually on the wing, and ever and anon dropping to the surface of the water, which they just skimmed, as they seized their passing prey of floating insects. We shot two or three of these pretty birds, for specimens; but, as I am not aware if they ever reached this country, I subjoin a description of the bird from my notes.*

While the wood was being cut and got in, a party, composed of the Colonel, Murphy, and myself, started to explore the ruins on the Arabian side, which were found to consist solely of the walls, with their gateways and the interior acropolis, being the remnants of a once extensive town, which stretched from the cliff over the river, as a level platform, far into the desert beyond. The whole of the ruins were evidently Saracenic, and the walls were flanked by towers, and defended by massive forts. Their circuit amounted to about three miles, and the citadel was also an extensive building. The gateway, which led into the desert to the west, was a richly decorated and beautiful specimen of Saracenic architecture. There were, however, no remnants of houses, or public buildings within the precincts, and the desolation of the interior tallied well with that of the surrounding country, to which, if possible, an additional sense of cheerlessness was imparted, by the tenantless aspect of these ruins, once the abode of life, and the centre, in these districts, of a short-lived dominating power.

The name of the place Salahíyah, is derived from Salahu-d-din, "the refuge or safety of religion," or "defender of the faith," as Yusuf the son of Ayub, the Kurd, designated himself, from political motives; and the traditions of the people attest to its origin, and, at the same time, to its having been one of the favourite strongholds of the conqueror, who held dominion hence over the powerful Atabegs of Edessa, Musul, and

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* Sterna Euphratica: length from bill to tail, six inches; body, five and a half inches; bill and head, two and a half inches; bill, one inch; extent of wings from tip to tip, twenty-three inches; head, neck, back, and abdomen, jet black; inner and upper wing coverts (tectrices), black; upper and outer scapular and humeral portions of the wings, pure white; lower wing coverts, more especially the inner parts, lower dorsal and lumbar regions, ash blue; bill, dark flesh-coloured; legs, orange red; membrane between two inner toes more deeply cut than between the outer toes; the thumb free and rudimentary. *One year's birds*—abdomen spotted with white, the lower wing coverts, grey.

Dyarbekr, and collected the roving tribes, under the banner of Islamism.

It is remarkable that this chieftain, who became the bulwark of Muhammadanism, at a time when it was most seriously threatened by the enthusiasm of the Christian nations, who was the greatest terror of the crusaders, and whose name, indeed, belongs as much to poetry and romance as to history, has left few monuments behind to commemorate his power and prosperity. It was a part of that character, which he assumed, when his talents and energy had established him as defender of the faith, and in which he was throughout as consistent as he was in that humanity and chivalrous moderation which has earned to him the applause of history, that he never allowed himself to be dazzled by his great elevation and successes: his garments were of coarse woollen, his drink, water, and he uniformly discountenanced all pomp and vanity. Hence his works were consecrated to public use. Cairo was fortified with a wall and citadel and mosques, colleges, and hospitals, were endowed in every city of Arabia and Syria; but for himself he never built either a palace or a castle. At the present day a hall, with noble monolith columns of red granite, some rude granaries, and a solitary well, still preserve his name in Misr al Kahíra; a fort on the confines of the desert, celebrated in the annals of French occupation, a suburb of Damascus, and the ruins now first resuscitated from darkness and oblivion, are among the few existing reminiscences, of the noble Saracen.

The ruins now before us formed, indeed, in their utter desolation the most fitting monument to that self-denying warrior, who commanded at his death that no solemnities should be observed, but that his shirt should be made fast to the point of a lance, and carried before his dead body, as an ensign, while the public crier announced to the people that "Saladin, Conqueror of the East, of all the greatness and riches he had in his life, carrieth not with him after his death anything more than his shirt." "A sight," says an old historian, "worthie so great a king, which wanted nothing to his eternall commendation more than the true knowledge of his salvation in Christ Jesus."

The faith and piety of the Saracen is made use of by Gibbon, no admirer of the crusades (expeditions accompanied, undoubtedly, by much unreasonable fanaticism, but which most writers now have agreed in considering to have been at that time a question of Christian or Mussulman ascendancy in the world), as a foil to the pious exploits of the followers of Christ; but, independently that the actual religious indifference of Saladin is attested by Vertot and other authorities, it can be established by the facts of the case, as also by the conduct of the chieftain himself.

We know from Schultens, to whom we are indebted for a translation of the life of Saladin, written by that chieftain's friend and minister the Kadi Búhadin, that the Ayubites were descended from the Kurd tribe of Rawandiz (Rawadæi), the same as the Orontes of Pliny, and who, in the present day, occupy that district of Kurdistan which is immediately east of Arbela. The name of this tribe is, according to Rawlinson, a corruption of the pure old Persian root Erwend, "a pass," the Derbend of the Turks, which is usually Hellenized into Orodes and Orontes. The chief city has hitherto, as far as I know, been visited only by two Europeans, Dr. Ross and the author.

By virtue of this descent, Saladin was a follower of that extremely latitudinarian doctrine of the so-called Ali Ilahís, who, like the Sikhs, admit the incarnation or spiritualization of almost every good and pious or virtuous person. Gibbon admits, in a passing note, that the Ayubites were infected with a heresy which he mistakes for that of the Metempsychosis; and hence, he says, the orthodox sultans insinuated that their descent was only on the mothers' side, and that their ancestor was a stranger who settled among the Kurds. This is a very great admission from one who immediately afterwards derides Vertot for adopting what he terms the foolish notion of the indifference of Saladin.

The religious dogmas which the hero had imbibed as a birthright, constitute, in fact, the most singular doctrine extant in the East. It is an acknowledged remnant of Judaism, strangely amalgamated with Sabæan, Christian, Muhammadan, and recent legends and traditions. The Ali Ilahís believe in a series of successive incarnations of the Godhead, one of which is always in existence, like the Lama of Thibet. Benjamin, Moses, Elias, David, Jesus Christ, Muhammad, Ali, and his tutor Salmán—a joint development—the Imáms Husain and Hasan, and the Haft Tan (seven pírs or bodies) are considered, with the Baba Yadgar, the chief of these incarnations.

Out of these may be selected as greater than others, Khídr Iliyas, "the Evergreen Elias," from whom and Ali they derive their name, who being translated without suffering the pangs of mortality, and, according to the Christian doctrine, being appointed to come again before the great and terrible day of the Lord, is still, by the Ilahís, considered to wander in the world. Rich, in his narrative of a residence in Kurdistan (vol. i. p. 141), relates his having met with a durwish, or holy follower of the Ali Ilahís, who averred to his having met and conversed with the prophet Elias or Elijah. The next in importance is Ali, the prophet of the Shíahs or Persians, and whose children, Abbas Ali, and the Imams Hasan and Husain, are joint successors of the incarnation of the divine principle. The third is the existing incarnation, and who was once induced to pay a state visit to the British resident at Bagdad.

The whole of these incarnations are thus regarded as one and the same person, the bodily form of the divine manifestation being alone changed; but there are different degrees of perfect development admitted, the most perfect having presented themselves in the persons of Benjamin, David, Elias, and Ali.

The tombs, objects of devout pilgrimage, of most of these incarnations are now known to travellers, and constitute some of the most remarkable monuments of Kurdistan, connected with which are also a variety of strange legends and traditions. The false Messias, David Elroi—one of these incarnations, lately introduced in a peculiar form into our literature—appears to have emanated from Amaria, a town in the district of the captivity, near Halah or Holwan. Mausolea to the memory of Elias are met with in various parts throughout the East—at Angora, at Kifri, on the Tigris, at Yaprakli, and numerous other places; but these are rather looked upon as "resting places" than as tombs.*

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* The Rev. Mr. Renouard has argued that Iliyas is the name of a Turkish saint and hero, confounded by the Turks with St. George and the Prophet Elias. Jour. of Roy. Geo. Soc., vol. ix. p. 273.

The latitudinariansm of such a belief as we have just endeavoured to render intelligible, from the circumstances of its being almost unknown in this country, attests at once to the insincerity of Saladin, when, for political purposes and as the defender of the faith, he pretended to Muhammadan exclusiveness and bigotry.

The very fact of his extreme religious ostentation, reading the Kur-an between contending armies, and his pretended discountenancing of a knowledge which he could not despise, manifest the hypocrisy of his purpose, if the general tenour of his actions had not left scarcely a doubt upon the subject. Foremost among these, we may place his assumption of Christian knighthood, his compassion towards the supposed enemies of his faith, his courtesies with King Richard, and his clemency at the capture of Jerusalem, and the frequent marriages which took place between Kurds and Christian maids, the negotiation upon such a delicate subject entered into in regard to Richard's sister and the Malik Adál, and preserved in the legends of the Babbah princes of Sulímaniyah, as well as the equal distribution of his alms upon his death among the three religions, sufficiently attest that Saladin lived and died in the wide embracing and tolerant spirit of the religion of his forefathers.

Just as we were about to quit these desolate ruins, and were stopping to watch a lone Tartarian wolf stealing away in the distance, our attention was attracted by the appearance of a point in the far off horizon which soon afterwards broke into two objects moving in the level arid plain, and as we examined them curiously from the walls, they loomed into our sight as mounted Arabs. Scott says of the Highlanders—

> "Scarce to be known by curious eye
> From the dark heather where they lie,
> So well was matched the tartan screen
> With heath-bell dark and bracken green."

But still far more in harmony with the red-brown wilderness, in which they were placed, were these sunny rovers of the desert. Their long brown camel-hair cloaks, the dusty sun-burnt kerchiefs which enveloped their faces and necks, and the bay-coloured neat-limbed steeds, almost identified themselves with the stubborn and flowerless shrubs and the time-worn rocks of the plain itself. The tasseled spear alone announced in the distance the real character of such a speck on the monotonous waste. The horsemen did not, however, come up till evening, when they turned out to be friends from Mayarthin, who had crossed the country, as they said, out of curiosity to see what would become of us. Whatever were their motives, we did not allow them to pass a supperless night on the banks of the river, for the people of Mayarthin had been friendly and well disposed towards us.

EPITAPH ON LAMAN BLANCHARD.

Vir probus et justus, jacet hic; qui vixit honesté;
In medio vitæ, sors inopina fuit.
Suprá alios homines, scribendi doctus in arte;
Quod scripsit, pulchrum est; utile, et inocuum.

Amicus.

TEARS.

(From the German of Adelbert von Chamisso.)

BY JOHN OXENFORD.

I.

WHAT is my crime, my father? Speak!
Thou tak'st no heed, though my heart may break.

Thou bidd'st me renounce him. I do; but yet
I freely confess it, I cannot forget.

Within me he lives—I myself am dead;
Before thy command I bow my head.

Now thou hast broken my heart and will,
Thy child would ask for one favour still.

When my weary eye is closed at last,
And from thine, perchance, the tears fall fast,

By the church wall, beneath the elder tree,
There by my mother bury me.

II.

I stand, ere morning tinges
The east with glimm'ring rays,
Before my window, gazing,
And tremble as I gaze.

And bitter tears of anguish
I shed when noon is here,
Though in my heart 'tis written
That he will soon appear.

And night, which I so dreaded,
It comes—that mournful night—
And day, bright day, has vanish'd,
I look'd for with delight.

III.

Neither rain nor dew, my mother,
Fall into thy earthy bed;
Tear-drops fall,
Burning-hot, they seek thee all—
Tears thy wretched child has shed.

I am digging—digging—digging,*
From my nails the blood-drops start;
Here I bring
All my wealth, while tortures wring
This my torn and bleeding heart.

'Tis my ring;—I pray thee, keep it—
Keep it kindly, mother dear;
For they say
I must cast my ring away,
And another I must wear.

Ring, my ring, beloved jewel,
Must I lose thee?—Must it be?
I shall come
Soon to seek thee in the tomb,
Then shall I recover thee.

IV.

Think—oh, ever think!—thou dear one,
Of my love so warm and true—
Think with what enraptured feeling,
When of sorrow nought I knew,
Unconstrain'd I vow'd, and free,
I would live for none but thee—
Seek thee now another love.

All my dearest mother left us—
All *he* view'd—the house and land;
When my father heard him bargain,
Stern and harsh was his command;
Vain were all the words I spoke,
Heart and faith alike are broke—
Seek thee now another love.

And the priest, with lips unfaltering,
Has an empty blessing given
To a most unholy marriage,
That was never made in heaven.
Hence—away!—remain not here!
Look for happiness elsewhere—
Seek thee now another love.

V.

Oh, she indeed is bless'd
On whose maternal breast
A blooming child appears!
Thou, Lord, wilt hear her raise
To Thee a song of praise,
And see her thankful tears.

And she who is denied
A woman's greatest pride,
Ever repines and mourns.
Raising her arms to Thee,
She says, "Lord, pity me!"—
To Thee for aid she turns.

More wretched I than all!
Grief—guilt, upon me fall,
With their whole weight of woe.
Let vengeance—pity, move—
A mother's joy or love
Grant I may never know.

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* Und ich grabe—grabe—grabe.

VI.

I saw him before me, I thought, as I slept,
My hair even now is erect with the fright—
Oh, would without sleep through the night I had slept—
I did so for many a night.

His aspect was troubled, and pale was his face,
And something he wrote on the sand, as it seem'd;
I look'd, and our names I plainly could trace—
Then, I know, aloud I scream'd.

At my scream he started, as though he were scared;
He gazed on me hard, but nought could he say;
I held out my arms, he mutely stared,
And then—he turn'd away.

VII.

Why do I look so pale and ill?—
Ask not again;
With joy—with joy thy bosom fill,
I'll ne'er complain.

The house and fields belong to thee,
The garden's thine,
Only beneath the elder tree
One place be mine.

Nor long nor broad shall be the spot,
But very deep;
Thither I'll haste—I'll linger not—
And there I'll sleep.

THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL SOCIETY AND THE ATHENÆUM.

It is much to be regretted, that the very success which attended the meeting of the British Archæologists, at Canterbury, has led to jealous and destructive contentions. Two Archæological Societies have sprung out of that meeting; and yet the original member, who happens to be a man of no party, is not included in the lists of either. It was sufficient, at the Canterbury meeting, that each person attending should pay his guinea, to be admitted as a member, and such persons naturally expected that they would continue to be members, till a next anniversary came to claim their attendance, and a new contribution.

But the majority of the council wishing, it is to be supposed, to get rid of some obnoxious members, separated themselves from all those who had been office-bearers at Canterbury, including the president, the treasurer, and the two secretaries. The majority of the council, would, we suppose, legally constitute the society; but, however legal, no one will be ready to admit the taste or propriety of such a majority, expelling the previous office-bearers, in this wholesale manner, and appointing in their places persons who had not attended the first and successful meeting of the society.

The objections taken to the previous office-bearers, were, to say the least of them, of the most frivolous description. The well-known archæological ability, the unblemished character, acknowledged amiability, and high rank of the noble president, placed him beyond an insinuation. So coarse ribaldry was resorted to by the Athenæum, which, from being originally adverse to the institution generally, treating it with a mountebank language peculiar to itself, now fancied it might go over to a powerful association, and even gain an ascendancy with it, by advocating the part of a faction in that association, which, however injurious to its interests, still claimed the authority of a majority. The jocose Athenæum, therefore, proclaimed Lord Albert Conyngham an "archæological Achilles." It is difficult to determine whether the absurdity or the bad taste of such an association of ideas is most remarkable. Mr. Pettigrew, who had volunteered his house and apartments to the society, was objected to as treasurer, because (as was stated) he had not a banker, as if this could not have been arranged by the council; added to which, sundry dark insinuations were made against him by the Athenæum, the more malignant and unmanly for not being expressed in such manner as to be capable of refutation. It would almost seem that the Athenæum had a personal quarrel with Mr. Pettigrew. Mr. Wright was assailed by Mr. Parker, the publisher of the Archæological Journal, because he, Mr. Wright, had published an Archæological Album on his own account. The change is thus merely a change of interests. If the Album contributed in any way to Mr. Wright's advantage, so the Journal now does, or is hoped to do, to Mr. Parker's advantage. Mr. Roach Smith was objected to, we suppose, for adhering to his brethren in distress. The mummy exhibition was sneered at. It was, at the best, an innocent attempt to diversify and give interest to the meeting; and if it had been objectionable to the majority, a vote of the council would have superseded such an exhibition in future.

Thus, driven out of their own society by a majority of the council, the office-bearers had no alternative but to call a general meeting, that the society at large might express its adhesion to the said office-bearers; and the bad example was set of making the expression of this adhesion a new subscription. The majority in the council, at the same time, commenced collecting recruits privately, upon the same principle of guinea-expressiveness. The authorities at Winchester, where the next meeting is to be held, have signified their acceptance of the party represented by the majority in council. Thus those who have subscribed with the office-bearers, will be apt to inquire, as to where their subscriptions will carry them to; while, at the same time, the original members, who have been lookers on during this unseemly contention, certainly not very creditable to the winning party, are passed by as non-existing. They are, undoubtedly, entitled to attend the ensuing meeting upon the same terms as the last, unless the majority claims to be *a new Archæological Society.*

But we would fain ask, if there can be no fusion of the now existing elements of discord into something like archæological harmony? The quarrel has surely been sufficiently discreditable to all parties, to render reconciliation, on all accounts, desirable. It has been suggested that, if we had a minister of public instruction in England, this is a case in which Mr. Parker's dread of the "Album," Mr. Albert Way's jealousy of Mr. Wright, and the calumnious attacks of the Athenæum upon Mr. Pettigrew, would soon be rendered innocuous. Certain it is that a large body of the society would unite, if possible, to enforce harmony, and ensure the integrity of the society; while if an organ of private opinion, like the Athenæum, will continue to lend itself to the purposes of party, and the fomenting of discord—its words must be received with proportional distrust. The distinguished men who have lent their names to the Winchester meeting, can never wish to be made the instruments of a clamorous jealousy, or the tools of a faction. They will proclaim the society to be open to all who originally belonged to it, and who have not seceded from it, amidst its party contentions and squabbles; and we, on our part, will use strenuous efforts to prevent the principles of combustion, so congenial to the Athenæum, from being used to the destruction of the society.

THE FORGER.

At the third representation of "Robert the Devil," M. Alexandre Dumas was walking in the saloon with a friend, the Baron Olivier d'Hornoy. The latter had just returned from Guadaloupe, and they had met after an absence of three years. Twice, as they walked up and down, a man passed them, whose manners were marked and peculiar. To avoid him, the baron proposed to retire to the lobby. M. Dumas inquired of his friend if he knew the person?

"Not precisely so," he answered; "but what I know is, that he seeks a quarrel with me, which I do not at all wish for."

"How is that, Olivier?" asked Dumas. "You had formerly the reputation rather of seeking quarrels than of avoiding them."

"Yes, I undoubtedly fight when it is necessary; but one cannot fight with every one."

"I understand you; this man is a doubtful character."

"Yes, to a certain extent. He calls himself the Viscount Henri de Faverne; keeps a splendid stud, plays high stakes, and pays every one. So far, well; but he also wants to be married, and this caused some explanations to be demanded as to the sources from whence a fortune, so profusely spent, was derived, and he answered, that he belonged to a family of rich colonists, who had large possessions in Guadaloupe. Well, as I had just come from thence, it was inquired of me, if I knew such a person? Now I need not tell you, that from one end of the island to the other, there are no more Counts of Faverne than there are upon my hand. My having simply stated this fact, is the cause of his seeking a quarrel with me."

At this moment the conversation was interrupted by the baron's being called away to a box, and Dumas had walked a little onwards, when he heard the noise of a scuffle, and a moment afterwards his friend came hastily towards him.

"Come along, Dumas—let us go out."

"What is the matter, my dear friend?"

"What I anticipated has taken place. That man has insulted me. He struck me, and I returned the blow. So now we must fight. There is no alternative."

As the friends descended the staircase the stranger passed them.

"You will not forget, sir," he said, loudly, to the Baron Olivier, so that everybody might hear him, "that I expect you in the Bois de Boulogne at six to-morrow."

"Certainly not," replied the baron, with an expression of profound contempt. Then turning round to Dumas, "That fellow," he said, "must have been bred to the plough. The idea of fighting at six in the morning! Why, I am never awake at that hour. And, then, to appoint the time himself; he should, at least, have left that to the seconds."

"Never mind; you will, I am sure, acquit yourself honourably. You will fight well, I am certain."

"Not near so much so as if it had been at eleven. However, bring the swords at five. I shall not use mine; he may say I am accustomed to them. I would have preferred fighting to-night, like a soldier, before a gas-lamp. But, no matter. Good-night, and be with me early."

"I will. Alfred de Nerval shall be the other witness, and Fabien is your medical attendant, and mine. He must also be there."

"Well, what sort of a day?" said the baron, early next morning, when Dumas arrived, according to appointment.

"Foggy, with a little drizzle."

"Ha, ha! You will see now, I shall have to fight in the rain, at six in the morning, and up to my knees in mud, to please that man. Can anything be more stupid? If he had not been a brute of a fellow he would have fought in a room."

The parties now descended to their carriages, and, arrived at the spot, they found their adversaries already there. The preliminaries were brief. M. de Faverne had named the hour; the baron had chosen the arms; all arrangements were impossible. The combatants took off their coats and waistcoats. M. de Faverne exhibited coarse and crumpled linen.

"Decidedly," said the baron, "that fellow is an impostor."

They approached one another. The baron was calm and collected, while his adversary assumed an aspect of exceeding ferocity. M. de Faverne commenced the assault. His first movements were precise and quick; but Olivier defended himself with as much ease as if he had been practising with foils. M. de Faverne, astonished at the coolness of his adversary, redoubled the energy of his assault, and accompanied his movements with loud exclamations, as if to frighten his opponent. He soon, however, became wearied by these exertions, and the baron took advantage of the circumstance to assume the offensive. This he did with so much precision, that, almost in a moment, the other was run through the body.

"I fear I have killed him," said the baron, "and I shall be sorry for it. I do not know why, but I have a feeling that that man ought not to die the death of a gentleman."

The wounded man was conveyed to his home, and attended by the doctor, Fabien. The sword had penetrated the lungs on the right side, but had not cut any vital organ. Two servants bore him, through apartments sumptuously furnished, to his bed. Their manners exhibited much indifference and unconcern at the accident. M. de Faverne himself, at first faint, had been roused by the painful movements of the carriage, and spoke a few words. The doctor dressed the wound, and prepared to leave; but the servants had retired, and there were no attendants.

"Have you no one to take care of you?" said the doctor.

"No one," he answered, with a deep intonation.

"No father or mother—no relative whatsoever?"

He seemed to murmur the name of Marie, but it died inarticulate on his lips.

"Sir," he said, recovering himself, "I may put trust in your word, may I not?"

"It is better, perhaps, not to ask anything of those whom we doubt."

"No, no," he said; "excuse me, I do not doubt you. You see this portfolio; it contains only family papers. If I die, promise me to burn it."

"I promise it to you."

"Without reading the contents."

"It is locked!"

"Oh, a portfolio is so easily opened."

The doctor, more disgusted than angry at the coarseness of the observation, returned the portfolio to its owner; but finding that he had hurt his feelings, M. de Faverne excused himself. "Long residence in the colonies," he said, "had rendered him distrustful."

"You will send me a nurse," added the sick man; "I will pay her well."

"I will," said the doctor; "but in the meantime you must not be alone. May I ring the bell for a servant?"

"No, no," replied M. de Faverne, "it is not prudent to be alone; but it is still more imprudent to be left with a man who may assassinate in order to rob. The hole is ready made," he added, in a low tone; "by introducing a sword into the wound, the heart, which my adversary missed, might be readily found."

The doctor stood astounded before the man who could entertain such suspicions.

"No," he continued; "take the key. Lock me in my room, and give it to the nurse, with strict injunctions not to leave me by day or night."

As the worthy Dr. Fabien retired, he had more time to observe the apartments of this singular man. They were, as before noticed, richly, even sumptuously furnished; but nothing was tasteful, nor in keeping. Paltry imitation vases stood amidst Dresden crockery, and worthless engravings were enshrined in valuable frames. Everything was also new, and appeared to have been purchased within a few months. The gorgeously liveried servants in the hall also appeared to be laughing at their master's misfortune.

The fever that ensued was more than usually violent; but, thanks to the skill of the medical attendant, and to a good constitution, M. de Faverne got through it safely, and the wound healed favourably. The only person who had sent during his illness to inquire after him, was a M. de Macartie. This was his intended father-in-law; and he anxiously inquired of the doctor, if this manifestation of interest did not prove his disbelief of the calumnies related against him?

"Undoubtedly so," said the doctor.

"Ah!" he continued—"I have written to the governor of Guadeloupe. In two months his answer will be here, and then parties will be satisfied. Doctor, you must be at the wedding."

At the lapse of a fortnight, the doctor returned the portfolio which had been entrusted to his care, and expressed his intention of discontinuing his visits. M. de Faverne opened it, and took out a handful of bank-notes, most of them of a thousand francs.

"Doctor," he said, as if musing, "he must be a courageous man who would forge a bank-note."

"I think, on the contrary, that it is an infamous and cowardly action."

"Infamous it may be, but not cowardly. Do you know that it requires a firm hand to write this short line:

The law punishes the forger with death.

Do you not think, doctor, that to punish a man with death because he has made a few false notes, is very cruel?"

"Yes, I agree with you," replied the doctor; "and I also know, from good authority, that this punishment is about to be commuted."

"Indeed!" said M. de Faverne, much excited. "Are you sure of it?"

"Why, does it interest you?"

"Certainly," replied M. de Faverne, somewhat confused. "Does it not interest every friend of humanity, that so severe a law should be abrogated?"

The doctor retired, and the next day he received an envelope, containing a bank-bill for a thousand francs, with M. de Faverne's compliments. It was put by with a number of others. A few days afterwards the doctor had occasion to make a payment, which he did with four notes of one thousand francs each. The following morning one of these was returned as a forgery.

Three months had elapsed since this event, without the doctor's suspicions having been excited, when one evening the servant announced M. de Faverne. He was pale and agitated.

"Doctor," he said, on coming in, "you are the only man in Paris who has gained my entire confidence. A terrible event has happened to me, and I come to seek your advice."

"Advice," said the doctor, "is generally asked only to confirm oneself in our previous opinions."

"Oh, but this is a serious case. I fear I am a lost man."

"Lost! How so?"

"Yes, she will pursue me—she will tell every one who I am."

"Who is she?"

"Marie."

"Well, you are rich. I suppose there are means——"

"No. She is a village girl—good, confident, not to be turned from her purpose. She has left her village, has discovered my abode, and this very evening, without saying who she was, she came to my house with a baby, the offspring of a moment's folly."

"And what did you do?"

"I said I did not know her, and ordered her to be shown to the door."

The doctor involuntarily recoiled before such cool villany.

"After I had driven her away, I saw that she seated herself on a stone opposite to my house."

"And do you think that she is still there?"

"Yes."

"And what do you wish me to do?"

"See her—offer her money;—only get her away. If M. de Macartie learns who and what I am, he will not give me his daughter."

"I will see this poor young woman," said the doctor.

And they issued forth together. Arrived near M. de Faverne's residence, that person pointed out the young woman. Her baby was crying; but she herself bent tearless over it. M. de Faverne retired, and the doctor approached her, calling her by her name.

She raised her head, and said, "It is not him," and then let it fall again.

"I am the Doctor Fabien," he said, "and am sent by him."

"By Gabriel?"

"Yes."

"Then I will follow you. Where do you wish to lead me?"

"To my house."

Ten minutes after this the young woman was seated in the doctor's cabinet, the child sleeping tranquilly.

"Well, sir, since you wish me to relate my history—it is a sorrowful one, but I will proceed with it. I am daughter of the schoolmaster of the village in which Gabriel and myself were born. He was the son of an honest farmer, and he came to our school. The other boys used to beat Gabriel, and I took his part. Thus we contracted the habit of being together, and a strong affection grew up between us. Gabriel had a wonderful facility in learning to write, and as his hand perfected itself, he also obtained the aptitude of imitating other writings so closely, that the copies could not be, even by the writers themselves, distinguished from the originals. The other children used to be delighted with this talent; but my father would shake his head, and often said—

"'Gabriel, do not do those things. They will turn out ill.'

"When Gabriel left school he would not take to the farm, and the mayor having heard of his skill in writing, employed him, against his father's wishes, as clerk. We remained good friends. Gabriel appeared to have the same love towards me, and I loved him with all my heart. We walked together and conversed together, village fashion. No one troubled themselves with our concerns. We were both poor, and, therefore, out of the pale of interest.

"But Gabriel always dreamt of going to Paris. This was the great object of his ambition, and the constant theme of his conversation. The time of the elections came round; a candidate arrived at our village. A number of circulars were wanted. Gabriel was the only person who could do them. The deputy promised in return to get him an engagement in Paris.

"Gabriel came to me that evening intoxicated with joy. But the candidate lost the appointment, and departed without remembering his promise to Gabriel. My lover was at first inconsolable, but, after a time, he said, as if some happy conception had struck him—

"'Luckily I have preserved the original from whence I made the copies.'

"'Well, and what use will that be to you?'

"'Oh none,' he answered, 'save to remind me of its author.'

"But eight days afterwards, the mayor came to Gabriel's father with a letter. It was from the unsuccessful candidate, saying that he had not forgot his promise to Gabriel, and that he had obtained for him a situation at a leading banker's in Paris.

"Gabriel hastened to me with the information, but that which gave him infinite joy, was a source of sorrow to me, and I wept. Gabriel had often, over and over, described the happiness which would result to both by his receiving an appointment in Paris, which would give us the means of being united; and he now cast himself upon his knees, repeated his asseverations, and calmed my fears by his earnest protestations of love and sincerity.

"Gabriel was to quit that very evening. His father had raised a thousand francs to start him in the world, and he was to leave that night for the nearest town, where he would find a coach; but it was arranged between us that he should make a retrograde step, and that we should pass a last few hours together. I had promised, in the grief of parting with him, to receive him clandestinely in the house. It was the first time that I had done so, and I hoped to be as resolute against him and against my heart, as I had been before; but, alas! I grievously deceived myself.

"Gabriel did not leave me till near day-break; I walked with him to the garden-gate. On his knees he renewed his protestations that none but myself should ever be his wife. He then tore himself from my tears, and in his haste a paper fell from his pocket. I picked it up; it was a note for five hundred francs; I called after Gabriel, and he returned.

"'Look,' I said, 'you have lost that; how glad I am that I found it!'

"'Ah,' he replied, laughing, 'so am I, for it gives me one more parting kiss; but as for the note, it is worth nothing.'

"'How! worth nothing?'

"'No, it is only a copy which I amused myself in making;' saying which he tore it to pieces, and let the wind carry away the fragments. When he was gone, I thought I would preserve one of these little fragments. I picked up the largest; by a strange chance it contained that portion which says,

The law punishes the forger with death;

and it was written in a somewhat tremulous and undecided hand.

"Eight days elapsed before I heard from Gabriel. He had arrived, he said, in Paris; was established at a banker's, and was happy beyond his expectations. In three months, he said, I should share that happiness with him. A fortnight afterwards I received another. This found me in tears. I answered him, bidding him to hasten the moment of our union, for that for the future our efforts would not only have for object our own happiness but that of our child.

"I received no other letter from Gabriel, but one came shortly afterwards to his father, announcing that he was about to start the same day for Guadaloupe, on affairs connected with the bank in which he was placed. The blow was terrible; for a time I refused to believe it, and went on still hoping to hear from him. At length my situation could no longer be concealed, and I resolved to disclose everything to the priest. He was an indulgent, holy man, who consoled me and comforted me, instead of upbraiding my misfortunes. My idea was that Gabriel was still in Paris, and that he had only written that letter to rid himself of me. I expressed this to the good man, who with my permission offered to disclose my suspicions to his father. Thomas Lambert, the father of Gabriel, was a man of unsullied integrity; when he heard my history, he inquired if his son had deceived me by a promise of marriage? I showed him his letters in proof of it.

"'Marie,' he said, 'you are my daughter—your child is my child, and in eight days we will know where is Gabriel.'

"'How so?' I inquired.

"'I shall leave for Paris to-morrow morning, and if I find him, my authority as his father shall be used to make him keep his word.'

"I thanked him with the feeling with which Agar must have thanked the angel, who indicated to her the spring at which her child could assuage its thirst.

"Eight days after this I was sent for to father Lambert's house. He had just returned, and the priest was there also.

"'Have courage,' said the latter; 'Thomas brings us bad news.'

"'Does Gabriel no longer love me?' I exclaimed.

"'It is not known what has become of Gabriel,' answered the priest.

"'Is the vessel he went in lost, then? Is Gabriel dead?'

"'A mere fable,' answered the father. 'I went to the banker's; he never had a clerk called Gabriel Lambert, nor has he any interest in Guadaloupe. I also went to the deputy's house; he never wrote to me or to my son.'

"My head fell upon my breast at these revelations.

"'I also went,' continued the father, 'to the hotel, from whence he wrote. He had remained there six weeks, and had gone thence, no one knew where.'

"Six or seven months after father Lambert's return, (the child now sleeping being born in the interval,) the news spread in the village that the mayor had just returned from Paris, where he had seen Gabriel; but Gabriel converted into a gentleman, with servants and equipages. He had seen him at the opera.

"Upon hearing this, I resolved upon going to Paris myself, in the hopes of seeing him. I went to the Hotel de Venice; it was the only one I knew by name. I inquired the road thence to the opera; it was indicated to me, but that evening there was no performance, and I waited in vain at the doors. The next day I remained alone with my child, and at night I again went forth to the doors of the opera. Many carriages arrived; and poured forth their tenants, but I did not recognise Gabriel. I had two days more to wait. The third night I was at my former station. At nine o'clock a carriage drove up, from which a young gentleman resembling Gabriel stepped out. I was obliged to seek support by leaning against a pilaster.

"'At what o'clock?' said the coachman.

"'At half-past eleven,' he replied, ascending the stairs with a light step. It was his voice, as well as his face, and I had no longer any doubts.

"I waited.

"At half-past eleven he came out, giving his arm to an elderly lady, and followed by an elderly gentleman, who escorted a beautiful young woman. He accompanied them to their carriage, and then waited for his own. At length it arrived in its turn.

"'Where is Monsieur going?' inquired the servant.

"'Home,' answered Gabriel.

"The carriage drove away by the Boulevards, and turned to the right. The night of the next performance I went out, but instead of waiting for the carriage at the door of the opera, I placed myself, with my baby, further on, on the Boulevards. It passed a few minutes before twelve, and turned into the second street to the right from where I stood. I went thither to read the name; it was the Rue Taitbout.

"The next day I waited at the corner of the Rue Taitbout. By this means, by following the carriage from street to street, I thought I must ultimately ascertain his home. I discovered it before I anticipated; the carriage stopped at No. 11, Rue Taitbout. I went thither, and inquired if M. Gabriel Lambert resided there. I was answered in the negative—the house was that of the Baron Henri de Faverne. It was Gabriel, I had no doubt; but Gabriel rich, and therefore disguising his name. My visit would be therefore doubly disagreeable to him; so I wrote a letter, asking an interview, to the address of M. de Faverne, and signed it, Marie.

"My letter was returned without an answer. The next day I called myself, but was refused admission. I then took my child in my arms, and sat on a stone opposite to the gateway. I was determined to remain there till he came out. I sat there all day, and night came. Then it was that you came to my relief. Now, sir, you know all; you seem humane—what would you advise me to do?"

"I cannot say to-night, but I will see him to-morrow morning."

"And have you any hopes for me, sir?"

"Yes, I have hopes that he will not see you again."

"Good God! What do you say?"

"I mean, poor child, that it is better, believe me, to be the deserted Marie, than Baroness de Faverne."

"Alas! you think then, with me, that he is——"

"I think he is a villain."

"My daughter—my daughter!" said the poor mother, casting herself on her knees, as if to protect her sleeping infant.

Early next morning Dr. Fabien went to the house of M. de Faverne; he saw that he had thrown himself on his bed without undressing, and everything indicated a night of sleeplessness and anxiety.

"Ah, doctor," he said, "is it you? You have seen her?"

"Yes."

"Well! What do you think of her?"

"I think she has a noble heart, and that she is a virtuous young woman."

"Yes, but she will be my ruin; she refuses all indemnification except marriage. Could you not, doctor, lead her to change her resolve?"

"I have told her what I think—that it would be better to be Marie, and mother of a child without a name, than Madame de Faverne."

"What do you mean by that, doctor? Do you mean to say——"

At this moment a servant came in.

"What do you want?" said the baron, roughly.

"A messenger from the bank, sir, has called for an acceptance."

"How much is it for?" asked the baron.

"Four thousand francs."

The baron turned to his portfolio, took out four notes of one thousand francs each, and gave them to the servant.

The servant returned in a moment.

"The messenger would wish to speak to you, sir."

"The messenger can have nothing to say to me," said the baron, angrily; "let him go."

But the man had slid himself in at the door after the servant. "I beg your pardon, sir, you deceive yourself; I have, indeed, something to say to you." And, springing at his collar, he seized him, exclaiming, "You are a forger, and I arrest you in the name of the law."

In the month of May, 1835, M. Dumas, the historian of Gabriel Lambert's fortunes, was at Toulon, inhabiting a country box near the renowned fort of Lamelgue. He had retired there for seclusion, being engaged on an historical work. But the blue Mediterranean tore him from his work, and he asked the commandant at the fort where he could hire a boat? The commandant answered that he would think about it, and the next morning, on opening the window, the author saw, beneath, a neat looking boat, manned by twelve convicts, just the sort of bark he thought he would like—a strange crew, who, under the red caps with which they were covered, might display many characteristic heads. He accordingly descended to make their acquaintance. Some were thieves, some incendiaries, some murderers; but they were now tranquil and obedient, and as he approached, they rose, and touched their caps. As the men took their places at the oars, M. Dumas remarked one who appeared to wish to avoid his observation, drawing his cap over his eyes, and endeavouring to turn his head away.

He was a person of about twenty-eight or thirty years of age; his beard was long, but red and spare, and it gave no character to his physiognomy. His eyes were of a pale grey, and wandered from one object to another without expression. Unlike his neighbours, on whose rude countenances the expression of those passions which had led them there could be distinctly read, he had one of those unmeaning faces which positively express nothing. He would, therefore, have been soon satisfied himself with observing a man whom he at once foresaw could only have been a criminal of an inferior order, had it not been for his peculiarity of manner, and from a confused notion of having seen him somewhere before.

After his return, Dumas could think of nothing but of the convict. He felt convinced he had seen him, but he could not think where. As it often happens that we have a word in the mouth, and are ready to express it, but it escapes at that very moment, so ever and anon the person of the convict presented itself to his mind, and then disappeared as an illusion of memory. He grew anxious for the time when he should see him again; but when he hastened down the next morning to the boat, the convict was not there. One of the others, however, had brought a letter, which was secretly delivered. It was addressed to M. Alexandre Dumas. He opened it, and read as follows:—

"Sir,—I observed yesterday the efforts which you made to recognise me, and you must have remarked those which I made to frustrate your wishes.

"You will understand that in the midst of all the humiliations to which we are exposed, one of the greatest is to find oneself, degraded as we are, face to face with one whom we have met with in good society.

"That is the reason, sir, why I wish to absent myself from your view. I have pretended illness, and hope you will not ask after me, or force the services of your humble servant,

"Henri de Faverne."

On his return to Paris, Alexandre Dumas hastened to Doctor Fabien's, to obtain information regarding the history of this person, subsequent to what he already knew of him in the affair with the Baron Olivier; and it was then that he learned the details which have been recorded above, with the additional account of as to how the punishment of death had been commuted into imprisonment.

Six months after his arrestation, and when sentence of death had been passed upon the miserable man, he had, as a last resource, written to Doctor Fabien, begging his intercession with the person of the king to procure a remission of his sentence. He reminded him of the conversation which had once taken place upon the subject of the severity of the law in cases of forgery, and of his statement, as surgeon to the king of the French, that there was a desire in the highest quarter to abrogate the extreme penalty. The doctor, although despising the individual, and thinking himself that death was preferable to perpetual labour and imprisonment, felt that, having so expressed himself, it was his duty to do his best, even for so despicable and cowardly a criminal.

He accordingly repaired to the Tuileries. It was evening; and the Queen, princesses, and ladies of honour were, as usual, seated at a round table, engaged in works intended for charitable purposes. He was informed that the king was working in his cabinet. This sanctuary was open to the doctor. In an ante-chamber he found a secretary busily engaged. He was a man of heart, and a friend of the physician, so he narrated his business to him, after which he opened the door to announce him, and he heard the king answer—

"Fabien!—Doctor Fabien? Well, let him come in."

He entered. Never had majesty appeared to him so powerful as at that moment—a single word from it was going to decide upon a man's life. There was, however, an expression of serenity in the king's countenance, which gave him confidence.

"Sire," he said, "I ask pardon for presenting myself before your majesty without having been called. But my visit has reference to a good and holy action, and I hope your majesty will excuse me in favour of the motive."

"If that is the case you are doubly welcome," said Louis Philippe; "speak—quick! The profession of king becomes so bad in these times that the occasion of improving it must not be lost. What do you wish?"

"I have often had the honour," said the doctor, "to discuss with your majesty the grave question of the punishment of death, and I know what are the opinions of your majesty upon that subject. I come, therefore, to you with the more confidence."

"Ah, ah! I anticipate what brings you here!"

"An unfortunate man, guilty of having forged bank-notes, has been condemned to death, and is to be executed to-morrow."

"I know it," said the king; "and I left the family circle in order to examine into the circumstances myself."

"How! Yourself, sire?"

"My dear M. Fabien," continued Louis Philippe, "do know one thing: it is, that there is not a head that falls in France, that I have not myself become satisfied that the condemned was really guilty. Every night that precedes an execution is for me a night of deep study and of profound reflection. I examine all the depositions, the accusation, and the defence. If I doubt them, I remember the right which God has granted me, and, without pardoning, I leave them life. If my predecessors had acted as I do, doctor, they would probably have had, at the time when God condemned them in their turn, fewer stings in their consciences, and more regrets over their tombs."

As the king spoke, the doctor contemplated, with feelings of the deepest respect, the man who, while others were amusing themselves, retired to solitude to decide upon the fate of a convict. Thus, at the two extremes of society, two men were occupied with the same thought—the one, that the king could save him, and the king, that it was in his power to save the condemned.

"Well, sire," he said, with some anxiety, "what is your opinion with regard to this unfortunate man?"

"That he is truly guilty, but that the law is too severe."

"Then I may hope to obtain the remission which I came to ask from your majesty?"

"I cannot tell you an untruth, M. Fabien; my resolution was taken before you came in."

"Then your majesty grants a pardon?"

"Can it be called a pardon?" said the king. And he wrote upon the margin of the parchment—

"I commute the punishment of death, into that of forced labour for life."

He then signed it.

In the month of October, 1842, circumstances again took M. Dumas to Toulon. He did not forget to inquire after his old acquaintance M. de Faverne. It was with some difficulty that he found out one of his old crew. It was the man who had been chained to him, for at the *galères* convicts are coupled together like dogs.

"Oh! Gabriel Lambert is it, you are inquiring after?" he replied, to M. Dumas's questions. "He grew very tired of the system. We were good friends, but he was of a very melancholy temperament. For two years he went on getting lower and lower; I saw that he had something which he wanted to communicate to me, and I encouraged him to do so. At last, one day a heavily laden wagon was passing by us. 'If I was not a coward,' he said, 'I would put my head under that wheel.' I now saw the turn which his thoughts had taken, and his melancholy was so disagreeable that I prompted him on. 'You must feel yourself out of your proper place here,' I said. 'You have been rich, moved in good society; it would be better to finish with it.' He listened and acceded, but did not act; he was terribly afraid of death. Six months passed in this state of indetermination, but he was familiarizing himself with the idea.

"One day we were working behind a lofty pile of hewn timber. Close by was a solitary mulberry tree.

"'An admirable spot to hang oneself,' I said.

"He looked at me, pale as death.

"'I have no cord,' he remarked.

"'I have one.' And I drew from a hole in the timber a very proper-looking rope.

"'Well, what would you have me do with that?'

"'Oh, beg of me to do the thing, and I will do it.'

"'Well, then, I wish you to do it.'

"'You wish me, really?'

"'I do.'

"'Well, I never refuse anything to an old friend.'

"So I made a running knot, and placing him upon a log of wood, I fixed the rope round his neck. I then laid myself down upon the ground and shut my eyes. Ten minutes elapsed, and I heard nothing.

"I opened my eyes, and looked at him. He was in the same position, but like a corpse in appearance.

"'Well?' I said.

"He sighed.

"At that moment I heard some one approaching. In my hurry to lie down, my foot pushed against the log of wood. Gabriel fell heavily. I felt some convulsive movements, which shook our connecting chain.

"A short time afterwards I was sensible of a well administered kick.

"'What is the matter?' I said, wakened up by the rude application.

"'What is the matter?' replied the superintendent; 'why, you have been sleeping there, while your companion has been hanging himself.'

"You may judge, M. Dumas, of my surprise. Gabriel was, however, so great a coward that no one thought he could have died without some little trifling assistance, and I was sent for a month to the dungeon."

SERENADE.

BY A CORKMAN.

Listen, dearest, listen!
Faëry harps are ringing,
And the bright stars glisten,
Star to bright star singing!

Fragrant flowers are blushing
O'er each vale and mountain;
Silver streams are gushing
Softly from each fountain.

Still and calm the even,
Sweet the leaflets sighing:
On the azure heaven
Fleecy clouds are lying.

'Tis the hour for roving—
Starlight in its meetness—
Gentle one and loving,
Come and prove its sweetness!

Dew is on the roses,
Balm is on the heather,
Come, while Day reposes,
Let us forth together!

Though the stars are shining
Where the streams are gushing,
Heart with heart entwining,
None shall see thee blushing.

In yon glen's recesses,
Silent, deep and lonely,
Shall this heart's caresses
Thine be, and thine only.

Listen, dearest, listen!
Faëry harps are ringing,
And the bright stars glisten,
Star to bright star singing!

ADVENTURES OF HEREWARD THE SAXON.

BY THOMAS WRIGHT.

I.—DESTRUCTION OF THE NORMANS AT BRUNNE.

On the 14th of October, 1066, the dynasty of the Anglo-Saxon kings was overthrown, in one long, desperate, and sanguinary combat—the Battle of Hastings. The Norman conqueror at first pretended that he had fought only for a throne to which he was entitled, and he promised that *his* people should be molested neither in their laws nor in their property. But he gradually and insidiously introduced his Norman soldiers into the possessions of the vanquished, until he had made his position sufficiently strong to throw off altogether the ill-sustained mask. Then followed a period of spoliation and ravage. The bravest of the Saxons took to the woods and the morasses, became outlaws, and lost no opportunity of plundering and destroying their oppressors, in revenge for the injuries which had been inflicted upon their country.

On a calm evening, in the year 1068,* ill-assorting with the political turbulence and confusion around, a stranger, whose stature was below the ordinary standard, but whose form exhibited great muscular strength, whose mien and bearing told of lofty deeds of prowess, and whose flaxen hair bespoke a pure Saxon origin, entered the village of Brunne, in Lincolnshire, the chief manor of the noble Earl Leofric. He had with him one attendant, light armed like himself, and clothed for a long journey on foot; for the Anglo-Saxons made no great use of horses. The stranger turned into a house at the entrance of the village, and demanded hospitality of its tenant, a Saxon knight and one of Earl Leofric's dependents, who received him with a Saxon welcome. But the faces of the inmates bore marks of intense sorrow and dejection, and, in answer to his questions, they told him that their lord was dead, that a Norman had been sent to usurp his possessions, and that they were on the point of being delivered over to the rapacity of the invaders. When requested to give a more particular account of their misfortune, the host said—"It is little consistent with the rites of hospitality to make our guest a partaker in sorrows which, perhaps, it is not in his power to alleviate. Nevertheless, since it is thy will, know that, until yesterday, the younger child of our ancient lord, the heir to his possessions, unless his elder brother Hereward, a brave soldier, but now absent in some far distant land, should return, was living amongst us. He and his mother were recommended to our protection by our lord on his death-bed. Yesterday, the Normans came and seized upon his house; they demanded the keys and the treasures, and the youth slew two of the intruders, who would have laid violent hands upon his parent. The wretches killed the boy, and have fixed his head ignominiously above the door-way. Alas! we have no power to revenge him. Would that his brother Hereward were here! before to-morrow's sun rises they would all taste of the same bitter cup which they have forced upon us!" The stranger listened to the tale, and groaned inwardly.

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* The date of our hero's return is fixed, by the Annals of John, abbot of Peterborough—"Anno MLXVIII, Herwardus de partibus transmarinis rediens in Angliam ad hæreditatem suam, et reperiens regem Normannis eam contulisse, occisis occupantibus cœpit contra regem dimicare."

It may be right to observe, that our history of Hereward is taken, almost literally, from the *Gesta Herwardi Saxonis* (preserved in a MS. of the twelfth century) compared with the chronicles of the time.

After they had partaken of the evening meal, the family retired to rest; but their guest lay sleepless and thoughtful on his bed, until suddenly the distant sounds of singing and music, and shouts of riotous applause, burst alternately upon his ears. He sprang from his couch, roused a serving man of the house, and, inquiring the meaning of this tumult, was informed that the Norman intruders were celebrating the entry of their lord into the patrimony of the youth they had murdered the day before. The stranger put on his arms, threw about him a large black cloak which concealed him from observation, and, with his companion in a similar garb, proceeded through the village to the place of boisterous revelry. There, the first object which met his eyes was the ghastly head, which he took down, kissed, and wrapped in a cloth, and then the two adventurers placed themselves in the dark shade within the doorway, whence they had a full view of the interior of the hall. The Normans were scattered around a blazing fire, most of them overcome with drunkenness, and reclining on the bosoms of their women. In the midst of the hall was a jongleur, or minstrel, who chanted songs of reproach against the Saxons, and ridiculed their unpolished manners in coarse dances and ludicrous gestures. He was proceeding to utter indecent jests against the family of the youth whom they had slain, when he was interrupted by one of the women, a native of Flanders. "Forget not," she said, "that the boy has a brother named Hereward, who is famed for his bravery throughout the country whence I come; if he were here, things would wear a different aspect to-morrow." The new lord of the house, indignant at the boldness of the speaker, raised his head, and exclaimed, "I know the man well, and his wicked deeds, which would have brought him ere this to the gallows, had he not sought safety in flight; nor dare he now make his appearance anywhere on this side of the Alps."

The obsequious minstrel seized on the theme thus started by his lord, and was proceeding to the most violent invectives, when he was cut short in an unexpected manner—he sank to the ground, his head cloven by the blow of a Saxon sword, and the stranger, who had been a concealed spectator, rushed upon the defenceless Normans, who fell one after another beneath his arm, those who attempted to escape being intercepted by his companion at the door. The heads of the Norman lord and fourteen of his knights were quickly raised over the door-way in place of that of the youth they had murdered.

The stranger was Hereward the Saxon, accompanied by his old and trusty follower, named, from his agility, Martin with the Light Foot.

When it was known that Hereward was returned, the Normans who had settled in the neighbourhood fled in consternation, and the injured Saxons arose on every side, and hastened to join his banner. Hereward checked, at first, the zeal of his countrymen; but he selected a strong body of his kinsmen and family adherents, and with them he attacked and slew such of the Norman invaders as had been bold enough to remain on his paternal estates. He then repaired to his friend Brand, the Saxon abbot of Peterborough, from whom he received the honour of knighthood in the Anglo-Saxon manner; for amongst our Saxon ancestors it was always given by the clergy.

After suddenly attacking and killing a Norman baron who had been sent against him, Hereward dispersed his followers, promising them to return within the space of a year, acquainted them with the signal by which his arrival should be made known, and then proceeded to Flanders.

II.—HEREWARD'S YOUTHFUL ADVENTURES.

Hereward was the son of Leofric, Earl of Chester and Mercia, and of that Lady Godiva who has been immortalized in the legendary annals of Coventry. From his boyhood, he had been distinguished among his companions by his strength and boldness; and, as he grew up, his adventurous disposition gave rise to continual feuds and tumults, which, with various acts of insubordination towards his parents, drew upon him the enmity of his family. He is accused of having, on different occasions, collected some of his father's rents to distribute among his wild followers; and his kinsmen were often obliged to raise their tenantry in arms to rescue him from some imminent danger into which he had fallen through his temerity. Earl Leofric at length procured an order from King Edward the Confessor to banish him from his country, and at the age of eighteen he was driven from his home, with only one attendant, a serf of the family, named Martin with the Light Foot, who appears to have possessed the same adventurous spirit as himself. From this time he was known as Hereward the Exile.

The marvellous adventures of Hereward, during the period of his exile, fill several chapters of the ancient biography. When he left his father's house, he first directed his steps towards the borders of Scotland, where he was received into the household of a rich and powerful thane, named Gisbert of Ghent, his godfather. Here again his restless courage exposed him to jealousy and hatred. Gisebert kept a number of wild beasts of different kinds, which, at the festivities of Easter, Whitsuntide, and Christmas, he let out, to try the strength and courage of the youths who were candidates for the honour of knighthood. Among the rest, he had a large and fierce Norwegian bear, which was carefully chained up in its cell. One day, this terrible animal escaped by accident from its place of confinement, slew every person it met, and spread terror through the house. Hereward rushed forth to meet it, and, encountering it singly, as it was hurrying towards the apartment devoted to the ladies of the family, after a desperate struggle, succeeded in destroying it. By this action he secured the favour of the ladies, but the envy of his companions knew no bounds; and after having narrowly escaped a plot laid against his life, he left the house of Gisebert in disgust, and proceeded to the extreme part of Cornwall, which was then governed by an independent British chief.

The Cornish chief was named Alef; he had a beautiful and accomplished daughter, who appears by the sequel to have bestowed her affections upon an Irish prince, but her father had promised her hand to one of her own countrymen, a bad and tyrannical man, although popular among the Cornishmen for his extraordinary strength and valour. To this man Hereward soon became an object of hatred, which broke out into an open quarrel, in the hall, at a feast, when Hereward answered his boastful taunts against his countrymen in such a manner as to excite the mirth of the princess. The result was a single combat in a wood near the palace, in which Hereward, by his skill and agility, overcame and slew his more powerful adversary. The Cornishmen, enraged at the loss of their champion, called loudly for vengeance. Their chief, however, who seems to have promised his daughter more from fear than inclination, shielded Hereward from their violence, under pretence of throwing him into prison to await his judgment; and the lady gave him the means of escaping secretly, with tokens of remembrance and recommendation to the Irish prince, and to the king, his father.

Soon after his arrival in Ireland, Hereward was joined by two of his kinsmen, named Siward the White and Siward the Red, who brought him intelligence of his father's death, and urged him to return home to his mother. He remained only to assist the king at whose court he was living in a war against another Irish king, in which he again signalized himself by his daring exploits.

Meanwhile, the Cornish princess was betrothed by her father to another suitor, and she sent a messenger in haste to the Irish prince, to tell him of the near approach of the day fixed for her wedding, and to beg his assistance in averting it. He was at this moment engaged with Hereward in a predatory descent on the coast of Cornwall, and he immediately sent forty of his soldiers as messengers, to claim the lady's hand, in fulfilment of a former promise of her father. Hereward, suspicious of the result of this message, took with him his three companions, and having disguised himself, by colouring his face and staining his hair, he arrived on the day of the nuptial feast, and learnt that the Irish messengers had been thrown into prison, and that the intended bridegroom was to carry home his wife on the following day. Hereward and his companions boldly entered the hall at the wedding feast, and seated themselves at the lowest places of the tables. The eyes of the princess fell upon the stranger —she thought that she recognised the form of Hereward, but his face was unknown to her; yet a string of recollections passed through her mind, and she burst into tears. She then called one of the attendants, and ordered him to serve the strangers; but Hereward's affected rudeness, with some words that dropped from his mouth, excited her suspicions. It was the custom at this time in Cornwall, that, after dinner on the day before she left her father's house, the lady in her bridal robes should assist her maidens in serving round the cup to the guests, while a harper went before, and played to each as the cup was offered to him. Hereward had made a vow, at parting with the Irish prince, that he would receive nothing at a lady's hand, until offered by the princess herself; and when a harper and one of the maidens approached him with the cup, he refused to accept the draught, or listen to the minstrel. The reproaches of the latter, and the indignant exclamations of the guests, reached the ears of the princess, and increased her suspicions; she came herself to offer the cup, and it was respectfully accepted. She had now no doubt that the stranger was Hereward, and, unseen by the rest, she threw a ring into his bosom, while, turning to the company, she excused the rudeness of one who was unacquainted with their customs.

The minstrel, however, remained dissatisfied, and continued to reproach the stranger for his breach of the respect due to men of his profession, until Hereward seized the harp from his hands, and, to the astonishment of all present, touched the cords with exquisite skill. He was requested to proceed, and, fearful that a refusal might raise suspicions, he again played on the harp, and not only accompanied it with his own voice, but his companions joined at intervals, "after the manner of the Saxons." The bride, to aid him in his assumed character, sent him a rich cloak, the common reward of successful minstrels; and her husband, unwilling to be behindhand in his liberality, offered him any gift he would ask, except his wife and his lands. Hereward reflected a moment, and then demanded that he should liberate the Irish messengers who had been unjustly imprisoned. The prince was at first inclined to grant his request, when one of his followers, who was no friend of minstrels, exclaimed, "This is one of their base messengers, who is come to spy thy house, and to mock thee by carrying from thee thy enemies in return for his frivolous performances." The suspicions of the Cornish chief were easily roused, and, fearing to raise a tumult by any mark of disrespect shown to the privileged class of minstrels in the festive assembly, he ordered the doors of the hall to be narrowly watched. But Hereward was apprised of the danger by the princess, and made his escape with his companions.

When they had got clear of the precincts of the house, the fugitives followed the road along which the Cornish chief and his bride must pass, and concealed themselves in a wood on the banks of a river which formed the boundary of this petty kingdom. The prince had determined to carry with him to his own territory the Irish messengers, purposing to deprive each of them of his right eye, and then send them home. When he came to the river, and just as part of his men had passed the water, Hereward and his companions rushed from their hiding place, slew the Cornish chief, and released the Irishmen from their bonds. With their assistance they put the rest of the attendants to flight, mounted their horses, and carried away the princess. On the second night, they reached the camp of the Irish prince, who was marching with his army to avenge the insult offered him in the persons of his messengers; and it is hardly necessary to say that the marriage between the two lovers was immediately solemnized.

Hereward accompanied them to Ireland, and then prepared to return with his friends to England. They left Ireland in two ships, well stored and armed, but a sudden tempest, in which one of the ships was lost, drove them beyond the Orcades, and as soon as they had turned the northern extremity of Scotland, a second storm carried them to the coast of Flanders, and wrecked them in the neighbourhood of St. Bertin's. At first they were arrested as spies, but, when Hereward's name and condition were known, the Count of Flanders received him with hospitality, and joyfully accepted his assistance in the wars in which he was engaged. His prudence and bravery soon carried his name far and wide, and gained him the affections of a noble damsel named Turfrida, whom he married. In the midst of his successes, and when he seemed to have nearly forgotten his home and his relatives, the news arrived that his country had fallen a prey to the Norman invader, and he afterwards learnt the wrongs which had been done to his own kinsmen. It was under these circumstances that Hereward entrusted his wife to the care of his tried friends, the two Siwards, and repaired to England, to ascertain the truth of the various reports which had reached him.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE IN YORKSHIRE.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

> "I have heard (but not believed), the spirits of the dead
> May walk again."—*Winter's Tale.*

There is scarcely any accusation which men repel with greater earnestness, than the suspicion of yielding to a belief in preternatural visitations; and yet there are very few who do not, at some period of their lives, tacitly, if not openly, admit the possibility of such occurrences. Negative proofs abound to demonstrate the existence of this belief, a familiar instance of which is shown in the eagerness with which stories of this nature are invariably listened to, less from a love of the marvellous, or a desire to combat the statements made—though these, no doubt, combine their influence—than from a secret and mysterious attraction towards the subject, akin to our belief in the soul's immortality, which leads us, with a kind of willing dread, beyond the limits of this world. Who is there that ever refused to listen to "a good ghost story," or did not incline to draw nearer, when preparation was being made for telling one, or would willingly have lost a syllable of the wondrous tale? There are none within my own recollection, and not many, I think, in that of others. But proofs of a more positive kind are to be found in the relations of persons of so much credit and good sense, that to doubt their veracity, or ascribe their narratives to the effect of a heated imagination, are alike unjust and improbable. It is so much easier to hazard a conjecture, than adduce a sufficing reason against the non-existence of what we cannot understand; and the casuist's love of applause is so much greater than his desire for truth, that ingenious arguments are often suffered to prevail, in spite of innate conviction. Ocular and oral deceptions, coincidences, a mind excited or predisposed, low spirits, a bad conscience, or, what often amounts to the same thing, a bad digestion, are usually held to be the causes, as they sometimes have been the concomitants, of tales of sprites and goblins. Yet all these have been known to fail of application to some of the best authenticated ghost stories, as, amongst others, all who remember the apparition witnessed by Sir John Sherbroke, in the West Indies, will agree; and the most sceptical are often compelled to shroud their conviction in the admission, that such or such an occurrence is "certainly rather extraordinary, and, indeed, difficult to be accounted for." I do not know whether the story which I have to tell belongs to any of the classes whose solution is easy to be found—for one is apt to judge ill in one's own case—but to me it has always remained an unfathomable mystery.

It is now about fifteen years since a friend of mine, named Beaumont, was living near the town of H——, in the West Riding of Yorkshire. He was about thirty years of age, a man of firm nerves and clear intellect, whose education and subsequent intercourse with the world had been such as to render his mind impervious to superstitious influences. He had been married early in life to a young and beautiful girl, and but that they had no family, there was nothing wanting to make his domestic felicity complete. Beaumont's circumstances were good, and events occurred which made him even affluent;

but with this augmentation to his fortune came the desire, or, rather, considering his position in the county, the necessity for removing to a dwelling of greater pretension than he had hitherto occupied.

It happened that Ashfield House was at this time to let. It was a large mansion, standing in a fine position above a beautiful valley, amid scenery of the most picturesque description. There was everything in its situation to render it an attractive residence; but in the house itself, there was, in popular estimation, one drawback—it had the reputation, throughout the country, of being haunted. This opinion was founded upon no antique tradition, for Ashfield was of recent construction, and the person who built it had died only a few years before; but it was the manner of his death, and that of his sister, a short time before his own, which had cast a shadow over its walls. The history of the first occupants was variously narrated; but the generally received version was, that both had committed suicide. There could be no doubt that this was the fact with respect to the brother, for the details of the coroner's inquest were clear and conclusive, and lived in everybody's recollection; but this was far from being the case in the instance of the sister. The precise circumstances of her death were shrouded in mystery, and it was a most doubtful point with many, whether she had actually died by her own hands, as the story was given out to the world, or had fallen by those of another. Though there was nothing that could directly criminate him, suspicion pointed at the brother, and whether it were remorse or grief none could tell, but exactly a twelvemonth from the day on which the lady was found dead in her bed-room, from the effects of poison, he was discovered a corpse in the same chamber, having shot himself through the heart. It would seem that their previous lives had been anything but happy; both were possessed of wealth—they manifested no signs of affection towards each other, living much apart, though under the same roof, and a powerful necessity, rather than a bond of love, appeared to be the tie that united their fortunes. The sister was silent and sad, rarely stirring abroad, and, when she did so, never going beyond the precincts of their dwelling. The brother was more frequently seen; but his habits were no less gloomy and reserved. He made no acquaintance, and his principal occupation—for it scarcely seemed a pleasure—was that of riding about the country alone, either slowly, lost in thought, or galloping wildly, as if to drown it in excitement. A mystery hung over their lives, and the fearful manner of their deaths tended to increase it. Their own actions, surmised or real, were sufficient to create the impression that universally prevailed in regard to their dwelling, and after a distant relation, residing in London, had administered to their effects, Ashfield House was shut up, and remained for several years without a tenant, its sinister reputation increasing as the memory of the scenes which it had witnessed became fainter.

But however the prevailing rumours might have deterred others from becoming the inmates of Ashfield, they had no effect upon Beaumont, when he found himself in want of a house which appeared to suit him in every respect; and although the rent was not a material consideration, yet he was sufficiently a man of the world to like a bargain, and found, in the low rate at which Ashfield was to be let, an additional inducement for making it his residence. He accordingly entered into terms with the agent—a number of workmen were sent in to repair the slight dilapidations arising from neglect—the light of day again streamed through its windows, and cheerful fires blazed upon its hearths. An experienced architect examined the building, and found it fit for immediate occupation: Beaumont took possession, and the country people shook their heads.

It was in the spring of the year 183–, that Beaumont went to reside at Ashfield, and for the first few months he experienced nothing that could make him repent his choice; on the contrary, as summer drew on, he found himself in a much better position than the greater part of his neighbours; for, whereas their gardens were pillaged, and woods poached by the thieves and idle characters abounding in the district, nothing was ever touched at Ashfield. He would have been held a bold man, who should have ventured alone, after dusk, across Ashfield Park, and fear operated too powerfully, even with such as pursued their nocturnal depredations in company. The inhabitants of Ashfield were, therefore, exempt from some of the material annoyances of a country life—their property was respected.

But as summer waned, and the shortening days of autumn followed, with longer shadows, apprehension began to creep into the minds of the servants of the establishment. The reports, which had been slighted when the days were bright and the nights brief, assumed, with the change of season, an altered aspect, and the smile of incredulity became less frequent, the language of doubt less loud; there was less loitering abroad, and more concentration at home, and two were now more ready to perform the same errand than one; indeed, there were many occupations which it would have been almost impossible to have got them to perform alone. Amongst these, was the necessity of going to the stables by night; for the coachman, grooms, and helpers, all declared that they had seen the figure of a female, on more than one occasion, descending slowly through the air, from the loft into the stable-yard—a statement that appeared sufficiently absurd, but which yet was steadfastly adhered to. Other stories, similar in character, were circulated, and it was not long before every servant in the house became fully persuaded of the truth of the assertion, that Ashfield was haunted.

Of course, the knowledge of this alleged predicament was not confined to the servants' hall. It reached Mr. and Mrs. Beaumont, but neither were disposed to give it a moment's consideration, beyond the effect which it might have upon the conduct of their domestics. Though young, the tone of Mrs. Beaumont's mind was firm, and a large share of common sense distinguished all her actions. Her husband's character has already been glanced at. Beaumont laughed at the idea, saying, that the ghosts had hitherto been his allies, and deserved encouragement; while his wife contented herself, when the subject was adverted to by her maid, by merely calling it nonsense, and desiring that nothing so silly might be named. Matters continued in this state, with ill-disguised fear on one side and indifference on the other, until about the middle of the month of October. It chanced then that business of importance required Beaumont's presence in London, and he accordingly set out, leaving Mrs. Beaumont alone. It was the first time they had been separated since their marriage, and she naturally felt the loneliness of her situation; but, beyond the void occasioned by the absence of the one whom it gladdens us to see at every hour, she did not suffer from depressed spirits. There still lingered a few flowers in her garden, which she tended with care, hoping to keep them till his return. The library at Ashfield was well stocked, and she occupied herself with reading; her work, and a letter written—if not sent—every evening, combined to give her full employment; the natural tendency of her disposition was cheerful, and no superstitious feelings mingled with her serious thoughts.

It was on the third day after her husband's departure, when, after sitting up somewhat late, engaged in reading "The Fire-worshippers," Mrs. Beaumont retired to rest. The day had been wild and stormy, but as night approached, the wind sunk, and nothing disturbed the general silence, save the pattering of the rain as it fell upon the leads. The rooms at Ashfield were so distributed, that the *corps du batiment* was completely isolated from the part where the servants slept, and this isolation was perfected by a door at the foot of the principal staircase, which was always locked inside. The sentinel on this debateable land was a pretty Blenheim spaniel, of the purest breed, which was fastened by a small chain to a staple in the wall, and made his couch upon a thick, soft rug, at the foot of the stairs. He was a vigilant little creature, with a very shrill bark, which he never failed to indulge in whenever any circumstance occurred to awaken his watchfulness. Mrs. Beaumont's bed-room was at the top of the principal staircase, access to which was obtained from a square landing-place, of only a few feet in dimension. There were other doors on this landing-place, but they all opened into bed-chambers, and were every one locked. When, according to her invariable custom, Mrs. Beaumont had seen that everything was secure, she went to her room, her only companion being a little Dutch dog, the smallest of the canine race, which never left her side. Though diminutive almost beyond conception, the little thing had plenty of courage, and seemed proud of being the guardian of his fair mistress. About an hour, or rather more, after entering her room, Mrs. Beaumont went to bed, and being somewhat tired, soon fell asleep; but her slumber had not been of many minutes' duration before she was suddenly awakened by a rumbling noise, that sounded like distant thunder. At first she ascribed it to that cause, but as it gradually grew louder and louder, and seemed to proceed from the interior of the house, she was compelled to abandon that idea, though she had nothing more reasonable to substitute. Much time was not left her for conjecture; the noise rapidly advanced towards her room, as if a heavy truck, or gun carriage, were being dragged down a long passage, though no passage existed in the upper part of the house. On it came, till, with a tremendous shock, it burst against the bed-room door, with a deep, muffled sound, like a blow given to an enormous gong. At the moment his mistress awoke, the little Dutch dog, equally disturbed by the noise, leapt off the foot of the bed where he slept, and began to bark furiously, while the spaniel at the bottom of the staircase howled loudly and continuously, and when all else was still, made the house echo with his cries. It would be untrue to say that Mrs. Beaumont did not feel afraid; the loneliness of her situation, the suddenness of the noise, and its terrific nature, added to the knowledge that access to her part of the house was almost impossible, were enough to excite fear in stouter hearts than hers; nevertheless, she did not lie trembling in bed, but, after ringing the bell violently to rouse the servants, went straight to the door, opened it, and looked steadfastly around. Nothing was visible, though by the light that came through the high staircase window, anything unusual might have been discovered. She threw on a dressing-gown, struck a light, lit a taper, and walked round the landing-place, trying the handles of all the doors, but every one was fastened. She then went down-stairs; the spaniel had left off barking, and lay stretched on the rug, in a fit, at the extremity of his chain; the door which he guarded was fast, and the key remained in the lock. Hearing the servants approach, Mrs. Beaumont opened the door, and eagerly questioned them as to the noise. They all declared they had heard nothing! It was in vain that she repeated her inquiry; they distinctly averred, that, till the ringing of her bell had roused them, they were unconscious of any disturbance; but it was with no satisfied expression that they said so, and several meaning glances were exchanged, while some spoke together in whispers. Mrs. Beaumont knew not what to think: she was certain that the sounds which she described were not imaginary. The dogs had borne evidence to the noise, and the condition of one of them afforded proof that something extraordinary had taken place. She could not suspect any trick on the part of the servants, for the only means of communication between their offices and the main building was by the door which she had found locked inside, as it was originally left. She felt persuaded that it could not have been the wind—in the first place, because the night was still, and in the next, from the peculiar character of the noise, had even the weather been stormy. Before she again retired to rest, she herself examined all the rooms on the landing-place, but everything in them was the same as usual—the windows were properly fastened, the furniture and chimney-boards in their places, the beds, with their folded curtains, remained untouched, and no sign or token existed to indicate that any person had recently been there. Still she was unwilling to ascribe the disturbance to any but a natural cause, and resolved, therefore, as she could not explain it, to say no more about it. As a means of protection, in case the noise should be renewed, she desired one of the girls to pass the remainder of the night on a sofa in her room, and then dismissed the rest. Nothing further, however, occurred, and Mrs. Beaumont slept soundly till the morning.

The next day she thought over the matter, and being desirous not to magnify the fears which she knew were already entertained by the household, said nothing on the subject; and although she felt perfectly convinced that her imagination had not deceived her, she was willing to believe that an explanation might eventually be found in some natural cause. She also refrained from mentioning the subject when she wrote to her husband, partly not to cause him annoyance by giving him reason to suppose that she had been disturbed during his absence, and partly lest he should think the affair altogether too absurd for serious consideration. As the business which had taken him to London was likely to detain him some time longer, Mrs. Beaumont contented herself till his return by making her maid sleep in her room, in a small bed which she had placed near her own. Several weeks passed away without anything occurring to give reason for alarm, and the apprehensions she might have entertained were beginning to fade away, when once more her quiet was disturbed by another visitation.

It was the close of November, the night was bright and frosty, and the air perfectly still. Mrs. Beaumont and her maid had both gone to bed and were asleep, when suddenly the former awoke with the impression strong on her mind that the noise was coming. She sat up and listened attentively, and for a few moments heard nothing but the deep breathings of the servant; then came the distant, muttering sound, and presently the heavy, rumbling noise, clear, distinct, and unmistakeable. The dog again, as on the former occasion, leaped off the bed, and barked with angry vehemence. Mrs. Beaumont called loudly to the girl, who woke up, terrified in the extreme, but still in possession of her full faculties, and in time to hear the loud bang which shook the door, and made everything ring in the chamber. Determined not to be the dupe of a trick, Mrs. Beaumont drew the night-bolt, and ran quickly into the landing-place, which exhibited precisely the same aspect as before, to the very condition of the Blenheim spaniel, which lay struggling in a fit on the rug, covered with foam.* Once more she tried all the locks, but without effect, and she slowly returned to her room, lost in thought, and, to tell the truth, not without a feeling of dread. This feeling was more than shared by her attendant, whose energies were quite paralyzed by the nocturnal demonstration which she unhesitatingly ascribed to preternatural influence, and earnestly begged and prayed that she might not be exposed to another visit from "the ghost." Indeed, so highly excited did she become, that, a few days afterwards, she declared her intention of leaving, preferring the sacrifice of her wages to remaining longer in a house that was haunted. Her fears infected the other servants, and although they had themselves heard nothing, as they slept in one of the wings of the building, it was with great difficulty that Mrs. Beaumont succeeded in keeping them together.

Shortly after this second disturbance, Mr. Beaumont came back from London, bringing with him a sister of his wife, who henceforth was to live with them at Ashfield. She was a girl of cold temperament, rarely moved to any outward show of emotion, calm, self-possessed, and a stranger, apparently, to fear. The story of the strange noises was imparted soon after the arrival of Mr. Beaumont and Miss Alleyne; but it met with credence from neither. Mr. Beaumont ridiculed the idea—Miss Alleyne treated it with cold disdain; the wind and the rats were alternately made responsible for the occurrence, and Mrs. Beaumont, in the gladness of her heart at her husband's return, forbore to press the subject. For a considerable period her tranquillity was unbroken; it was then disturbed by an event, slight enough in itself, but noticeable in relation to what had formerly taken place. Mr. Beaumont and Miss Alleyne had gone one evening to a ball in the neighbourhood, Mrs. Beaumont having felt no inclination to be of the party. She was sitting alone in the drawing-room about ten o'clock, and was reading, when the door suddenly flew open, banging against the wall with great violence. Mrs. Beaumont was very much startled, and looked eagerly up to see who it was that intruded so rudely; but, to her astonishment, nobody was visible. She rose hastily and alarmed, to ring the bell, but the rope detached itself without ringing, and fell down in her hand. By some chance the other bell-rope did not catch properly, and it was of no use, and the recollection of former occurrences crowding to her mind, she stood beside the fire-place unable to move. While in this position, a brisk, rustling sound, like the motion of a person in a silk dress, passed quickly before her, and she felt the peculiar consciousness which is experienced when some one enters a room, from whom one's eyes are averted. This feeling might have been the simple effect of fear, though the disposition of Mrs. Beaumont was usually the reverse of timorous; but whatever it was, it operated with the force of reality, producing that kind of moral conviction which leads people to testify with sincerity to what they believe to be true, though they may not be able to swear to the fact. It was some minutes before Mrs. Beaumont could overcome the strange sensation that affected her; when she did so, she hastily quitted the chamber, and called a servant, with whom she examined the apartments beyond the drawing-room, but, of course, ineffectually. The drawing-room door was also tried, to see if it were liable to be blown open by a gust of wind, but the lock was in excellent order, and the wood-work unwarped; indeed, the house had so recently been put in perfect repair, and was so solidly built, that the ordinary means of accounting for an accident similar to that described, were of little service here. That she might not be accused of giving way in solitude to idle fears, Mrs. Beaumont decided upon saying nothing to her family of the fright she had experienced, and both her husband and sister remained in ignorance of the event.

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* The dog never recovered from the second attack; the fits came on very frequently afterwards, and in about a fortnight he died. Fear was undoubtedly the cause of his death; but how excited is matter for conjecture alone.

The next testimony given to the fact that all was not right at Ashfield, came from a different quarter.

Miss Alleyne has been spoken of as a person of unusually firm nerves: they were destined to be tried. The bed-room which she occupied was at one extremity of the main building, and was separated by a dressing-room from that of Mrs. Beaumont. One night, having been more than usually occupied, it was rather late before she prepared to go to bed. All was silent in the house, and she was sitting before the dressing-glass, arranging her hair, when a sharp, crackling noise ran along the cornice, and, before she could raise her head, the whole of the paper on the side of the room where she sat, separated itself from the wall as completely as if it had been cut away with a knife, and fell down to the floor, covering the dressing-table, chairs, and other furniture, with the *debris*, as with a curtain. It was a singular and somewhat startling occurrence, but, true to herself, Miss Alleyne neither screamed nor exhibited any signs of unusual emotion. Her first thought was that the wall itself was crumbling, and she hastily retreated, still keeping her eyes upon it; but perceiving that nothing had stirred but the paper, she went back and examined it, thinking to discover something whereby to detect the trick which she believed had been practised, but the closest inspection failed to reveal any mark that could afford her a clue to the manner in which the trick—if trick it were—had been accomplished. The inside of the paper was perfectly smooth, even to the very edge, and showed nothing that indicated preparation. Having satisfied herself that no danger was to be apprehended, Miss Alleyne quietly went to bed, reserving further inquiry till the morning, unless any other accident should intervene. All passed quietly enough; her slumbers were undisturbed, and it was only when she went down to breakfast that she mentioned what had happened. Mr. Beaumont was greatly surprised, and all three at once adjourned to Miss Alleyne's bed-room, where the paper remained just as it had fallen. The servants, when they saw the accident, looked and whispered mysteriously, but Mr. Beaumont, who was a practical man, suspecting that natural causes had occasioned it, sent for a builder from H——, who, after carefully examining the wall, ascribed the fall of the paper to the effect of damp, which had penetrated the porous stone of which Ashfield was built. Beyond the unusual nature of the accident, there was, therefore, nothing in what had occurred, that could be considered out of the pale of ordinary events, and both Mr. Beaumont and Miss Alleyne rallied Mrs. Beaumont on this new demonstration on the part of her ghost! She, for her part, had no hesitation in admitting the builder's explanation to be the true one, but could still see no connexion between it and the singular noises by which she had been disturbed. It was not long, however, before her experience was more largely shared.

The month of October came round, bringing with it the same kind of weather that had marked the decline of the year before. The night of the 29th—the anniversary of the first disturbance—was calm and still, with a small, soft rain falling, but no wind. As on the first occasion, everybody at Ashfield had retired to rest, and it might have been about one o'clock in the morning, when the barking of the Dutch dog, who always slept in his mistress's room, at the same moment awoke Mr. and Mrs. Beaumont. The latter pressed her husband's arm, and desired him to listen: he did so, and the low, rumbling noise was distinctly audible to them both. Again it seemed to approach rapidly; still louder as it drew closer. Mr. Beaumont got out of bed ready to spring to the door, but waiting till the final explosion should take place, that he might test the accuracy of Mrs. Beaumont's account. Quicker than there has been time to tell it, what appeared to be a body of enormous weight, was dashed against the door, jarring the frames and staples, and booming through the chamber. Mr. Beaumont's hand was instantly on the lock—he threw the door wide open, and gazed out upon vacancy! The air had scarcely ceased to vibrate to the sound, and yet there existed not the slightest possible trace to show from whence it had proceeded. Mr. Beaumont crossed the landing-place; he had no occasion to ask Miss Alleyne if she, too, had heard the noise, for he saw her door partly open, and her head issue forth, to put the question to himself. She described the sounds precisely as they had impressed both Mrs. Beaumont and himself, and he felt it impossible to suppose that their united testimony was unreal. Carefully and completely did he examine every inch of the landing-place, and of the empty rooms that opened upon it, and with equal scrutiny inspected the staircase and the hall beneath: every door seemed hermetically sealed, and not a vestige of the footsteps or the handiwork of man was apparent. An electrical experiment was out of the question, for none about the house had skill enough to attempt it, had even the means been available, and Mr. Beaumont returned to his room, thoughtful and discouraged. He could no longer deny the existence of what he had ridiculed, though all his wit was insufficient to explain the cause. The more he pondered, the more difficult of solution did the case become, and he felt that the extremity of vigilance was necessary to make him pluck out the heart of this mystery. When the subject was spoken of the next day, he affected to treat the matter lightly; but the measures which he took showed that it weighed on his mind. It was evident, also, that Miss Alleyne was no longer the same incredulous person; her request, that the little dog might henceforward sleep in her room, was in itself a convincing proof that the noise which she had heard had shaken her convictions.

Amongst the precautions taken by Mr. Beaumont, was that of having fire-arms always at hand; every night he reloaded his pistols, saw that the locks were in order, primed them afresh, and placed them, when he went to bed, in such a position as to be able to grasp them the instant he woke. He also had a string fastened to the handle of the bed-room door, by means of which he could open it the moment the noise should be heard, and a lamp was kept constantly burning. For several nights he lay awake until morning appeared, but his watchfulness availed him nothing. At length, on the ninth night of his vigil, it came as before, with this difference, that before the last crash he had opened the door, and, quick as thought, discharged two barrels in succession in the direction of the sound. The sharp report of the pistols was lost in the deep thunder of the mysterious gong, and the balls were flattened against the wall on the opposite side of the landing-place. There were no retreating footsteps, no quivering wires, and but for the exclamations of the women, and the barking of the Dutch dog, all would have been perfectly still.

Although Mr. Beaumont possessed great strength of mind, his bodily health was infirm: he had once suffered from a paralytic affection, and strong excitement was dangerous. He felt that he was now under its influence, and strove to reason himself out of the new impressions that affected him, but in vain; the consequences were such as had been predicted. He was suddenly seized with a second attack of paralysis, and his illness became critical; but, after some weeks suffering, by the aid of a good constitution and excellent nursing the disease seemed baffled.

On the night of the 13th of December,—it fell that year on a Saturday,—Mr. Beaumont went to bed, apparently in better health than he had been for the previous month: he passed a good night, but in the morning was languid and unwilling to rise. He was easily persuaded to remain in bed;—papers and books were read to him,—he took his part in the conversation which arose from them, and dictated one or two letters. He dined with tolerable appetite, and towards evening fell into a sleep which lasted two or three hours. About half-past eleven o'clock he awoke, and complained of a good deal of pain in his left side. Miss Alleyne had gone to her room, and his wife alone remained by him. She rubbed his side for a time, and the pain appeared to abate; but he was evidently very weak, and spoke in a low faint tone, his utterance becoming less and less distinct, till it seemed too great an effort to attempt to speak further. Mrs. Beaumont took one of his hands in hers, and remained silently watching his countenance. While they were in this position the clock struck twelve, and about ten minutes past the hour, the well-remembered rumbling sound drew near and came heavily onward. Mr. Beaumont turned his eyes towards his wife, and then glanced in the direction of the door; his lips moved and he uttered a few words:—

"It's coming again!" was all he was able to articulate, and his head fell back on the pillow. Once more there came a tremendous crash, and, at the same moment, the piercing shrieks of Mrs. Beaumont rent the air. It was no longer fear but certainty; and when Miss Alleyne, who had rushed from her own room, reached her brother-in-law's bedside, she found him *dead!*

* * * * *

There is nothing to be added to this narrative, but the assurance that the facts described occurred as they have been here related. He who can account for them will solve a mystery that, up to the present hour, has remained unexplained.

HYMNS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

BY EDWARD KENEALY, AUTHOR OF "BRALLAGHAN," ETC.

The Sequence for the Dead.

Dies iræ, dies illa	That day of wrath and dread and gloom
Solvet sæclum in favillâ	Shall the whole race of man consume;
Teste David cum Sybilla.	So David and the Sybil say.
Quantus tremor est futurus,	What awful fears each soul shall rend,
Quando Judex est venturus,	When God, in lightning, shall descend,
Cuncta strictè discussurus!	And all our sins be bared to-day.
Tuba mirum spargens sonum	The trumpet, with terrific sound,
Per sepulchra regionum,	Shall wake the souls in bondage bound,
Coget omnes ante thronum,	And draw them all before the throne;
Mors stupebit et Natura	Nature and Death, with wild amaze,
Cum resurget creatura	Upon th' affrighted ghosts shall gaze,
Judicanti responsura.	Bursting to life with grief and moan.
Liber scriptus proferetur	Then shall th' Eternal Book be brought,
In quo totum continetur	Wherein the life of man is wrought,
Unde mundus judicetur;	And all his secret deeds of shame
Judex ergo cum sedebit	Painted for thee, Almighty Sire!
Quidquid latet, apparebit	In characters of burning fire,
Nil inultum remanebit.	That threaten everlasting flame.
Quid sum, miser! tunc dicturus	Wretch that I am, what shall I say?
Quem patronum rogaturus,	To what great patron shall I pray,
Cum vix justus sit securus?	When even the just with horror shake?
Rex tremendæ majestatis!	Tremendous Majesty! to Thee
Qui salvandos salvas gratis	My suppliant soul alone can flee.
Salva me fons pietatis.	Oh, save her, for sweet Mercy's sake!
Recordare Jesu pie	Jesus the pious, Lord Divine,
Quod sum causa tuæ viæ	Thy mission was for souls like mine;
Ne me perdas illa die.	Destroy them not in that dark hour;
Quærens me, sedisti lassus:	The torturing cross, the lingering pain,
Redemisti crucem passus;	Were then endured by Thee in vain,
Tantus labor non sit cassus.	And Heaven o'ercome by Satan's power.
Juste Judex ultionis	Just Judge, thy vengeful hand delay,
Donum fac remissionis	Ere that terrific judgment-day,
Ante diem rationis.	Pour on my heart thy heavenly grace.
Ingemisco tanquam reus:	Lowly before thee, Lord, I kneel,
Culpâ rubet vultus meus:	My shameful sins I know—I feel—
Supplicanti parce Deus.	I dare not raise my guilty face.

Qui Mariam absolvisti,
Et latronem exaudisti,
Mihi quoque spem dedisti.
Preces meæ non sunt dignæ;
Sed tu bonus fac benigne
Ne perenni cremer igne.

Thou who wert moved by Mary's grief,
And didst forgive the dying thief,
With heavenly hope my soul inspire;
Unworthy, weak my prayers may be;
But boundless love and clemency
Can save me from eternal fire.

Inter oves locum præsta
Et ab hædis me sequestra,
Statuens in parte dextrâ,
Confutatis maledictis
Flammis acribus addictis,
Voca me cum benedictis.

Give to my soul a place of rest
With those, who, by thy presence blest,
Live in the Eden of thy light;
From hell's fierce flames that never die,
Place me, O Lord! secure on high—
Place me with angels on thy right.

Oro supplex et acclinis
Cor contritum quasi cinis
Gere curam mei finis.
Lacrymosa dies illa
Qua resurget ex favillâ
Judicandus homo reus
Huic ergo parce Deus.

Prostrate from Thee, I beg relief;
My soul is pierced and torn with grief,
Oh! have her in thy loving care;
That when aroused by thy dread peal,
My soul approaching bliss may feel,
And all thy joys with Jesus share.

Salve Regina.

Salve Regina, mater misericordiæ!—vita, dulcedo, et spes nostra salve!
Ad te clamamus, exules filii Hevæ.
Ad te suspiramus, gementes et flentes in hac lacrymarum valle.
Eja ergo advocata nostra illos tuos misericordes oculos ad nos converte.
Et Jesum benedictum fructum ventris tui, nobis post hoc exilium ostende.
O clemens.
O pia.
O dulcis Virgo Maria.

Hail, holy Queen! sweet Mercy's mother!
Our hope, our sweetness, and our life!
To thee we fly, our second Mother,
From this sad vale of tears and strife.
Plead for us, sweet and pious Mary;
Turn on our souls thy gentle eyes;
One word of thine, most clement Mary,
Wins for the frailest, Paradise.

Regina Cœli.

Regina Cœli lætare,
Alleluia!
Quia quem meruisti portare,
Alleluia!
Resurrexit sicut dixit,
Alleluia!
Ora pro nobis Deum,
Alleluia!

Rejoice, rejoice, Queen of the Seraph choir,
Alleluia!
He whom thou saw'st in agony expire,
Alleluia!
Hath risen, in promised glory, from the grave,
Alleluia!
By his sad death a sinful world to save,
Alleluia.

Lucis Creator.

Lucis Creator optime,
Lucem dierum proferens,
Primordiis lucis novæ
Mundi parens originem.
Qui mane junctum vesperi
Diem vocari præcipis.
Illabitur etrum chaos;
Audi preces cum fletibus
Ne mens gravata crimine,
Vitæ sit exul munere,
Dum nil perenne cogitat
Seseque culpis illigat.

O wondrous Lord of Life and Light!
Lord, at whose nod the sun had birth,
Who mad'st the moon and planets bright
To shine upon primæval earth;—
Who to the morning's rosy ray
Didst join the stellar fires of eve,
And call'd the fair communion day—
Incline thine ear while here we grieve.
Enslaved in soul to sinful joys,
We vainly squander life and time;
We prize the merest earthly toys,
Nor sigh for thine eternal clime.

Cœleste pulset ostium :
Vitale tollat prœmium,
Vitemus omne noxium ;
Purgemus omne pessimum.
Præsta, Pater piissime,
Patrique compar Unice ;
Cum Spiritu Paracleto
Regnans per omne sæculum.

Oh! let us at thy heavenly porch
Knock loud, till we thy mercy gain ;
Light up our souls with Truth's bright torch,
Cleanse them from earthly vice and stain.
Father Almighty, Christ the Son,
And Holy Spirit, hear our prayer!
Who rule for ever, Three in One—
Oh! lift us from our dire despair.

Ave Regina.

Ave Regina cœlorum
Ave domina angelorum,
Salve radix, salve porta
Ex quâ mundo lux est orta.

Mistress of Angels, heavenly Queen!
From whom burst forth that Light serene;
That Light of God's own Word, which renders
The world divine, by its rare splendours.

Gaude virgo gloriosa,
Super omnes speciosa :
Valde, O valde decora
Et pro nobis Christum exora.

Virgin! whose glorious beauty beams
Brighter than saint's celestial dreams,
Behold us here our sins confessing,
Begging, through thee, for Jesu's blessing.

Iste Confessor.

Iste Confessor Domini colentes
Quem piè laudant populi per orbem,
Hac die lætus meruit beatas
Scandere sedes.

The dear Confessor of our Saviour's word,
In whose remembrance all the Faithful meet,
Sought on this day the bosom of his Lord—
Found on this day in heaven secure retreat.

Qui pius, prudens, humilis, pudicus,
Sobriam duxit sine labe vitam
Donec humanos animavit auræ
Spiritus artus.

Pious and prudent, humble, mild, and chaste,
Gentle to all, but to himself severe;
His soul, with every lovely virtue graced,
Shines like the sun in her own proper sphere.

Cujus ob præstans meritum frequentur,
Ægra quæ passim jacuere membra,
Viribus morbi domitis saluti
Restituuntur.

His noble life so pleased th' Almighty Sire,
Disease and sickness at his bidding fled;
His words, like some divinely-breathing lyre,
O'er the worst sinners sweetest comfort shed.

Noster hinc illi chorus obsequentem
Concinit laudem celebresque palmas;
Ut piis ejus precibus juvemur
Omne per ævum.

For this our pious choir resounds his praise—
For this we chant in hymns his glories thus—
For this our solemn anthems here we raise—
Oh! may his prayers prevail with God for us!

Sit salus illi, decus atque virtus
Qui super cœli solio coruscans
Totius mundi seriem gubernat,
Trinus et Unus.

Lord! may thy name be honour'd to all time,
Triune, Omniscient Sire of man's fallen race.
Who sitt'st upon thy thunder-throne sublime,
Ruling the myriad worlds of boundless space.

Alma Redemptoris.

Alma Redemptoris Mater quæ pervia cœli porta manes,
Et stella maris succurre cadenti ;
Surgere qui curat populo ; tu quæ genuisti,
Natura mirante tuum sanctum genitorem :
Virgo prius ac posteriùs Gabrielis ab ore
Sumens illud Ave peccatorum miserere.

Chaste Mother of our Lord, who art the open gate of Heaven—
Star of the sea, at whose sweet pray'r our sins are all forgiven—
Thou who brought'st forth the Christ to teach to man his noblest duty,
Yet still, as in thy childish years, wer't crown'd with virgin beauty!
Mother and Maid, we beg thine aid for many a dark transgression;
Saved we shall be, Virgin, by thee, and thy kind intercession.

THE CONFESSIONS OF JOHN BRIDGE

BY THOMAS ROSCOE.

I AM the son of one of the wealthiest merchants in London. My father gave me an education equal to that of any young lord in the kingdom; but my natural pride and wilfulness would not permit me to take advantage of it. I spurned every effort to control me: my ungovernable temper and love of command led me to resist every method that was adopted to soften or to subdue me. A succession of schools was tried, and teachers were alike engaged in vain; complaints were made to my father, but most unfortunately he believed me rather than my preceptors, and the heir to expected millions was not to be coerced or restrained by the ordinary rules.

At all kinds of public amusements, during the college vacations, I was the inseparable companion of the most profligate and abandoned scions of the nobility—whose career, however brief and fatal, was not sufficient to deter others from following their example. I prided myself upon the most fashionable style of dress, the finest horses, and the most exact taste in French dishes and wines. Instead of checking my extravagance, my father forwarded it, by giving a succession of dinners and soirées, without considering the consequences of such a mode of life to a youth who had never learnt how to control his passions. Not satisfied with the dissipation of home, I frequently treated my young aristocratic companions to tavern dinners, at one of which we gave way to such mad excess, that I was tempted to exercise my wit at the expense of the Honourable Mr. Raby's legs, who instantly fired up. Words were exchanged, when he struck me a violent blow in the face, calling me the son of an upstart, and advising me to go and mind my business, and not pretend to consort with gentlemen.

Stung to the quick by so marked and open an insult, I drew, and, in the impulse of my passion, passed my sword through his body, leaving him dead at a single thrust. I hurried to my father, who, on being made acquainted with the accident, saw too late the effects of his misplaced and fatal indulgence. He supplied me with funds to quit the country without delay; and, proceeding to Plymouth, I embarked for America, carrying with me letters of exchange to a considerable amount; but it was not the will of fortune that I should enjoy the advantage of them. On our arrival the boat, in which were all my effects, was swamped, and already I set foot in Quebec, a houseless wanderer and a beggar. My father knew not where to direct his letters of introduction; and when I waited upon two merchants, his correspondents, they refused to believe a story so improbable. Upon the supposition that I was some adventurer, who wished to impose upon them, I was turned from their doors; and it is impossible to describe the horror I felt, when first the pangs of hunger assailed me—an unknown wanderer in a foreign land. The contrast was too appalling to contemplate; but necessity commanded, and, in the hope that it would not long endure, I resigned myself to the ignominy of my situation, and went begging for employment from shop to shop. The repulses I met with almost drove me to despair, till at length a mason hired me as a day labourer, and I received food.

But I was unable to endure the labour he exacted from me, and I enlisted as a soldier, a career which soon revived within me those evil passions which had only lain dormant for a time.

I became enamoured of a young girl, the daughter of a drummer, and had the arrogance to suppose that I could win her with as much ease as if I had been in possession of thousands. She resisted all my solicitations, which only irritated my passions, and in my madness, I offered her marriage, and was accepted. As might be expected, I as quickly repented my folly, and was resolved at any cost to get rid of her. She was a vixen—I was proud and domineering; while it seemed as if the blood I had already spilt rendered me more sanguinary and desperate. Incensed one day beyond endurance at her taunts, I determined to cancel the fatal contract by making away with her, and then abandoning my regiment. Having allured her to a fitting spot, I despatched her with my knife, and fled. That night, and the whole of the next day, I scarcely paused to take either food or rest. I felt as if a legion of furies were behind me, urging me to renewed speed whenever I stopped; and the cold glassy eyes of the corpse were still fixed upon me, and the death-screams continued to sound from the distance upon my ear. Away into the woods, and through the deep solitudes, I bounded forwards, without thinking where I should arrest my flight. At length, a dark, tangled, thicket presented itself to my distracted view; even the passion of fear, and the horrors of recent murder, clamoured for a respite. Nature was exhausted; and the terrible excitement was followed by a sense of appalling desolation, weakness, and abject wo. I slaked my burning thirst at a stream, the murmur of which, breaking on the dread silence which terrified me, soothed my wearied senses into brief repose. But, oh! the first waking of the murderer's sleep—he would fly to death, to torture, to any self-condemnation to avert its terrors—and mine were made more poignant by contrast with the state from which I had fallen—by the sense of what I was, and might have been; even by the grandeur and majestic beauty of those pathless woods, and the mighty solitude which, in the absence of dread of worldly pursuers, seemed to exasperate me against myself, and made me doubly my own accuser, my own judge; awaiting, in horrible suspense, the moment of my doom.

Then other terrors would haunt me, with strange anticipations of real evils; hunger, savage slavery, torment, and lingering death. Tears of rage and grief deluged my cheeks; instinctively I grasped my pistols, and drew the fatal blood-stained knife. I was about to take a fearful vengeance on myself, when suddenly a loud noise, not far off, arrested my hand. I proceeded cautiously, looking around me, starting at every motion of the leaves and branches above my head, when suddenly the same sound, followed by the flight of a flock of cranes, convinced me of the groundlessness of my alarm.

At length, having penetrated through mighty tracts of deep wood and forest, I opened upon a vast wilderness of plain, far in the distance crowned by a range of hills, and with the still prevailing impulse, that safety, and perhaps hope and peace, were only to be found beyond me, I resolved to reach them; and even if I spent my life with the wildest of their inhabitants, never to return to the haunts of cities, and what are termed civilized men.

Days of severe privation, of intolerable thirst and hunger, held a strict account of the punishment of my disordered passions. My rifle had proved hitherto my casual support; but it, too, failed me in the drear solitudes which intervened. At length, I came to a sort of oasis in this great western desert—some wooded heights delightfully situated above a stream which watered a valley, the soft verdure of whose banks, the rich blooming flowers, the song of birds, invited me to make it my casual resting place, if not my final retreat. Lying down to sleep, I seemed to have reposed in undisturbed slumber upwards of two hours, when I was suddenly awakened by sounds of laughter, and the loud din of mirth, as of people celebrating some joyous festival. Astonishment, and then an emotion of pleasure, like the shadow of some grand and magnificent dream, crossed my imagination, and brought to bitter memory the joys which I had forfeited, the thousand social advantages which I had lost. Was it the Iroquois Indians, one of whose pleasant retreats I had unwittingly invaded? As I rose and advanced with extreme caution, the sounds, full of wild hilarity, grew louder on the ear. But, ah! what was the appalling spectacle soon presented to my eyes? In an open space, surrounded by enemies ingenious in the art of tormenting, was seen a warrior victim, bound to a stake, undergoing the fearful ordeal of their revenge. As the fire to which he was subjected became more intolerable, groans and lamentations, spite of his heroism, broke forth, and then it was the mad revolting dance commenced, in all its distorted shapes, and the yells of triumph burst more loud and terrible upon the ear. But when, at last, the tragedy was over, and preparations were made for the unnatural feast, a sickening horror came over me—I averted my eyes, and felt, at the idea of such a fate, a species of remorse, that I had defrauded the sword of justice, and flown from the expiation of my guilt.

Grasping my rifle, I retreated with extreme caution to a more concealed part of the wood, and then resumed my route in a direction which I conceived to be directly opposite to that where the revolting orgies were celebrating.

What were my sensations, when at no great distance, as night began to fall, I stumbled over the body of a sleeping savage! I stood watching if he would again sleep. He awoke, and, mistaking me for one of his own tribe, spoke to me; but receiving no answer, was in the act of springing up when prevented by a blow from my knife. On repeating my blows, I lost my weapon; and not daring to continue my search, I pursued my flight—impelled as before by all the furies of conscious guilt. Remorse and terror gave me fresh wings, and I relaxed not my speed till the day, and I felt the same terrific instinct to seek refuge from its accusing light. Alas! where was it to be found? It soon became evident that I was pursued; and in the extremity of my danger, I was compelled to mount into the branches of a tree, from which I could behold the Indians, like hell-hounds, snuffling and baying upon my track.

So great was the dread which the sight inspired, that it was some time after their departure before I ventured from my hiding place. Having slaked my thirst, I pursued my way along the banks, the better to avoid the pursuit of my enemies. Concealed by the overhanging brushwood, I eluded their vengeance for that day, and at night threw myself under the shelter of a jutting rock to snatch a brief repose. Just as I had sunk into slumber, I was roused with the sound of hoarse voices, something like the bleatings of a hundred calves, and putting my head out of my hiding place I saw a most extraordinary sight—a procession, or rather army, of dwarfish men, with snouts like animals, marching with slow and measured steps in companies, like soldiers in regular rank and file.

They were beavers, but having no previous knowledge of them, I was lost in mingled wonder and alarm, to see regular bands of engineers, steady pioneers, and workmen with stakes and hods upon their shoulders, industriously constructing their artificial labours with such perfect coolness and skill.

I was afraid of attracting the attention even of these harmless but ingenious citizens of the free river towns. They contrived to raise and to maintain them without making war, or committing trespasses upon each other, until a fierce and grasping, and a still more subtle workman, invades the precincts of their quiet and well-regulated government.

Upon the third day, while proceeding to rest in a leafy thicket which bordered upon the river, I saw two Indians conversing together, and a canoe, which seemed to belong to them, close to the bank. A sudden impulse to gain possession of it seized me. With my rifle loaded, I advanced. The Indians watched me, spoke, but did not move to intercept me. I gathered courage to approach them ; made signs that I was hungry, and going into a hut one of them brought me some herbs and fruit, with two small fish. I collected some sticks, struck a light with my flint and steel, made a fire, and fried my fish, to the infinite astonishment of the Indians, four others of whom soon joined them. Instead of seating myself, however, I approached the canoe, and leaping in, seized the oars and took my departure. Not suspecting me capable of such a return for their hospitality, they at first only laughed without interfering with my design. Scarcely, however, had I rowed a mile along the river, when four canoes filled with savages made towards me, with the evident design of capturing me. I stood transfixed with terror, forgetting even the rifle, which lay at the bottom of the boat. Some arrows were next discharged; and eager only to effect my escape, I sought to terrify them by firing, and plainly saw one of the Indians fall. On the contrary, they rushed upon me with greater fury than before ; an arrow pierced my arm ere I could reload, and soon I felt myself tightly grasped, and bound hand and foot—utterly powerless, and at their mercy. The recollection of the barbarous scene I had beheld, with the agony of my wound, rendered me for a time insensible. When I awoke to a sense of my condition, I found that my wound had been dressed. I was supplied with food, and lay on no uneasy couch; but for what was all this humanity, I asked myself, intended? My worst anticipations were soon confirmed. I was dragged from the hut into the presence of the chief, who stood to receive me under a large spreading tree, in a sort of wooded amphitheatre, surrounded by the warriors of his tribe. The two Indians, whose canoe I had seized, were there prepared to give evidence against me, and of the death of their companion whom I had shot. What, then, was my astonishment when informed that the pain of death might be commuted, if I would consent to teach them the use of the rifle with which I had committed the fatal act! I instantly acceded, loaded the piece, and put it into the hands of the interpreter. At first, he shewed great reluctance to meddle with it, and I was compelled to set him the example by aiming at a mark. He then summoned courage, fired and hit; at the same time starting back, scared at his own exploit, which was followed by a most hideous yell of triumph. The war-cry was again raised, and surrounding me, they begun to dance with all the fury of bacchanals—in honour, I was told, of my arrival among them. There was only one little ceremony, I was informed, necessary for my inauguration as a leader; and that was to have my nails torn from my fingers—an announcement that, following the renewed hope of life, made my very blood run cold. My knowledge of the French language, however, had already saved my life; and as I could make myself understood, I was not without a ray of hope, on further reflection, that I might induce them to forego their barbarous intent. I was conducted back to the hut, still bound, and fed by the hand of one of the squaws—the widow of the man I had killed, and whose place I was destined to supply.

My hopes of avoiding the horrible torment I so much dreaded were soon dissipated; the next day I was conducted to the same spot, where I was tied hand and foot to a large stake fixed firmly in the ground. But I would rather draw a veil over the scene that followed; the recollection is worse than death. My rage and agony happily threw me into a state of insensibility; and when I recovered I was complimented, in a tone of congratulation, upon my extreme calmness and indifference during the operation, and told that, in consideration of my marrying the widow, and joining their nation, they had simply taken the nails off one hand. Nothing, to compound such infernal torment, was too much; indeed, I had like to have died from it. The full sentence, I am sure, would have put an end to all my adventures. The potent juice however, of some tree healed the wounds rapidly.

Upon being re-conducted into the presence of the cacique, he presented me with a bow, and a quiver full of arrows. I was then set at liberty. The feast was spread, and my sable bride, conducted by a legion of other squaws, with the most lavish presents, was delivered into my hands. After the wild astounding revels had somewhat subsided, the interpreter began to converse; asked me who I was, and how I came to understand French? He gratified my curiosity in turn; informing me that, in the sacking of Rochelle by the Catholics, he had been removed, when quite a child, to another hemisphere; and that in one of the night attacks of the Indians he had been spared and made prisoner, dwelling among them from that time.

But though an Indian life, compared with what I had before endured, was like a heaven upon earth, and my spirit of adventure in love, in the chase, and in war, raised me high in their esteem, I did not the less sigh for a speedy deliverance, flattering myself that my father would find some means of communicating with me, and smoothing the difficulties of my return. It happened that one evening I met a young Indian girl in a wood near my hut; and seating myself beside her, I began to make love to her. I was not repulsed; but suddenly there issued from a thicket near us a man dressed in deep mourning from head to foot; he wore a large, slouched hat, and carried a staff in his hands. His strange figure, the place and the circumstances—all combined to alarm me so greatly that I was unable to rise. It was my first impression that he was a sorcerer ; the girl had taken to flight, and he kept advancing, with a solemn air, to where I sat. Upon my rising to follow the young Indian, he made signs for me to stop; beckoning, also, to her, as she stood apart gazing timidly, half in admiration of my daring, and half in doubt whether she should confide in my valour, or continue her flight. She joined us, however, and he informed her that he should be glad to speak to the Cacique. I observed he had a book under his arm, and a rosary, with a small cross, hung from his girdle, plainly indicating that he was a missionary. I inquired, in the French language, if that were the fact, when, in a tone of surprise, he answered that he was, desiring to know if I were a Frenchman? I then gave him a brief narrative of my unhappy adventures; informing him, also, of the French interpreter who had been the means of saving my life. He at once requested that I would accompany him to him; but I went with the girl, Olura, to acquaint him with the missionary's arrival, and bring him back with me. He seemed much affected, enjoined Olura to silence, and returned with me without a moment's delay.

The missionary rose from his knees on our approach, and giving us his blessing, wished us to accompany him to the Cacique. My friend Kelkill—that was the interpreter's name—urged him earnestly not to press his mission in that quarter, for that his failure might be attended with disastrous consequences. But that was easily answered; 'the missionary came there,' he said, 'not for his own benefit—it was in compliance with the dictates of a higher power.'

Interested as I was in his abandoning the undertaking, I left no means untried to dissuade him from the mad attempt. I shewed him that the only chance of success was to impress the mind of the chief himself, in which the interpreter perfectly agreed, and with some difficulty we persuaded him to postpone the interview until the following morning.

"In return for the generous interest you express in my behalf," said the missionary, "permit me to inquire how I can serve you, and what is your name?"

"My name," I replied, "is John Bridge."

"John Bridge!" exclaimed the missionary. "What the son of the wealthy merchant, Sir Paul?"

"I am, indeed, that unfortunate young man," I replied ; "is it possible that you know my father?"

"No, no!" was the answer. "I heard his name, that is all."

The missionary then went on to say, that while at Quebec he had seen a public advertisement, stating that Mr. ——, a merchant, had received letters of exchange in favour of one John Bridge, to the amount of 3000*l.* ready to be delivered at his office.

Tears of mingled gratitude and remorse bathed my cheeks at these tidings. In the bitterness of my heart, I cursed those evil passions which had plunged me into such a gulf of misery, that I could not even take advantage of any alleviation of my cruel lot. The missionary suspecting that I was the man, and the perpetrator of the savage murder so widely bruited in Quebec, told me so to my face.

"I need not ask—you are indeed that wretched being—I see it—I hear it in every tone and look!"

"I am—I am!" I exclaimed, bursting into an agony of tears; "plunging from crime into crime till I became a thing abhorred alike by Heaven and by earth. For whither shall I fly, that the consuming fire of God's wrath and the vengeance of man will not pursue?"

I fell at the feet of the missionary, not in dread, but with a strange desire to deliver myself up, to confess my crimes, and to expiate them.

In a deep voice of mingled sorrow and commiseration, he replied, as he raised me up—

"No; repent and reform; I will not cast the first stone; try to reconcile yourself to Heaven; and go to your father. You must be disgusted with this life; this river will be your guide to Virginia, or to Pennsylvania; for it forms a junction with the Delaware."

I shall not attempt to describe the emotions which filled my breast. I besought him to give me his name, and the place of his future residence, in the event of my recovering my fortune, and being enabled to show my gratitude.

"The only gratitude I ask for," was his noble reply, "is, that you will show yourself worthy of that fortune, and that whenever you meet with a fellow-creature, guilty, wretched, and in distress, you will relieve him, and think that you are relieving me."

I vowed to do so; I wept the thanks I could not speak, and trusting to nature, that kindest mother in all our wants and sorrows, I instantly set out, taking advantage of the night to facilitate my escape.

It is painful to recal the privations and sufferings which I underwent; my encounters with, and my hair-breadth escapes from hunger, from wild beasts, and from men far more wild and barbarous. These bitter trials and sufferings, like those which had preceded them, were the just punishment of evil and inordinate passions; of anger and revenge—as, first in the death of Mr. Raby, and next permitting myself to be irritated to madness by the taunts and reproaches of my wife.

One morning, on seeing a party of Europeans treating with the savages for skins, I conceived that my misfortunes were drawing to a close. I cast myself at their feet—I revealed my name—the toils and sufferings which I had endured. They bestowed their charity to enable me to reach Philadelphia, where I might obtain employment. But who would employ a broken-down and desperate wretch like me, upon whom famine had already fixed her baneful consuming eye? Not one! I was compelled to solicit alms; and even then, all turned away from me, as if I had no right to that universal profession to which all—masters and their slaves, monarchs and their subjects—are alike reduced at last—beggars even of their last chance of safety from men whom they delegate to pray for them, because they are afraid, in their soul's inmost poverty, to beg of Heaven itself.

A fever took me, and I was conveyed to this hospital. The doctor has just departed, saying, that in a few hours all will be over.

ORIGINAL LETTERS

FROM GARRICK AND OTHERS, TO GEORGE COLMAN.

WITH SOME COMMENTS BY

GEORGE RAYMOND.

Epistolary remains, whether they be little more than fragments of public and distinguished characters, will always bear with them a certain interest. Such written correspondence appears, for the moment we are tracing it, to present to us an identity of the men, beyond the art of the pencil or even personal recollections; and while looking on the positive material on which they made expression of their thoughts —either by the hasty and abbreviated execution of the pen, on the one hand, or the more painstaking and deliberate style of composition on the other, we feel so thoroughly possessed of their spirit, as to be in the very presence of their spectral form; and all seems yielded up to our intercourse but the tangible and perishable body. Autograph records assume, in this way, a value and importance, far beyond that which may attach to the subject matter. This precise impression, it is of course out of our power, in offering letters in a printed form, to convey to our readers; but we believe that, in the shape also of publication, the epistolary matter which has fallen into our hands will not be found devoid of interest.

The first is addressed to Colman by Garrick, and was written nine months after the publication of Churchill's "Rosciad," and ten months after the first representation of Colman's "Jealous Wife." The "St. James' Chronicle" was chiefly in the hands of Bonnell Thornton, Garrick, and Colman, by whose able guidance it soon became a popular journal. Colman now started another literary periodical, under the title of the "Genius," the main object of which was, to give further assistance to the "St. James' Chronicle."

There appears by the "Garrick Correspondence" to have been much paper warfare between Murphy and the manager of Drury Lane theatre about this time; Murphy complaining that he had lost 800*l.* by his pieces, which had found the way into Garrick's pocket instead of his own.

Of Murphy, Dr. Johnson observed, according to Boswell, "I don't know that Arthur can be classed with the very first dramatic writers, yet, at present, I doubt much whether we have anything superior to him."

Garrick never appeared to have had an extraordinary love for Murphy. He vexatiously delayed bringing out the "Orphan of China." In fact, he had, in the first instance, refused accepting the play, which might have been almost as fatal an error as his rejecting Home's "Douglas."

MR. GARRICK TO MR. COLMAN.

Dec. 17, 1761.

Dear Colman,—I rejoice that you are arrived safe at Bath, but most sincerely wish you as little pleasure there as possible, and you may guess the Reason. Fitzherbert being with you will, I fear, most powerfully counteract my wishes: however, I have some small hopes, from his not being under the same Roof with you.

I have this moment seen our friend Churchill, and told him a fine Scheme of Vaughn's, in conjunction with the gang of Pottinger. They are going to publish a set of Papers, called the "Genius," in order to forestall yours and deceive the Public. It is a most infamous design; and I desired Churchill would let Thornton know of it, which he will do immediately, and prevent their Scoundrellity by some humorous Paragraph. If you would have any thing done, write directly, and you shall be obeyed most minutely.

I have read your last, and think it a fine plan—a little too hastily finished. There is Strength and good Sense; but I would have more laugh and pleasantry. Our new Tragedy creeps on. We might press it on to Six nights with much loss; but I hope that the author will be reasonable and satisfied with what we have already done, without insisting upon our losing more, to *force* a Reputation—this entre nous.

You have heard I suppose of a Col. Barré, who has taken the Lyon by the Beard in the Parliam^{t} House. P. made no reply to it, and lost his Question. The Town in general thinks that the Col. was rather too rough. There will be fine work anon! Whitehead's Play has been once read, and has a great deal of merit.

Pray let me see you soon with your Bundle of Excellencies. Mr. Murphy has at last declared off with us, and in a letter to Obrien says that he has been so great a loser by the Manager of Drury Lane, that he can never more have any dealings with us. Wish me joy, my dear Friend, but keep this to yourself for many weighty reasons.

My Love to Fitzherbert & Believe me Most affectionately yours

D Garrick

The second is an extremely amusing letter, dated from Spa, and addressed to Colman, by William Pulteney, Earl of Bath, the political antagonist of Sir Robert Walpole. Lord Bath had married the sister of Colman's mother. At his death, an annuity of nine hundred guineas devolved on his nephew, under the earl's will.

George Colman, the younger, in a note to his publication of "Posthumous Letters, &c." says, "It is whimsical to observe Lord Bath's acquiescence in his protegé's theatrical connexions. All the earl's admonitions to *Coley*, not to throw away his money and time in running after plays, but to stick to the law, end in a request to procure his lordship the honour that a portrait of himself might be hung up by Mrs. Garrick." The elder Colman dedicated his play of the "Jealous Wife" to his patron, in 1761. All this refutes the report that he forfeited Lord Bath's affection by his pursuit of the drama.

Dr. Douglas was a member of the celebrated "Beef Steak Club." His character holds a place in Goldsmith's "Retaliation."

"Our *Cumberland's* sweet bread, its place shall obtain,
And *Douglas* is pudding, substantial and plain."

LORD BATH TO MR. COLMAN.

Spa, August 13th, 1763.

Dear Coley,—Yesterday I rec^{d} your letter, which was a vast while on the road, for'tis dated the 30th of July. We have had a most dreadful Summer, scarce one day without violent showers of Rain, & always cold enough to be glad of a fire.

On the 17th Instant we leave this place, and shall make a little tour into Germany, & so thro' Holland, and another part of Flanders in our way homewards. I am sorry Garrick is going such a Journey, and designs to be so long absent from England. I fancy he is driven out of it, more from resentment of the bad usage he met with last Winter, from a few impertinent Coxcombs, than from any real Jealousie of the restoration of my Health, and Vigour; but I can assure him, if my Constitution holds out, my Love for Mrs. Garrick will be full as strong, & violent, when she returns from Italy, as it is at this present writing. The D. of Cumberland's Journey to Chatsworth, & Yorkshire, has been in all the foreign Gazettes, as a subject of great speculation; if it should produce any quiet, and support to his Ma'tys Government, I shall rejoyce much at it, for I love the King exceedingly, and detest all his Ennemys. As such, I have no design of subscribing to the prose, or Poetical Works, of any of those, who write against the Court. I should be ashamed to see my name among the favourers of such Writers. As for the author of the translation of Terence, the Ladys with me, assure me they shall be extreamly glad to see any of his works, and since they were disappointed of his company in their travels, they are glad he has employd his time at home, so agreeably to himself, and so usefully to the Public.

You may easily imagine that we have passed our time here very agreeably; we have had Princes and Princesses without number, Beauty from all the Countrys of Europe, Balls, Plays, and Musick meetings every night; Politicians, Priests, and men of learning, to converse with in the day time, and Chanoinesses, Nuns, and pretty Milliners to make love to in the afternoons. We constantly go to bed at nine o'clock at night, and get up to drink the waters at five every morning.

Dr. Douglas will grieve when he comes to put on his band & bobwig again. I fancy to stay abroad a year or two longer, he would not be sorry to postpone the wearing even of Lawn Sleeves.

We have a most charming Bishop here, with whom we have often dined, who has more fine Cloaths and Diamonds than any body here; goes constantly to the Balls, and never fails all the Plays three times a week, but especially attends them on a Sunday. He is to leave us in a few days, and dines with me the day before his departure. He is a sovereign Prince of the House of Hesse Darmstadt and Bishop of Augsburg. As he is a little lame, I made him a present of my wheeling Chair, in which he may be carried up and down stairs, and as a Bishop, & a good Catholic, I told him that I wished I could convert it into the Papal and infallible chair. He smiled and thanked me, and if that should be the case he wished to see me at Rome. Should you think of favouring me with another letter, let it be directed to me at the Hague, or at Brussels, to be left at the Post house til calld for. All here present their compliments to you, & I am Dr Coley, &c.,

Bath

The next epistle is very entertaining and is also from Garrick to Colman. George Garrick was brother to David, and deputy-manager of Drury Lane Theatre. A part of his duty, says Mr. Peake, was to walk about the stage and quiet the talkers or intruders by his exclamation of "Hush! hush!" His salary was considerable; and some one inquiring why, or for what service, George was paid so large a sum, Charles Banister replied—"It is hush-money!"

Townley was head master of Merchant Taylor's School, and author of "High Life Below Stairs," &c.; Schomberg, a physician. The doctor was also a writer of farces. Mr. Peake humorously remarks —"His prescriptions were the best of his writings—they would act; not so his farces."

MR. GARRICK TO MR. COLMAN.

Turin, Oct^{r} the 18th, 1763.

My dear Colman,—I wrote last to George, and now for you. We got to this pretty City (for it is no better) last Fryday Night, & are obliged, much against our wills, to stay here till next Saturday, for the Pearch of our Carriage was broke upon the top of Mount Cenis by the carelessness of our Voiturier, who instead of carrying it upon y^{e} backs of Mules (as he ought) had it dragged up that wonderful mountain by 12 men, & it is a great miracle that it was not dash'd into ten thousand pieces. However, we are all well contented, & happy, & are resolved to fret at nothing. Mr. Pitt, & all y^{e} English here are most particularly kind to us. This Day a Gentleman shew'd me two London Chronicles, in which they have abus'd me most clumsily; I read their malignity with as much sang-froid as Plato himself would have done, tho' entre nous. I wish they had not mentioned a certain Duke, but he too is above feeling their nonsense. I cannot but take notice that Mr. Straught has twice officiously excus'd himself for the abuse upon me in his Paper, has sworn as often that there sh^{d} be no more of it, & has as often treacherously broke his word; but I am neither amaz'd or uneasy at it, & so you may tell our friend Becket.

We have nothing here in *our* way but a miserable Bouffi Opera, and y^{e} worst dancing I ever saw. The People in y^{e} Pit & Boxes talk all y^{e} while as in a Coffee house, & y^{e} Performers are even with 'em, for they are very little attentive, laugh & talk to one another, pick their Noses, & while they are unengag'd in singing, they walk up to y^{e} Stage Boxes, (in which the other actors & dancers sit dress'd in Sight of y^{e} Audience), turn their backs, join in y^{e} laugh & Conversation of their Brethren, without y^{e} least decency or regard to y^{e} Audience; I never was more astonish'd in my life; their Theatres are very Elegant, the whole is compos'd of Pit & Boxes (five or six rows of 'em), without Galleries. Each Box is like a little room where they receive visitors, & think & talk of every thing but what passes upon y^{e} Stage.

I forgot to tell you that we had the finest day imaginable for passing y^{e} terrible Mount Cenis. I was highly entertained indeed, & it is much more inconceivable (I mean the manner of ascending & descending) than it is dangerous or Disagreeable. I long to hear from you or George. I am sorry that I did not desire a Letter to this place, it would have reach'd me by this time, & I shall not be at Florence this fortnight at least, so you must not be surpris'd that you have not an answer to anything that may be sent there. All letters for y^{e} future must be directed for me to y^{e} *Marquis Belloni* at *Rome*, till I send to y^{e} contrary.

The travelling through Savoy & Piedmont to this City is the most romantick & delightfull with regard to the Scenery that can be imagined, and the nastiness in y^{e} Inns, the peculiarity of nastiness, is likewise as much above conception. I have taken some memorandums of the things, which I have seen with my own Eyes, that exceed all belief, & which I shall write down very soon, & send to our friend *Townley* as a Nosegay for you & Schomberg. Pray make a Holyday on purpose, & let it be read in full assembly over a bottle of y^{e} Dr's Claret by that aforesaid Arch-Blackguard the Rev$^{d.}$ Mr. James Townley.

My fellow traveller *Mence* is oblig'd to go oft for Minorca. We shall part in a few days, he to his Regim^{t} & I for *Florence*. My wife has been very ill, and frighten'd us all, but she is now well & herself again—she desires her Love to you and George. Pray remember us to the Huberts, Churchill, Schomberg, Dr. Hay & Smallbroke, & all whom you know, I w^{d} remember if I could. God bless you my dear Friend. Ever and most affectionately Yours,

D. Garrick.

The next is addressed by Garrick to Foote. It was in this year the witty dramatist met with the melancholy accident of fracturing his leg, by a fall from his horse. He suffered amputation of the limb. Foote speedily recovered, and turned even his cork leg to advantage. In short, all hands were employed in epigrams on foot and leg. His comedy, "the Commissary," had just been produced—a well-timed piece of ridicule on the commissaries and army contractors of what is called the Seven years' war.

Garrick alludes in this letter to Sir Francis Blake Delaval.

Derrick had been an actor, and on the death of *Beau* Nash, succeeded to the distinguished situation of "Master of the Ceremonies" at Bath. Derrick, as it is well known, was a bit of a poet. Mr. Morgann, as Boswell tells us, inquiring of Doctor Johnson, which he deemed the better writer, Smart or Derrick? the doctor replied, "Sir, there is no settling the point of precedency between a louse and a flea."

MR. GARRICK TO MR. FOOTE.

Bath, March y^{e} 21, 1766.

I will assure you, my dear sir, that it was a very heavy task for my heart, to pass by Newbury without calling upon you, and I most joyfully accept of S$^{r.}$ Francis's & your kind invitation to visit you on my return. I shall have nobody with me but our old friend Clutterbuck, & I will venture to bring him. He & I have read your letters together with the highest pleasure, & I will ever keep them as incontestible proofs of your Wit & Philosophy. By G—d says Clutterbuck he writes better than any body, & I don't know which to admire most, his pleasantry, or his courage: you have had a trying time, my dear Foote, & I hope for y^{r} life to come, that with one leg you will be an overmatch for your enemies, & outrun the foul fiend. I must entreat you not to let any trifling accidents dis-compose you; your remonstrance to Beard will immediately finish that foolish affair—had not you had a Bromfield, perhaps we had all lamented it, but I defy the most arrant dramatic Bungler to destroy y^{e} Commissary; they may maim him a little but they can no more extinguish his spirit than they can yours.

You flattered me so much about the Epigram which I wrote upon you, that I was almost wound up to a pitch of vanity to send you a little Ode I lately wrote to your witty friend Mr. Charles Townshend—they say it is well enough for me, & if you shew the least inclination to see it, I will certainly send it to you—always remembering that you must not give, or suffer a copy to be taken—there is a certain vanity in supposing that any body would ask for a copy, but I have a better reason, than mere author's conceit, for my care upon this occasion.

Pray present our best services to S^r^ Francis, & your good friends about you—his tenderness & humanity to you, my dear friend, upon your accident has endear'd him to every body—it is spoken of with all that respect and approbation which would flatter & please you, but from w^ch^ S^r^ Fra^s^ (who I am sure has only acted up to his feelings) would have no additional pleasure. I shall be proud to kiss his hand, at Cannon Park, & will certainly do it w^h^ his permission, if you don't get to London before me. I will give you an epigram upon our friend Derrick's making a speech upon y^e^ benches against dancing minuets in Sacks, & resolving to prohibit them.

Lycurgus of Bath,
Be not given to wrath,
Your rigour, the Fair sh^d^ not feel:
Still fix 'em your debtors;
Make laws like your betters,
And as fast as you make 'em *repeal.*

Ever & most affect^y^ Yours,
D. GARRICK.

I write in y^e^ bar of a Coffee house, & with a Skewer.

The Translator of "Terence" writes to the translator of "Plautus." Colman had assisted Thornton by a translation of one play:

MR. COLMAN TO MR. BONNELL THORNTON.

MY DEAR THORNTON,—Many, many thanks for your Plautus. The friendly manner in which you have placed my name at the head of it, touches me extremely. In one or two passages, under the consciousness of writing to the world as well as to y^r^ old friend, you have been pleased to compliment me; but you have done it so very handsomely, & with so much delicacy, that I am not much ashamed of it. I almost envy you the turn in favour of Garrick at the conclusion. It is one of the neatest I ever remember. I am now more anxious for the success of Terence than ever, for I w^d^ fain have Mr. Town walk down to posterity, if possible, in more shapes than one. I have looked at nothing yet but a description of Love (I forget in which play, the "Trinummus" I believe) which I think very happily rendered.

G. COLMAN.

G^t^. Queen Street, Thursday Morn^g^.

MR. GARRICK TO MR. COLMAN.

MY DEAR COLEY,—Since y^r^ Coming is doubtful this Even^g^ I can't keep y^e^ Enclosed from you a moment longer, because I knew you will be diverted w^th^ it. I intend to give y^e^ Story of *Mr. B.* in English for y^r^ sake. Have you read Farmer's Learning of Shaks^r^?

—some good things in it, but he's a conceited University man, pert & fantastical, with a dash of the Nonsensical.

My love to you & yours. Dr. Barry had some success with me, my Cough began to alarm me—a nervous one & took away my senses—I am like y^{e} weather — breaking a little, with this difference, however—the weather breaks to promise better days; for myself, alas ! . . . . It must come—so no matter. In Every State of body & mind,

I am Yours Ever & most affect^{y}.

D. GARRICK.

Kiss the Mother and Child* for me. God bless you all.

Dr. Francklin, in 1749, published a translation of the "Epistles of Phalaris," and the "De Naturâ Deorum" of Cicero. Ten years afterwards appeared his Sophocles. His translation of "Lucian" following, at once asserted the claims of Doctor Francklin to the highest honors of Greek literature. In this work, he dedicated the "Demonax" to Dr. Johnson, whom he designated under the same name. Of the ancient sage, Lucian says he was, "*ἀριστον ὧν οιδα ἐγὼ φιλοσόφων γενόμενον.*" This, however, appears not quite a suitable panegyric, as the gentle qualities which Lucian gives to the Cretan philosopher, could scarcely be considered the attributes of the British Critic.

In 1766, Dr. Francklin produced his tragedy of the "Earl of Warwick." Murphy, in his "Life of Garrick," says, "Dr. Francklin borrowed this play from the young poet, La Harpe, without so much as acknowledging the obligation, and in fact gave a close copy of 'Le Comte de Warwick.'"

The doctor is thus mentioned in the "Rosciad :"

> "Others for Francklin voted, but 'twas known,
> He sicken'd at all triumphs but his own."

DR. FRANCKLIN TO MR. COLMAN.

SIR,—I have lately put into Mr. Garrick's hands my Tragedy of the Earl of Warwick, which he has read over. Some objections have been rais'd and some alterations propos'd by both: but as we wou'd gladly have the opinion of some impartial man of judgment & candor in the affair, I shou'd esteem it as a favor if you wou'd look it over, & give us your sentiments concerning it. I have therefore taken this first opportunity by Mr. G's desire to wait on you.

Your obed^{t} humble Serv^{t},

Tho^{s}. Francklin

Twitn'am Wed. Morn.

P.S. I am at present & shall be all this & next week at Twit'nam at Mr. Jefferies', a Surgeon in the middle of the town, and beg the favor of an answer.

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* George Colman the Younger.

Colman was now fairly launched on that "sea of troubles," theatrical management; and Covent Garden Theatre, in September, 1767, opened under his joint direction with Powell, Harris, and Rutherford. The following letter he receives from Charles Macklin, then in his sixty-seventh year. Macklin's farce of the "True Born Irishman," to which he alludes, was brought out this season at Covent Garden, but its wit being local rather than general, it did not greatly succeed. On which Macklin observed, "I believe the audience are right; there is a geography in humour and morals too, which I had not well considered."

Macklin was soon afterwards engaged in a long, wearisome litigation with the Covent Garden manager, in which he ultimately was victorious. His position, however, was another illustration of the old public-house sign, which exhibited a naked man on one side, and a figure with a ragged shirt on the reverse. "I have lost my cause," cries the one; "I have won it," exclaims the other. On Macklin's conduct in respect of the damages he had obtained, Lord Mansfield observed to him, "You have met, sir, with great applause to-day; you never acted better in your life."

MR. MACKLIN TO MR. COLMAN.

Sir,—That you be the better prepared to judge of my Intentions concerning my designed agreement with you and the other managers of Covent Garden Theatre, and of the materials which I mean to employ in your Service, I have taken the Liberty to send you a Sketch of the Whole before we meet this Evening.

The Materials I purpose to employ are "Love à la Mode," "The true born Irishman," and a new Farce, there to be play'd after such Plays as shall be found mutually eligible, and should the man of the Times, upon Tryal, be found fit for Service he must mount in his Turn. These, I think, with proper management, will be Sufficient for my Share of the Winter's Service. Should you have an Occasion for farther aid, I have by me the Tragedy of "Philaster," which is so alter'd as, in my opinion, to be deem'd a new Performance, or one that may stand in that Light, with a new name, & the "Characters" new christened,—but of that better Judgements shall determine, for I despise Imposture, or a Fame that is not won by Integrity. The chief Reason why I mention "Philaster," in preference to many things I have by me, is, that I think the Play will Stamp a peculiar and a permanent Fame upon Mr. Powell in the Character of *Philaster*, and upon Miss Macklin in that of *Bellario*. But of this a cool Perusal will be a much better Evidence than a Sanguin Affection

Charles Macklin

Castle Street, July 21-1767.

P. S. as my Countryman says, I shall be so soon with you after this, that I might as well have brought it along with me, and then you know you need not have had the trouble of reading it.

THE LADY OF DUART'S VENGEANCE.

A LEGEND OF MULL.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

"Weird woman, that dwellest on lofty Ben More,
Give ear to my sorrow, and aid, I implore!
A lady has come from the green sunny bowers
Of a far southern clime, to the mountains of ours;
A light in her eyes, but deceit in her heart;
And she lingers and lingers, and will not depart.

"Through darkness and danger, 'mid tempest and rain,
She has sail'd to our shores from the cities of Spain,
Forsaking her country, her kindred, her home,
Abroad through our cold western islands to roam,
To find a young lover, as fair to her sight
As a gallant she saw in the dreams of the night.

"And hither by stars unpropitious convey'd,
She has come, in her gems and her beauty array'd,
With a tongue full of sweetness—a breast full of guile,
And wielding at will both the tear and the smile;
And fix'd her bright eyes on the chief of Maclean,
To toy with his heart, and bewilder his brain.

"And I, who was once the delight of his soul,
Ere *she*, like a blight on my happiness, stole,
Now wander through Duart, neglected and lorn,
Of a stranger the scoff—of my maidens the scorn;
With a grief in my bosom that gnaws to the core,
And a fire in my brain that will burn evermore,

"Unless thou wilt aid me with charm and with spell,
To gain back the heart I have cherish'd so well;
And rid me of her, who, with glozing and lies,
Has stolen from my household the joy of mine eyes;
The love of my husband, once faithful and kind,
And the calm, happy sleep of an innocent mind."

"Fair lady of Duart! the heart of thy lord,
Though lost for a moment, shall yet be restored;
We'll dim the bright eye of this wanton of Spain—
The rose on her cheek shall not flourish again;
Like a mist in the sun she shall melt in our wrath,
And her shadow no longer shall darken thy path.

"With my hand, with my heart, with my power, with my life,
I'll aid thee to vengeance, thou desolate wife!"
"But, alas!" said the lady, "I may not employ
The cup or the dagger, her life to destroy—
I hate her with hatred intense as despair,
But murder is guilt that my soul cannot bear."

"Be calm, craven spirit! On me be the guilt!
No poison shall rack her, no blood shall be spilt.
Till my hair has turn'd grey, and my blood has grown thin,
I have dwelt on Ben More with the spirits of sin;
And have learn'd, by their aid, without weapons, to kill,
And can blast by a look, and destroy by my will.

'Were her ship the fair Florida far on the seas,
I'd whirl her and toss her like chaff on the breeze;
And far on some cliff, where the storms ever roar,
And aid could not reach them, I'd drive them ashore,
And drag your fair dame, by her long raven locks,
To sleep with the worm at the foot of the rocks.

"But safe from all danger of winds and of tides,
In calm Tobermory at anchor she rides;
But peril may come 'mid security deep,
And vengeance may wake when the world is asleep;
And strong though her timbers—her haven secure,
The hand of revenge, though unseen, shall be sure."

Serene was the night, and unruffled the bay,
Not a breath stirred the deep where the Florida lay;
Her broad azure pennant hung breezeless on high,
And her thin taper masts pointed clear to the sky,
And the moonlight that fell on the breast of the deep
Appear'd like the charm that had lull'd it to sleep.

The cabin boy dream'd of the vineyards of Spain,
Or roam'd with a maiden at sunset again;
The sailor in fancy was dancing afar,
In his own native land, to the graceful guitar;
Or bless'd with a household, in sleep, was restored
To the children he loved, and the wife he adored.

The fair Spanish lady in visions was blest:
She dream'd, that escaped from the isles of the West,
Her young Highland chief had consented to roam
To her far Andalusia, in search of a home;
That together they dwelt in her own sunny clime,
Where life was not effort, and love was not crime.

None dreamt of the danger that round them might lurk;
But in darkness and silence a spell was at work.
Conceal'd in the waters, at poop and at prow,
The agents of evil were busy below;
And noiseless their labour, but certain their stroke,
Through her strong copper'd hull, and her timbers of oak.

And, long ere the morning, a loud sudden shriek
Was heard o'er the bay, "Sprung a leak!—sprung a leak!"
Oh, then, there was gathering in tumult and fear,
And a blenching of cheeks, as the peril grew near!
A screaming of women—a cursing of men,
And a rushing and trampling, again and again.

No time for leave-taking—no leisure to weep;
In roll'd the fierce waters, and down to the deep—
Down, down, fifty fathoms, with captain and crew,
The Florida sank, with the haven in view;—
Down, down to the bottom, escaping but one
To tell the sad tale of the deed that was done.

And he, as he battled for life with the tide,
Beheld the fair lady of Spain by his side;
And a lank, skinny hand, that came up through the spray,
And twined in her tresses, as floating she lay;
And heard the loud laughter of fiends in the air,
As she sank 'mid the waves with a shriek of despair.

[NOTE.—The Florida, one of the Invincible Armada, was sunk at Tobermory by an emissary of Queen Elizabeth. This vessel is supposed to have contained a great deal of specie. The country tradition concerning it is, that a daughter of the King of Spain having dreamed that a young man of particularly engaging figure had appeared to her, determined to sail the wide world in search of the living prototype of the vision; Maclean of Duart realized in the princess's eyes the creation of her fancy. The wife of Maclean became jealous of his attentions to the fair stranger, and sought counsel of the Witches of Mull, by whose agency the vessel was sunk with the object of her resentment.—*Anderson's Guide to the Highlands.*]

The Incantation.

LONDON: JOHN MORTIMER, ADELAIDE STREET 1845.

The Magician and the Favourite.

THE zealous antiquary, or the observant citizen of London, whose memory carries him back for a period of fifty years, may remember an old low-browed house, which formerly stood on the north side of Tower Hill, on the site of the gardens which once belonged to the ancient monastery of the Crutched-Friars, though its name was successively changed, as the royal grant allotted it, in the first instance, to Sir Thomas Wyat, and, at a later period, to Sir Thomas Savage. The last designation it still retains, though modern alterations and improvements have at length done away with this long-surviving relic of old days, and the spot where it stood is now undistinguished from the surrounding neighbourhood.

The peculiar style of architecture which characterized this building had, even so far back as the reign of Queen Elizabeth, rendered it remarkable for its antiquity, and sufficiently attested the early period of its construction. The front of the house was low, and consisted of only one story, which, projecting far into the street, completely cast the lower part into shade. The roof rose high and conical, and terminated at the top in a grotesque device of carved oak, representing what might pass for an angel in the eyes of the pious, or of a fiend in those of the less scrupulous.

Many strange figures were freely sculptured at the extremities of the beams, which formed the frame-work of the large lattice, and supported the cross-timbers of the upper story. The door-posts, also, were enriched with the same minute and laboriously-executed ornaments. The portal itself was low and wide, and the thick oaken planks of the door were profusely and irregularly studded with small iron knobs, bearing no very remote resemblance to those ancient inscriptions which Orientalists describe as written in the Babylonian character.

The window above, though large, and extending along the whole front of the house, was yet so obscured by the garniture of wood-work which surrounded it, as to make it difficult for the light of day to penetrate far into the gloomy recesses of the chamber. In addition to this, the house stood not alone, but situated in a narrow street, with lofty buildings in front and around, which seemed inclined to topple upon their lowly neighbour, and effectually precluded the sun's rays, even on the brightest days, from enlightening the dusky mansion.

Such was the appearance of this edifice in the year 1584, when it became the residence of a being as singularly distinguished from the rest of the world around him, as the tenement he occupied would appear beside our modern edifices.

Of his birth, and even of his country, nothing was precisely known; but from the observations which the inquisitiveness of his neighbours prompted them to make, it was conjectured he was of Arabian origin.

His appearance in this quarter of the world was sudden; but it was rumoured that he had found his way to England in the suite of a foreign ambassador, as the previous occurrences of his life rendered such a mode of travelling necessary to his safety. Though he never mixed voluntarily with his neighbours, his door was always open to such as wished to cross his threshhold; but the number of his visitors was few. He neither invited nor repelled observation; but there was that about him which was far from stimulating the superstitious and unenlightened people, in the midst of whom he dwelt, to a renewal of their visit. Those who had once entered within the precincts of his dwelling, returned impressed with a degree of awe, which gradually communicated itself to all in the vicinity; so that, in a short time, without any real cause for dislike, he was marked, feared, and generally avoided.

The report went abroad that his knowledge in the occult sciences was unbounded, and those who had seen the interior of his abode gave marvellous descriptions of the wonders which attracted their astonished gaze on all sides. Philosophical instruments, and others, whose uses were more imperfectly imagined, strange garments, weapons of peculiar form, crucibles and retorts, stuffed animals of various kinds, and one or two living ones not common to Europe, together with numerous emblems of mortality, alike fitted for the contemplation of the moralizing philosopher, or the mystic appendages of the necromancer, were all to be seen in the apartment of him who had insensibly acquired the reputation of one of the Magians of old, though it was probable he was only another link of the long chain of those who laboured for the advancement of what was generally termed the grand magisterium or secret—the discovery of the philosopher's stone, with all its mysterious accompaniments.

The personal appearance of this individual was as remarkable as the furniture of his dwelling. His dress was usually a long violet-coloured robe (the mourning garment of the East), confined round the middle by a broad leathern belt, on which were inscribed the signs of the zodiac, and various unknown characters. He wore a high conical cap, made of dark fur, such as we see on Armenians, Persians, and and other inhabitants of Asia. His feet were shod with sandals, and from his waist hung a small case of writing materials; a scroll of parchment, only partially concealed in the folds of his ample robe, and a long ebon staff, which he invariably carried abroad, completed his external appearance.

In form he was tall, though somewhat bent, either from age, or the habit of meditation, which fixed his gaze almost constantly upon the earth, except when he was about to speak. His head was then raised, and disclosed features, the expression of which was strikingly fine and noble. The forehead was high and expansive, the eyes dark and piercing, the mouth grave and well-formed, and a long beard, of snowy whiteness, falling on his breast, gave an air of venerable solemnity to his whole countenance, which could not fail to impress the beholders with respect, if not with awe. The name by which he was known was that of Youssouf.

In the day-time he was rarely seen; but in the evening, when the dim haze of twilight began to wrap every object in obscurity, he might be observed issuing forth, and pacing, with majestic step, towards the open country which skirted this part of the town, or descending to the banks of the river, along the margin of which it was his wont to walk sometimes for several hours together. The night appeared not to be allotted by him to the purpose of rest; for the faint twinkle of the solitary lamp which flamed from the upper chamber, indicated that his studies were unremitting, whatever might be their object.

It has been observed that Youssouf was more shunned than sought. There were times, however, when this prejudice gave way before the necessities of those who came, with humble looks, to implore his assistance; their health, their undertakings, and their fortunes, were by turns the theme of solicitation, and to all he lent an attentive ear. His medical skill restored their former strength; his prescience afforded them wise rules for their future guidance, if it did not absolutely predict the course of events; and his liberality often relieved, in a more tangible manner, the wants of such as were not undeserving of his kindness. The fame of Youssouf soon spread far and wide, and upon the last-mentioned circumstance, the conjectures as to his wealth were more ostensibly founded.

It was a chill and wintry night, at the latter end of October, when a boat, pulled by four stout rowers, was rapidly urged along the river, as it returned from the royal residence at Greenwich, to London. Though the moon was at the full, her light was obscured by heavy masses of dark cloud, which drifted before her, and cast a fitful gloom over the face of nature; the wind whistled shrilly, and, sweeping in sudden gusts across the stream, curled up the surface of the waters, and dashed the cold spray over the boatmen, as they sped the light and bounding bark.

A young man sat in the stern of the boat, wrapped in a large cloak, which completely concealed his figure; he seemed absorbed in a profound reverie, though constant habit gave him the power to guide the helm mechanically, and avoid the many impediments which obstructed the channel. The boat was now fast approaching the city, and the frowning battlements of the ancient Tower of London were at intervals perceptible, when the moon for a moment struggled through the dark veil which obscured her brightness. On a sudden the young man started from the musing attitude in which he had been reclining, and commanded the boatmen to rest on their oars, while he bent himself to listen for a repetition of the sound which he said had originally roused his attention.

It was then that all on board distinctly heard the voices of men on shore loud in altercation, and, as it seemed, engaged in some desperate act of violence. In this opinion they were confirmed, by hearing the cry of "Murder!" several times repeated. The young man already mentioned, directed the rowers to pull towards the shore as fast as they could, and with as little noise as possible. Favoured by the darkness of the night, and the turbulent state of the waters, which concealed their approach, they had almost gained the bank of the river, at the spot from whence the sounds proceeded, when their purpose was discovered; a violent, but brief struggle ensued, and then a heavy plunge into the stream, accompanied by a deep execration, announced that all was over.

The moon at the same moment burst through the cloud which obscured her, and by her light two men were seen for an instant at gaze, as they reconnoitred the party in the boat, and then were speedily lost from the view. The boatmen shipped their oars, and the bark glided swiftly forward to the bank, where, vainly grasping at the slippery surface which it presented, a figure was descried, striving manfully to regain the shore. His efforts would, however, have been unsuccessful, had not the leader of the party, which had come so opportunely to his rescue, leant over the side of the boat, and supported him in the stream, till, by the assistance of his men, he was safely raised from the water, and placed on dry land.

On examining the person of him whom they had rescued, the young stranger observed that his garb was Oriental, and the first words he uttered, when sufficiently recovered from the state of exhaustion which his violent exertions had caused, were in an unknown tongue. "Mashallah!" was his oft-repeated exclamation, as, with uplifted hands, he raised his eyes towards Heaven; then, turning to those who surrounded him, he addressed himself in English to him who was evidently their chief.

"Stranger," he said, "you have saved my life, and if you wish to add to the good work which you have begun, you will send an escort to my dwelling; for I much fear that, in my protracted absence, the villains with whom I was engaged may effect a part of their design, and the strength of threescore and ten availeth little after so severe a struggle. Just Allah," he exclaimed, interjectionally, "when may thy servant pass through his final trial, and become the type of thine omnipotence below!" Then, turning again, he added, "Deny not my request, it shall profit you much; I have that which can amply satisfy your utmost wishes, and your reward shall not be wanting."

"There needs none, reverend father," replied the young stranger, with the frankness of youth. "I myself will be your escort, and fear not that I can sufficiently protect you. I have used my sword in a good cause too often to dread the result, should we be attacked by a score of such craven fellows as we just now scared. I return not with you, Walter," he said, speaking to the foremost boatman; "it may be that I shall stay for to-night in this neighbourhood." The man to whom he spoke replied only by an obedient gesture, and the party withdrew to the boat, leaving their leader and the old man together.

A slight pause ensued, which was broken by the former, who demanded to know if his companion was able to renew his journey homewards. Receiving an assent, they slowly quitted the shore, and, in a short time, reached the inhabited parts of the town. The old man here led the way through several narrow and obscure streets, and at length stopped opposite the low portal of the house which has already been described. He then sought eagerly in his bosom, and produced a small master-key, which he applied to the lock, and the door stood open before them.

"Enter, my son," said Youssouf—for he it was;—"there is nothing now to dread. The ascendancy of the evil planet is past, and good fortune predominates. Fate has decreed that thou shouldst this night be my guest, though not even *I* could have divined the means. What saith the holy Koran? 'No man shall see Death till the time arrives which is fixed by the immutable decrees of Allah.' Follow me, then, my son, and believe that the events of this night have been long foredoomed to happen."

He entered, as he spoke, into a low vaulted room, where a solitary lamp sent forth a flickering light, and only half illumined the dusky chamber. The stranger followed him, and Youssouf carefully closed the door. He then crossed the vault, and, taking up the lamp, beckoned his companion to ascend with him a narrow gloomy staircase, the first steps of which were just visible, as the light fell faintly on a dark recess. The stranger hesitated for an instant, and then, as if reflecting that he had gone too far to recede, and that he was armed and alone with a defenceless old man who owed him his life, he felt ashamed of his momentary apprehension, and advanced towards Youssouf. The latter seemed to guess what was passing in his mind.

"I come," he said, "from a land where inhospitality and ingratitude are unknown. I owe you the reverse of both: a robber, even, in my country respects the sacred character of his guest."

They ascended the narrow stairs, and, assisted more by the touch than eyesight, at length gained the summit, where the stranger found himself in a spacious apartment.

Youssouf trimmed his lamp, and invited his guest to rest himself while he procured him some refreshment. In the meantime the latter was occupied in examining the chamber, of which he was so unexpectedly the tenant. The walls were wainscoted, and, as well as the ceiling, were composed of dark oak, much blackened by time and smoke. From the centre of the ceiling was suspended a heavy silver chain, to which hung a lamp of the same metal, in the shape of a globe, with four long branches, fantastically twined. As the old man traversed the apartment, the light flashed upon the walls, where numerous steel weapons were arranged in peculiar devices, and between each group of arms was suspended a human skull, a skeleton, or some other ghastly emblem of mortality. Strange figures were also chalked upon the wainscot, exhibiting many of the mystical signs which are inscribed on the tombs of the ancient Pharaohs, amidst which the form of Osiris was the most frequent. Amongst these were others, which, more regularly mathematical, were more intelligible. Various scrolls of parchment, covered with hieroglyphics, glass cases containing the sacred ibis, the swathed mummy from the Pyramids, the embryo crocodile of the Nile, the granite Scarabæus, and numerous other fragments of Egyptian antiquity, were scattered round the room. In the further corner was a deep recess, in which appeared many of the instruments proper for a chemist's laboratory; a small fire of charcoal was also burning steadily beneath a large alembic. All these signs were sufficient to assure the stranger that he was in the dwelling of one of those sages, whom subsequent times have stigmatized as astrologers and visionary enthusiasts.

Youssouf now placed some provisions on a small table, and set them before his guest. "They are not," he said, "such as you are doubtless accustomed to; but who, in traversing the sandy desert, can look to behold the delightful valleys of Yemen? The juice of the grape is forbidden to all who profess the true belief, since our Prophet denounced it as the Omm Alkhabât, or mother of destruction."

"Father," the youth replied, "I know so much of the rites of Eastern hospitality, as to partake gratefully of that which is cheerfully offered. These dried fruits and this delicious beverage are a greater luxury than the costliest viands, and the brightest wines. Will you not comply with your native custom so far as to eat the 'bread and salt' with me?"

"I may not," Youssouf answered, "indulge in the sensual delights of appetite. Long and severe fasting can alone free the mind from earthly desires, and raise it to the state of perfection which is needful for him who toils in search of truth. Nevertheless, to remove your scruples, a few dates and a cup of sherbet shall assure me as truly your friend as if I had sworn by Al Corsi, the brightest of all the thrones of Allah."

Their repast was soon finished, and the stranger now demanded of Youssouf the particulars of the accident which had caused his interference. They were briefly explained.

It appeared, that, pursuing his accustomed path by the river-side, and buried in thought, he had suddenly been stopped by two ruffians, who, aware of his usual habits, and influenced, probably, by the general report, sought to make themselves master of his person, to secure his supposed wealth. He had nothing on his person, except the key of his dwelling, which was carefully concealed; but the robbers, disbelieving his assertions, proceeded to acts of violence. He defended himself as well as he could; but they had just succeeded in mastering his weapon at the very moment when the boat appeared in sight, and, in revenge for the loss of their supposed prize, they had hurled Youssouf into the river. "I knew," continued Youssouf—"for the stars had predicted it—that danger was near me; the conjunction of opposing planets spoke only too plainly. But I knew, also, that a more favourable influence was predominant, and such it has proved. Tell me, then, my son, in what way Youssouf, the humble recluse, can show his gratitude to his preserver?"

"My father," the stranger replied, "I doubt not that the book of knowledge lies open to your skill; or does it exceed the limits of your art, to predict the future destinies of a nameless man! If not, I would entreat that my fate may be revealed to me!"

"And is it even so!" Youssouf exclaimed. "Old and young, rich and poor, all seek after futurity! Believe me, that the knowledge is often fatal. Ask for some other gratification, which may be more easily attained, and less dangerous when possessed."

"Nay," the youth replied, "deny not my request. I am indifferent to the danger, and can wish for no higher gratification. Trust me, I have framed my mind to endure my fortune, be it of good or evil. To know it cannot make me unhappier than I have been: it may have a better effect on the days which are in store."

"Be it so, then," said Youssouf; "remember, it is the voice of Heaven that speaks! Give me your hand."

The young man extended his palm, in obedience to the sage's direction. After a long and attentive perusal of the intersecting lines, Youssouf spoke.

"This hand," he said, "is a mysterious intelligencer of the decrees of fate. I see in it the course of an eventful life. Ay," he exclaimed, rather, as it were, in communion with his own thoughts, than addressing his companion, "a long and slender palm, and taper fingers! Yet spirit and enterprise are clearly developed, as well as their consequence, honours and dignities, in these ruddy nails; and the line of life—ay, that indeed—'tis strongly and boldly marked. But, see where it suddenly terminates! Though bright and successful thy career, the end appears abrupt and violent! A sharp and sudden death must close thy mortal span."

"So be it!" the youth exclaimed. "I would rather gleam like a meteor through the mid-air, than twinkle obscurely, however steadily, where none would heed my light. But, tell me more. What of my particular fortunes, and how are they to be reached?"

"My son," the astrologer replied "as yet I see but dimly into the events of your future life. If you wish to learn all that may betide, as far as human skill can point it out, it shall be done; but not now. I must make some necessary preparations, and observe the favourable hour. You, yourself, must give me the precise indications which are necessary for setting your horoscope; then, all I can reveal shall be made known to you. Your hand again," he said, and once more looked on it with attention. "Success and power are, indeed, distinctly marked, but friendship is wanting throughout; and all things portend a violent death. See you not the mensal line, and the upward-turning branches of the line of life? Enough for the present. In eight and forty hours we will speak further on this matter. And now, my son, you doubtless stand in need of rest. To-night you are my guest, if you can sleep in a dwelling so dreary."

"The prospect of the future," he replied, "shall not, at any rate, mar my present slumbers; and sleep will seal my eyes as readily here as elsewhere."

"Arise, then, and follow me," said Youssouf; and, opening a small door, he led the way down a narrow passage, at the extremity of which was a small chamber, covered with the skins of various animals, and spread out so as to form a luxurious couch.

"Here," said the astrologer, "is your bed; rest here till daylight. For myself, I must be a watcher till the stars shed their latest ray. In the morning, when you wish to depart, seek me not, but descend the staircase which leads into the lower apartment. Remember to close the door, and fail not to present yourself here when the sun has set, on the second day from hence. Forget not, also, to ascertain the precise hour and period of your birth. And now, may the stars of the Sleeping Eagle* shed its influence over your couch!"

The old man withdrew at these words. His companion stretched himself upon the soft bed of furs which was prepared, and despite the novelty of his situation, and the imperfect prophecies he had heard relative to his fate, which haunted his imagination, in a short time he slept soundly.

He was stirring at early dawn, and, obedient to the sage's injunction, departed as silently as he had arrived.

That day passed away, and the second was sinking fast into the shades of night when he returned to the dwelling of the astrologer, prepared, though with a beating heart and anxious mind, to encounter his fate with firmness, whatever the stars might predict.

At the period of which we are speaking, a belief in judicial astrology was generally entertained; and even some of the master-spirits of the age owned, in a slight degree, their partial belief in the science. It has been said that the queen herself allowed her judgment, on one occasion, to be influenced by the predictions of an astrologer; at least, such is the assertion of the acute and entertaining Italian, whose history of her reign is in many respects a faithful one. A further proof, if need were, might be deduced from the proceedings against witchcraft, which characterized the reign of her successor, as well as from the numerous memoirs which tend to illustrate the fact.

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* "*Nasr al Vaké*," so called by the Arabs.

Though liberally educated, travelled, and superabundantly endowed with the gifts of nature and the acquirements of art, the mind of the young man had not in this respect risen superior to that of the multitude; or, if so, it was but with a slight shade of difference, arising from the effect of education, which corrected, though it could not eradicate, the early impressions of superstition.

Arrived at the sage's dwelling, he knocked, and was presently admitted. The old man stood before him, and accosted him with the eastern salutation of peace as he bent his head, and once more welcomed the stranger to his abode.

The sad-coloured garment which Youssouf usually wore was exchanged for a robe of pure white; the sleeves and hem of which were bordered by deep rows of Oriental writing, representing the ninety and nine mysterious names of Allah. His cap was high and conical, and of the same colour, and a verse from the Koran was inscribed around it; the same that is applied to "the wondrous night," which all Moslemeh hold in the deepest veneration. The purport ran thus: "May peace be upon this night, till the light shall dawn from the east!" His waist was encircled by the black and white skin of the serpent Arkam, known for its wisdom and its venomous qualities in the province of Toorkistan; and on his breast he wore a triangular ornament of gold, the emblem of perfectibility. In his right hand he held an ebon wand, which was ornamented with a serpentine wreath of silver, from one extremity to the other.

The chamber was now brilliantly illuminated by long tapers of camphor, but the splendour of the light was not visible from without, owing to several thick folds of dark cloth, which were suspended across the room, in front of the window, the lattice of which was also closed by heavy oaken shutters. The middle of the apartment was the centre of a large circle, accurately traced in chalk, and regularly divided according to the twelve signs of the zodiac, which marked the several houses. A small peeled wand was also laid at each division of the circle, composed alternately of elm and aspen; the interior of the circle presented a barrier of a formidable nature, being formed of sculls and bones, together with divers more inexplicable objects.

"Behold, my son," said Youssouf, "these relics of mortality; they are the bones of the wise, who, like me, have toiled long and suffered much, to discover the grand secret of nature. Each fragment which you see there, was once an animated portion of the living frames of the sages who inhabited the city of Ain al Shams, the fountain of the sun, once the capital of Egypt and of the world! Alas, for the wreck of time! The city is desolate, and the bones of the wisest who dwelt within its walls alone attest the past existence of that which was once renowned among nations. These shining stones," he continued, pointing with his wand as he spoke, "were formerly among the gems which adorned the crown of Zein Alzaman, the mighty founder of the city of Anberabad, in the isles of the Indian

Ocean. In the same circle, you may mark the various stones which possess the strongest power in conjunction with the planetary signs; from the pearl of the sea of Oman and the amber of Chaldea, to the turquoise of Istakhar and that stone,* more precious than all, which is found in the eyes of the stag, whose food is of serpents in the sandy deserts of Thibet and Cathay.

"Nor are these alone sufficient to counteract the malignant influence of the planets which are in opposition to this night's work. I name them to thee, my son, that thou mayst see that the productions of the earth, the holiest, the rarest, and some the most ordinary, are alike needful to success. 'A wise man,' saith the Hâkim Lokman, 'neglecteth not the aid of the meanest of the creatures of Allah!' Observe this vase of alabaster; it contains the chrystallized tears of the dove of the Sultan Mahmoud Ben Sebekteghin, a holy bird, sent by the prophet to his faithful servant from the river Kautser, in the garden of Eden, whose shores are of pure gold, and the sands of its shining bed are pearls and rubies. These crystal drops have power to dispel the noxious qualities of poison, and of all things hurtful to man.

"It needs not to describe more of the precious fragments which have been collected to heighten the force of the charm I am about to assay; nor is it needful to say how all these powerful auxiliaries have been procured: enough that a long life of toil and pain has enabled me to discover their mysterious attributes; soon, I trust, to lead to the accomplishment of the grand object of my existence,—the attainment of knowledge and power beyond that of Soliman Ben Daoud, whose slaves were the genii of the elements!

"Before, however, we enter within the limits of the circle, to invoke the presence of the spirits to answer your demands, first tell me the precise hour and minute of your birth, that I may complete the horoscope which I have already begun."

As he spoke, Youssouf drew from his bosom a broad sheet of parchment, on which was accurately depicted the table of the twelve houses of life. Receiving the required document, he examined it attentively, and seated himself upon the floor while he proceeded to make the necessary calculations. His companion observed him with interest. In a short time the old man spoke.

"My son," he said, "I was not deceived; the stars are the willing interpreters of the decrees of fate. The lines of your hand agree but too well with the destiny which is inscribed in the heavenly spheres. In the first house, which is that of Life, I see where Jupiter enters direct into the sign of Al Gedi, or the Ram; believe me, that ere long the bright course of your fortunes will begin; they will be brilliant and successful; still further is the same planet predominant in the eleventh house, where dignities and the favour of princes are profusely strewed; but, again being retrograde in Taurus, it is clear that the house of Life is endangered in the midst of the highest sweep of fortune. Your career will be eminently prosperous, but its end will assuredly be sudden!

"Behold, where the planet Zohair, which is Venus, enters into the Balance with the Sun in the ascendant, as surely does it betoken the love of woman, and the dangerous favours which she bestows. Bear then, in mind the words of the poet Dahban, to 'mistrust four things—the friendship of princes, the caresses of women, the smiles of enemies, and the warmth of winter, for none of these things endure.' Rely on this saying, for that which follows assures its truth.

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* The bezoar stone.

"The sun being retrograde in Taurus denotes that, though the prospect of marriage may offer the surest means of happiness, it will never be successful. In the tenth house Mars, entering direct into Cancer, repeats the prediction of danger and violent death; and Venus, being in conjunction, declares, that from woman will the danger ensue.

"There are three occurrences which will mark your future life, all in themselves productive of honour, but linked to a fatal termination. The first will speedily arrive, and open the road to fame and fortune; the second will be occasioned by the death of a dear friend, whose end you will yourself accelerate, and almost gain the topmost round of ambition's ladder; the third will go near to raise you to the pinnacle of human greatness, but your opposing fate will quickly reverse the picture. The horoscope tells me no more, and more if you wish to know must be demanded of agency no longer mortal."

"I cannot pause," the young man replied, "in the acquisition of knowledge which holds out such splendid lures, though accompanied by terms which might appal a less resolute querist. I need not repeat, O Youssouf, that I seek to know all that can be told, and I care not what may be the means employed."

"Propose, then, your questions in writing, before we enter into the circle," said the sage; "for there, by the uninitiated, neither must word be uttered nor sign made."

The stranger mused for a moment, then rapidly wrote down a series of questions, which he gave to the astrologer.

"It is well," said Youssouf; "approach then, and bare thy feet, for the dust thou wilt tread on is sacred. It is the sand of the island of Gezirat, far, far away beyond the giant mountain of Kaf, where reigned the pre-Adamite sultans before this nether world was created. Take also this mantle, once worn by the wise Abou-Maascher,* and cast it over your own garments before you enter this mystic circle, the true emblem of eternity."

The stranger obeyed implicitly the mandates of the sage; for though his own faith taught him to doubt the efficacy of all the relics which were thus arrayed, yet, impressed with the idea of the learning and skill of the eastern magi, he gave involuntary credit to much that was said from the imposing manner in which the old man uttered his words, and the peculiarities of time and place which surrounded him.

They entered the circle together, and Youssouf carefully retraced the outline over which they had passed. He then proceeded with the mystic ceremony. He first prostrated himself towards the east, and remained for a few minutes, apparently absorbed in prayer; then rising, he drew from his vest that magical volume that was written by the celebrated Bazur, containing all the rites and ceremonies necessary to be observed in the progress of the incantation. He then slowly paced the circle, following the direction of the sun, pausing at each of the twelve divisions to repeat the formula of adjuration.

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* The Arabic name for Albumazar.

When the circle was encompassed he took a small crucible, and, pouring it into a dark liquid, he lit a taper and bent it towards the vessel, the contents of which instantly ignited, and a bright flame sparkled far and wide. Youssouf next produced an Oriental drug reduced to powder, which he scattered over the flame, and a dark vapour rose as gloomy as that which floats perpetually above the well of Hendekar. The mist gradually extended itself throughout the chamber, and the lights were well nigh extinguished all but the flame in the crucible, which still burnt fiercely and cast a red glare over the persons of the astrologer and his neophyte.

The astrologer raised his hands and uttered a solemn invocation to the terrific powers of darkness; presently was heard a rushing noise, like the sound of the deadly blast as it sweeps over the sands of Egypt, A dusky form was then descried pacing with impatient gestures the circumference of the magic ring. Youssouf gazed fixedly on the apparition; but the stranger shuddered with an undefined sensation of dread, as he endeavoured to discern the imperfect form and features of the shadow, which seemed alike impalpable and ever changing.

The old man, at length, broke the appalling silence.

"Slave of Eblis, dark spirit of futurity," he exclaimed, "pause in thy circling flight, and obey the power of him whose spell has called thee from the realms of Ginnistan to the regions of upper air."

The figure remained in one spot while, with expanded wings, it still seemed hovering as a bird before it rests itself on earth. A deep harsh voice was heard. "What wouldst thou?" was the question. "Speak, and be brief."

"Demrousch-Neré," said the sage, "for such I know thee now; hearken to the words of one as potent as Tahmuras of yore, and reply with the voice of truth to that which I shall demand of thee. What fate awaits the querist whose foot is even now on the threshold of life?"

"His fortunes shall prosper till his age be doubled," was the reply.

"Shall he experience happiness in his career?"

"Mortals toil eagerly in pursuit of pleasure and ambition—he shall attain both."

"Will he be successful in love?"

"Love shall raise him to the pinnacle of greatness; hurl him from the giddy height; betray him when living, and mourn over him when dead."

"Who will prove his greatest foe?"

"His fairest friend."

"When shall he die? and how?"

"Four hours have not elapsed since he saw the spot where he shall yield up his last breath. Let him beware the axe."

"What shall occasion his death?"

"The treachery of woman."

"What is the name of her whose destiny is linked with his?"

A pause ensued.

The spirit appeared moody, and unwilling to answer further.

"Speak, foul spirit," cried Youssouf; "I conjure thee by the powerful seal of Noë; in the name of the mighty Senkidah, I command thee!"

"Seek for the name beneath the sign Sunbulah,"* replied the voice; "I may not tell thee more."

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* Virgo, the celestial sign.

"Sunbulah!" Youssouf exclaimed, "it is the sign of the Virgin, perchance a regal one! Say, once more, shall this favoured son of fortune ever wear a kingly crown?"

"His sway shall be that of royalty," was the final answer of the voice, as the figure became more and more indistinct amid the thickening vapour.

"Enough," said the astrologer to his companion, "more it profits not to inquire."

In a few moments the apartment was again clear, and the lights burned brightly as before.

"What think you, my son," said Youssouf; "are you satisfied with the prospect of your future lot?"

"It is better than the fondest dreams of my imagination could have pictured," the youth replied. "How shall I thank you, my father? how express my gratitude?"

"Reserve it, my son, till you have better learned to appreciate the nature of what you have just heard. A time may come when your thoughts may change; meanwhile, live well and wisely. Forget not, that though the stars rule the destinies of men, they themselves are but the agents of the all-powerful Allah.

"Live, then, so as to deserve the fortune which Fate has prepared; and when Azrael, the angel of death, shall summon you, may you be prepared to accompany him! Farewell, ROBERT DEVEREUX; and in the days of your prosperity remember the words of Youssouf, the Arabian."

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Who is there to whom the prosperous career and unhappy fate of the unfortunate Earl of Essex, the favourite of Queen Elizabeth, are unknown? They are recorded in the pages of history, and inseparably connected with the annals of the maiden queen. Yet there are few, perhaps, who are aware that the predictions, of which we have spoken, were actually made, and that they came to pass almost according to the letter.

In the year 1585, Essex accompanied the Earl of Leicester to Holland, where he obtained the rank of general, though then barely eighteen. It was there, at the memorable battle of Zutphen, that he behaved with such distinguished bravery.

On his return from the Low Countries he made his first appearance at court, where he immediately attracted the notice of the queen, who, in an incredibly short time, loaded him with dignities and rewards; conferring on him the office of Master of the Household, Grand Marshal, and Chancellor of the University of Cambridge.

Her personal regard also accompanied these high honours, and he was permitted to wear in his hat a glove from her right hand, "a favour," says a contemporary historian, "the greatest that a mistress could bestow on an accepted lover."

The influence of Leicester, whose nephew he was, was not at once eclipsed; they continued to divide the favours and councils of Elizabeth till by degrees the star of Leicester sank before that of his more youthful rival, who forgot the ties of friendship in the lures of ambition, and eventually became the concealed enemy of his former friend, whose death has been by some ascribed to poison, and by others to a broken heart, owing to his having lost the friendship of the queen, which circumstance, it is well-known, was caused by the intrigues of Essex.

On Leicester's death he became lord paramount, and bore the title at court of "*the* EARL," *par excellence.*

The viceroyalty of Ireland, while it kept the word of promise to his ear, yet broke it to his hope; and though it put into his hands the possession of an authority in every respect that of a sovereign, was yet, through the treachery of his friends, the final cause of his disgrace.

The last act of his power was his desperate attempt to secure the person of the queen, which, so fatally for his fortunes, was unsuccessful.

From that period till his final condemnation, the transition was most rapid; and when, in the last extremity, he transmitted Elizabeth's ring by the faithless Countess of Nottingham, and the remorse of Elizabeth awoke, and her proud spirit bowed beneath her sorrow till it was extinguished in the grave, the term of prophetic events was completed, and the predictions verified of Youssouf, the astrologer.

'ANÁ OR ANATHO,

THE TREASURY OF THE PARTHIANS.

BY W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH.

Departure from Saladin's Castle—Loss of the Tigris steamer—Detention at Irzá—Al Kayím, ancient Agamna—Previous travellers on Euphrates—Gibbon and D'Anville's account of 'Aná—Rapids of "the Seives"—Ráwá, a town of Mesopotamian Arabs—'Aná, its groves and gardens—Persian water-wheels—Islands and Castles—Curiosity of the women—Ommiade Arabs and their amirs or princes—Ancient Anatho—Reduction of, by Julian—Thilutha defies the Romans—Parthian surnames—Worship of 'Aná-hid—Treasury of Phraates—Burial of our comrades—An Arabian husband—A fossil shell—Departure of the officers of the Tigris steamer.

WE left our station, off the ruins of Saladin's Castle, on the morning of the 21st of May. Our way thence lay through an undulating country, occasionally wooded, till we came to a point where low tracts of alluvium advanced in front of rocky cliffs to the east, and caused the river to make a devious and long circuit to the westward. A canal, called Musá by the natives, traversed this low tract, and at the spot where this took its departure, the Arabs had collected piles of wood for transport to 'Aná. We stopped here a short time in order to purchase some of this ready-cut fuel, and, being mid-day, the opportunity was taken to give the men their dinners.

At half-past two, P.M., we had gained the southerly reach of this great curve of the Euphrates, when we were suddenly enveloped in that tremendous hurricane which capsized the Tigris steamer, and entailed the loss of upwards of twenty persons. The point at which the few survivors of this catastrophe were thrown ashore, was immediately beyond where the before-mentioned canal flowed back into the river. We remained at this spot all day, in the anxious hopes of saving more of our unfortunate companions, and the next day, Sunday the 22nd, dropped down the river only a very short distance, to where the easterly range of cliffs terminated over the river-bed, and bore the ruins now called Irzá, or Al Wurdí, and apparently the site of the Dura of Julian's historians, and Dura Nicanoris of Isidorus of Charax, which is described as being four short days' journey from 'Aná.

We remained at this scene of our first and greatest misfortune till the morning of Thursday, the 26th, the interval being spent in determining the position of the wreck, and securing what few objects were drifted on shore. We also buried two bodies, which floated up at this early period.

From Irzá the river flowed onwards through an undulating country; but the hills, chiefly composed of gypsum and marles, covered with a gravelly deposit, were low and rounded, and there was now very little wood. On our way we passed, on the Arabian side, the mounds and ruins of Al Káyim, the site, apparently, of the Agamna of Ptolemy, and a place of some importance, as the spot at which the caravans from Southern Syria and Palestine to Baghdad, Básrá, and Southern Persia, first join the river Euphrates.

From this circumstance we have no longer, from this station, only the meagre and oftentimes vague notices of Rauwolf, the adventurous merchant of Elizabethan times, or of Balbi, the Venetian, who travelled in 1580, to assist us in establishing occasional links between actual times and those remote periods when the Euphrates held an important place in history.

The Portuguese traveller, Pedro Teixeira, or Texeira, ascended the Euphrates from Básrá up to this point, in the early part of the seventeenth century, and from this spot we have also the notes of the distinguished travellers, Tavernier, Thevenot, and Olivier. Lastly, it was here, also, that our gallant commander, Captain, now General Chesney, first gained the banks of the Euphrates, and it was from hence that, trusting himself on its waters in a frail raft, he first navigated its noble current, and was struck, on that courageous descent, with those ideas of the commercial and political advantages of this great river, which, as they first suggested themselves to British enterprise in the time of Elizabeth—ever memorable in the annals of discovery—so it may be sanguinely contemplated, that modern skill and improved means will carry them out, to their fullest extent, in the days of Queen Victoria.

Until the present navigation and survey, the materials, however, collected by previous travellers were of little use, either for purposes of geography or of history. Gibbon complains bitterly, when endeavouring to follow the marches of the Romans through these countries, that both Pietro della Valle and Tavernier were ignorant of the old name and condition of 'Aná. "Our *blind* travellers," he says, "seldom possess any previous knowledge of the countries which they visit. Shaw and Tournefort deserve an honourable exception."

Certainly if we are to judge of the accuracy of the descriptions of previous travellers by the idea which Gibbon formed to himself, by their perusal, of this very town—the renowned Anatho of old, and the most picturesque and delightful site on the Euphrates—the opinion of their ethnographical genius will be very low indeed.

"The city of Annah,* or Anatho," he says, "the residence of an

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* Lynch, a good Arabic scholar, writes it Aña; the Rev. Mr. Renouard, a more careful one, writes it 'A'nah (Report on Euph. Exped., p. 424), or ''Anah, (Rep., p. 427). It is also variously written Annah, Aanah, and Aanat. The Arabs appear, however, to dispense with the final *h* in such names as Ráwá, 'Aná, Básrá, &c.

Arabian emir, is composed of *two* long streets, which enclose within a *natural* fortification a small island in the midst, and *two* fruitful spots *on either side* of the Euphrates.”

If it were possible to give a more erroneous description than that in which four important mis-statements occur in as many lines, D’Anville, in his “*Euphrate et Tigre*,” (p. 62,) would have achieved that distinction.

“This town,” he says, alluding to ’Aná, “consists of a single street, whose length is five miles, and which is unequally distributed in Mesopotamia on one side, and in Arabia on the other.” It would strike the most superficial reader, that one and the same street could not be distributed on the two sides of a river, any more than two long streets could enclose a small island within them.

How frequently do we perceive the talent for describing the physiognomy of men, their modes of living, their condition, their habits, their passions, and their very eccentricities, unaccompanied by the power which imparts that clear and map-like impression, that enables the reader to say, “I have the place, its rocks and islands, its habitations, gardens, and people, before my eyes.”

Quitting Al Káyim, and approaching ’Aná, the character of the country changed, and became more hilly, till, close upon the town itself, bare rocks shut up the river on both sides. At the foot of these, and on the left bank, was the town of Mesopotamian Arabs, called Ráwá, an irregular accumulation of mud houses, with flat roofs, huddled together on the banks of the river, or straggling up the hill-side without any intervening or relieving verdure. A ridge of rocks ran at the same place across the river, forming the rapids, designated in my notes as Kárábilah, or “the Seives,” but by Lynch, in the Parliamentary papers, called Bahalut, and where, in the low water season the stream runs for six hundred yards over an irregular shelf of rock, with a slight fall of about one in fifteen yards, a smooth surface, and a depth of nineteen to twenty inches of water. This is one of the most serious impediments to the navigation of the river. It would require either to be removed, to have a deep channel excavated, or a powerful light steamer, with a draft of seventeen or eighteen inches, to be employed at the low seasons, or what, perhaps, would be found most feasible of all, a change of steamers at the town of ’Aná. Immediately below these rapids, which presented no obstruction at this season of the year, was a small island, situated nearly in the centre of the river, and upon which were several tombs and sepulchral chapels, of pleasing aspect, and which were embosomed in a dense growth of fig trees, pomegranates, and other shrubs.

Beyond this, again, the rocky hills on the Mesopotamian side, bearing on their summit the castle called Al Gumán, and the tomb of Al Karin, advanced as a bluff promontory into the river, while the latter, making a sudden bend to the south-east, disclosed to us, in our onward progress, the most beautiful and picturesque town which the Euphrates can boast of, and which is rendered still more remarkable by being in the heart of a great desert on either side. The town itself stretched in a long line, a distance of upwards of three English miles *on the Arabian* side of the river, the bed of which was divided into two channels by eight different islands, which were so continuous as to appear like one strip of land, while on the Mesopotamian side the rocks rose to an altitude of from four to five hundred feet, forming an impervious rampart of bleak and naked stone.

The fringe of soil which is occupied by the town, is about half a mile deep. One street runs the whole length, and terminates inland by a band of cultivation, which is succeeded by a low rocky terrace, and on the river-side by groves of palm trees, and gardens shaded by a profuse growth of pomegranates, figs, apricots, plums, and a few orange-trees. From these gardens lofty Persian water-wheels advance into the river, creaking on their heavy hinges. These lift up the water in small buckets, and tilt it into long aqueducts, which are supported upon light and graceful arches, and which the dripping waters have, in most instances, clothed with a rich drapery of ferns and mosses.

The islands in the centre of the stream are all nearly level with the water, and none of them have terraces, or natural rock fortifications; but they are shaded by a dense and luxurious vegetation, chiefly of palm-trees and pomegranate, out of which peered the ruins of former habitations, and here and there a trellised kioskh (küskh), or white-washed dome of a sepulchral chapel. In the largest island of all, to the southward, and which was about a mile in length, were the ruins of a once extensive castle. This old island castle was connected by a ruined bridge to the Arabian side, and by an irregular ledge of rocks, called Nízán, to the Mesopotamian. These, as may be imagined, constitute, in the low season, impediments to navigation. At that time the current tumbles over the ledge, on the east side, with a fall of about two feet, in a broken foam, which is incapable of bearing any weight. On the west side, one of the pillars of the bridge being in ruins, a steamer can easily pass. A wall, extending across from the upper point of the island to the western shore, crosses the passage. This wall is broken down near the island, and has a narrow gate from thirty to forty feet wide, and from three to four feet deep. This gate is covered by a parapet, which advances from the island just above it, and turns the stream, with a fall of two feet, at an angle to the direction of the main stream.

On the hills beyond the town were the small Arabian castles, called 'Abdallah and Zahún, and another of similar character, called Abúndíyah, occurred at the further extremity of the hills on the Mesopotamian side.

The arrival of the steamer Euphrates at this picturesque town naturally caused much commotion and excitement, and as we brought to, immediately beyond the bend of the river, and a little above the town, its inhabitants came pouring out of their shady recesses in considerable numbers, the males, for the most part, accoutred in gay and bright coloured garments, the ladies attired in more sombre dresses. The latter sat down in crowds by the water-side, with their faces uncovered, and their noses generally adorned with a large turquoise, gazing at us with much curiosity. A few of the more strict Muhammedans were much scandalized at this proceeding, and they began to belabour the unfortunate fair sex with their canes, with the view of driving them back into the town; but female curiosity prevailed, the ladies kept their places in spite of such active interposition, and as the greater number of persons present did not interfere, the minority was soon obliged to discontinue their churlish and ungallant operations.

'Aná is remarkable among Arabian towns for being occupied by people who call themselves the Bani 'Ummiah, and who claim a direct descent from the Ommiade ('Ummiah), or Syrian khalifs. Hence, its haughty inhabitants presented a great difference to their Mesopotamian brethren dwelling at Ráwá. The checked kerchief bound to the head by a twisted cord of wool, like a wisp of straw, and the dusty ábbá, were supplanted by turbans of dazzling whiteness, and with ample folds, interspersed with the occasional green emblems of a pilgrim to Mecca, or a descendant of the prophet. The persons of the better class were also enshrouded in cloaks of scarlet, or of other dazzling colours.

These Ommiade Arabs, nominally subjects of the sultan, have from remote periods lived under princes or chieftains of their own, whose retinue has, however, generally been insufficient to protect the town from the predatory inroads of the Badawins of the desert, to whom they are thus forced to pay a contribution, for the Osmanlis, to whom they are also tributary, afford them no protection in return. In the time of Olivier, the ruling prince had only twenty-five men in his service, and that traveller describes the place as depopulating every day, from the want of protection against the Arabs of the desert. In the early part of the seventeenth century Texiera found the place governed by an amir, called Abú Rishá, or "father of feathers," whose power extended hence to Palmyra. Ibn Haukal describes 'Aná, in his time, as a pleasant place, well supplied with provisions, and governed by an Ommiade amir, called Abbas ban al 'Ummar al Ghanui. At the present time the Arabs dwell in the northerly part of the town, the Christians in the southerly, and the most remote quarter in the same direction was occupied by Jews.

Ancient Anatho appears to have stood upon the most northerly of the islands which occupy the middle of the river. It is distinctly described as being in such a situation by Ammianus (lib. xxiv., c. 2.), and Cellarius reads the historian in that light, "Anathan munimentum, quod Euphrates circumluebat" (p. 718). Isidorus of Charax also describes the town as being on an island, and Zozimus speaks of an island on which was a castle, which received Julian. Libanus alone describes it as χεῤῥόνησον, or on a peninsula.

From the moment that the Emperor Julian, by passing the Khaboras, had entered into the country of an active and artful enemy, the order of march is described by Ammianus Marcellinus and by Zozimus as being disposed in three columns. A column of several legions was led by the brave Nevitta along the banks of the Euphrates, in sight of the fleet. The strength of the army was placed in the centre, under Victor, while the left flank was protected by the cavalry, under Hormisdas and Arintheus. Lucilianus led the advance-guard, composed of a flying detachment of fifteen hundred light-armed soldiers, while the rear-guard was under the charge of the Prince of Edessa, or of Oshroene. Julian himself moved rapidly with a small escort of cavalry to the front, the rear, the flanks, wherever his presence could animate or protect the march of the Roman army, which was perpetually harassed by the Surenas, or Persian general, and the malik, or king of the tribe of Gassan, called by the Latins, Rodosaces, described as "famosi nominis latro," and who incessantly hovered round the army. Ammianus, speaking of these Arabs, expressively assimilates their life to a long flight, and compares them to kites hovering over their prey.

The warlike inhabitants of Anatho were the first to show a disposition to stop the march of the Roman emperor, and on Lucilianus's approach, he was quickly compelled to retreat upon the main body. The emperor coming up, he entered into negotiation with the inhabitants, through the medium of Hormisdas, a Persian prince ('Urmuz), of the royal race of the Sassanides, and who had taken refuge from persecution at the court of Constantine; but while the negotiation was pending, with a dilatoriness characteristic of the Orientals, a hurricane came on from the desert, and the fleet being in a spot which is rendered dangerous by many rocks and rapids, had many boats destroyed and others disabled, while the natives added to the disaster and confusion, by attacking the wrecked.

Incensed by this treachery, Julian is described as crossing the river, preceded by a crowned ox. He then burnt the fort of Anatho, and sent the majority of the inhabitants in exile to Chalcis, now Kinisrin; but the governor of the place, called by the Latins, Pusæus, was taken into friendship, and admitted to an honourable rank in the Roman service.

Gibbon's account of the reduction of Anatho is, that its inhabitants at first showed a warlike disposition, till they were diverted from such fatal presumption by the mild exhortations of Prince Hormisdas, and the approaching terrors of the fleet and army. "They implored," he says, "and experienced the clemency of Julian, who transplanted the people to an advantageous settlement near Chalcis, in Syria."

It is remarkable that history scarcely presents us with an exception of authors, from their main materials, having a Roman origin, becoming either the admirers or the apologists of that nation, more especially in their Oriental wars, not only to the too frequent neglect of all notice of the courage, patriotism, and ability of the Orientals; but equally frequently to their manifest injustice and misrepresentation. This is not mentioned particularly with regard to the hitherto received version of the reduction of 'Aná, where the natives behaved with treacherous hostility; but, even in this case, would the apostate emperor have burnt the fort if resistance had not been offered?—and can the exile of the inhabitants be designated as an act of clemency?

Julian was, however, more humbled than honoured by the first obstacles he met with. On an island beyond Anatho was a Persian castle of ancient renown, which could afford to disregard his menaces and his hostilities alike. This was the Thilutha of Ammianus Marcellinus, and the Phatusæ or Fatusæ of Zozimus, "a fort in the middle of the river, which he could not take, and hence was obliged to sail by unreduced." Gibbon's account of this transaction is, that "the impregnable fortress of Thilutha could scorn the menace of a siege, and the emperor was obliged to content himself with an insulting promise, that, when he had subdued the interior provinces of Persia, Thilutha would no longer refuse to grace the triumph of a conqueror." Visionary triumphs, which he was not destined to live to see fulfilled!

Many difficulties present themselves to the traveller in his labours of tracing, through the corruptions of historians, the names given at different times to the same places. I should certainly have been inclined, from reading Ammianus, to have placed his Thilutha lower down the river; but two important considerations have prevented me from doing so. The first of these is, that the next island on the river, as we shall subsequently find, corresponds to the Achaiachala of the same historian; and the second is, that Zozimus places Phatusæ at four journeys from Dura, the same distance as that attributed by Ammianus to Anatho. For the same reasons I should have been satisfied with finding the Addœa and Pacoria of Ptolemy in the forts around Ráwá and 'Aná, and should have sought for the Teridata of the same author lower down, but the next station of the Alexandrian geographer is Naarda, the same as Hadisa, and the first of an important series of Jewish colonies and schools established on the Euphrates.

The Phatusæ of Zozimus may well (other circumstances being favourable), without much violence to probabilities, be regarded, if not as a corruption of the Pacoria of Ptolemy, at least as that of the Phraates Gaza, or Treasury of Phraates, of Isidorus of Charax, situated in the same neighbourhood; while the Thilutha of Ammianus betrays almost as close a relation to the Teridata of the Alexandrian geographer.

These circumstances admitted, there would result from them another and more interesting fact, that all these names have a Parthian origin, being surnames which belonged only to princes of the Arsacide dynasty.

The circumstances of finding these names thus combined would also lead us to a proximate conjecture as to which of the Arsacide princes they belonged to. With regard to the name of Pacoria, the twenty-fourth and twenty-ninth kings of the dynasty bore the surname of Pacorus; but the period when the Roman and Parthian power became most seriously opposed, was that important epoch which intervened between the campaigns of Crassus and Ventidius and the rise of Augustus. At that period the Parthians long held possession of the Euphrates, and advanced into Syria, in which country we have already traced the spot at which Pacorus, son of Orodes, fell. The father having sunk under the grief caused by this loss, he was succeeded by Arsaces XV., surnamed Phraates IV., an epithet derived from some equestrian accomplishments. But this Phraates had also a competitor to the throne, Tiridates, whose pretensions were afterwards supported by Augustus. Thus we see the three names brought together, two of which are recorded by Ptolemy, who wrote in the second century of the Christian era, as the names of sites on the Euphrates, and one by Isidorus of Charax; and it is to be remarked that the latter name could not have applied to the first Tiridates, whose power did not extend beyond Armenia, or to the third and last, who lived at the time of the Sasanian revolution. A reason the more, that this Tiridates was of the same era as Phraates IV., and Pacorus, son of Orodes. Thus, this rather long, but unavoidable discussion, leaves it probable that Tiridates held a castle in Euphrates, the same as the Thilutha of Ammianus, in antagonism to his rival, Phraates, who had his treasury at the same spot, previously designated after the warlike son of Orodes, Pacoria, and by Zozimus miswritten Phatusæ; the latter being at the fort of Anatho, in the north islands, and burnt by Julian; the former at the still existing island castle, and which, according to Ibn Haukal, was afterwards called by the Arabians, Hisn Musalamah, from its having been repaired by an Arab, bearing the distinguished title of Musalamah Ban Abdal-al-lilk, and which Balbi described as accessory to 'Aná, by the corrupt name of Anatalbes.

It further appears from the records of Julian's historians, that the name of 'Aná, or Anatho, had an anti-Muhammedan existence, and it may not improbably, as we find this to have been a favourite site with the Persians, have been derived from their 'Aná-hid, the *'Αναια* (Anæa), or *'Αναίας* (Anææ), and Anaitis of the Greeks and Romans, and for whose worship this was a most fitting and appropriate place.

As to the word *Γὰζα*, as significative of treasury, the Greeks uniformly asserted their adoption of the word from the Persian. Brisson, in his work, de Reg. Pers. Princip., p. 157, has collected the evidence of antiquity on the subject. The root, however, Colonel Rawlinson observes, is of Semitic origin, but was, probably, early naturalized in Persia. In modern Persian it is modified into the term Ganj.*

We remained at 'Aná until Tuesday, the 31st of May, the interval being chiefly occupied in examining the difficulties presented by the river, at this point, to future navigation. While thus engaged, many of the bodies of our late comrades came floating by, and natives were employed to swim out into the stream, and bring them in, when they were decently buried. What must have been the feelings of the Arabs at seeing us thus engaged? For the first time a fire-ship, crowded with strangers, came to their garden in the desert, and it appeared as if followed by a succession of floating corpses! These Arabs were, however, far from being uncivilized; on the contrary, of noble descent, they were somewhat proud of their learning, which had materially softened their manners, and they probably sympathized with us as far as their religious prejudices would permit them.

An Arabian merchant sought me out, to ask advice concerning a leprosy he had once been attacked with, but the taint of which had now gone by. He was not, however, satisfied with this information, and requested me to adjourn with him to his domicile, which, being desirous of seeing more of the place, I willingly acceded to. On arriving, we had coffee and pipes in a kioskh in a beautiful garden. After some time, and much demurring with himself, he asked me if his malady was contagious; I told him I believed it to be no longer so. His joy knew no bounds at this statement, and he declared that I should go with him to the harím.

We accordingly adjourned to a neighbouring garden, where, in another kioskh shaded by vines, and perfumed by the blossoms of the rose and verbena, I was introduced to two young wives, while two pretty daughters, of about the respective ages of thirteen and fourteen, brought conserves on a tray, and a gold-embroidered napkin to wipe the mouth with. These sweetmeats were followed by the pipe. The old man was a long time in screwing up his courage to speak.

"I have consulted the doctor, my dears," he said, at length, "upon my illness."

"Well!" replied the dames both together, and in a manner that savoured of much personal contempt of their lord and master.

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* The Jews, in the time of Darius Hystaspes, prayed that search might be made in the royal treasure-house of the kings of Babylon, for the decree which Cyrus had deposited there, relative to the re-building of the temple. The words which are employed in the Hebrew, Syriac, and Greek, to denote the treasury-house, are Genzïá, Gezá, and Gaza, whence Rawlinson shows that the name of the Ecbatana (treasury) of Atropatene became corrupted by the Armenians into Kandsag, by Firdausi into Ganjak, and by the Byzantine historians into Canzaca.

Peium, in Galatia, which I have elsewhere identified with Kalah-jík, was also described by Strabo as the *gaza phylacium* of King Deiotarus.

"He says it is not contagious," putting much emphasis on the last word, but scarcely daring to look his wives in the face.

"Is that true?" said one of the ladies to myself, with a strangely ludicrous mien.

I bowed assent.

"You see," said the old man, rising triumphantly, and venturing to seize the last-mentioned lady by the hand, "the doctor says so."

The young damsels, who had been standing in the interim a little apart, now began tittering aloud, and, unable to stand it myself any longer, I hurried away.

Passing through the town, my thoughtlessness nearly got me into a scrape, for, observing a very large fossil shell which had been used in the construction of an ordinary mud-house, I set to work to detach it, which operation caused an aperture to be made on the windowless aspect of the house—it may, indeed, have been into the ladies' apartment—for I was suddenly assailed by men, women, and children, with a fierceness which even the usual bákshísh almost failed to subdue.

The officers of the Tigris steamer, with the exception of the Messrs. Staunton, left us at 'Aná. Captain Lynch and Lieutenant Eden put themselves under the guidance of the Arabs of Ráwá, to conduct them across the Mesopotamian desert to Musul. Mr. Thomson went back with Durwísh 'Ali to finish the line of level from the Mediterranean to the Euphrates, which labour they terminated not without many adventures with the Arabs. Mr. Hector was left at 'Aná, with a sailor to assist him, to await the fall of the waters, in order to recover all possible property from the Tigris, in which undertaking, even with this trifling assistance, and not without many interruptions from the Arabs, he succeeded to a very considerable extent.

MAUDE DOUGHTY.

BY CHARLES OLLIER.

CHAPTER V.

> "I'll prove thee, if thy deeds
> Will carry a proportion to thy words."—Ben Jonson.

Having made certain arrangements with Dick, Caleb sallied forth with a view of encountering Squire Babstock in his morning walk, which, as the weather was so very fine (as it often is after the clouds, on a previous day, have emptied themselves, and the wind has exhausted its passion), was a probable event. Caleb, therefore, skirted the forest borders, and wended his way towards the hall. Just as he expected, he had not proceeded far before the great man was seen sauntering idly along with his dog and gun.

As the squire approached, young Doughty lifted his hat, twitched the hair that hung over his forehead, and "made a leg," as the old writers say. Influenced probably by the bland and fresh weather, Babstock was in an unusually good humour, and responded to the peasant's salutation as follows:—

"Fine day after the rain, eh, Master Doughty! How do you all get on at the cottage? If this weather holds, I can find you some work. Come to me to-morrow."

Now nothing could be farther from Caleb's thoughts at that moment than such work as the squire meant; but he was pleased to find the great man in so talkative a mood, because it afforded a favourable opportunity for opening the all-important subject.

"Your honour's worship," said he, "has been pleased to ask how we get on at the cottage: bad enough, sir, I assure you. Everything depends on me, and I've nothing to do. Sister sits and frets all day long. She doesn't get a wholesome meal above once in two days; and as for mother, why, she grows weaker and weaker; though," he added, with a significant expression of countenance, "she sometimes brags that she could do altogether without food."

"Nonsense, man," returned the squire; "old women, like other folks, must eat. I'll do something for you all. Come to me, I say, to-morrow."

"Thank your worship," replied Caleb. "Mother will be glad to see me again at work. But there's something that plagues her more than any suffering either of mine or sister's. She don't mind for herself."

"Indeed!" ejaculated the squire, carelessly; "and what may that be which so plagues her, eh, Doughty?"

"Why, sir," responded the young man, "she's unhappy about the robbery going on at the hall."

The squire started, and threw a scrutinizing glance at Caleb. "Robbery at the hall!" echoed he; "and pray how does it happen that your mother knows anything about *that*? There's an old proverb, young man, which says, 'They who hide know where to find.' How should you or the old woman be acquainted with losses in my house? You have spoken enough for me, and, I fear, too much for yourself."

Squire Babstock was charmed with his own sagacity; but ominous and magisterial as were his looks, Caleb was not in the least confused. He smiled knowingly; and the squire, perceiving the inefficacy of his wisdom, was, for a time, taken aback.

"You and I must not part just yet," said Babstock.

"I hope not, your worship," returned young Doughty.

"As you are so confident," pursued the squire, "perhaps you wont object to explain your mother's anxiety about my stolen goods. There is nobody here now, you know, to take your words down."

"I'm glad of that, sir," responded Caleb; "because what I have to say must be a secret between you and me."

The squire looked cautiously round, and having ascertained that he and the young man were quite alone, told the latter to speak without reserve.

Thus encouraged, Caleb said, with a very significant gesture, "My mother, though she never leaves her hut, knows better what's going on at the hall than your honour, or anybody else in it."

"How can that be, my man?"

"Why, by what they call 'art-magic.'"

"You don't mean to say, do you, that your mother is a witch?" demanded Babstock.

"She knows wonderful things, sir, and can *do* wonderful things," replied the young man. "She can prophecy and conjure, and work with charms. She can hear the mandrake mutter in the ground, and understand him. But mother is a good witch, not a bad one, and uses her skill to prevent mischief."

Every word told with full effect on the squire's mind. "Do you mean to say," asked he, "that your mother can hinder my being robbed again?"

"Certainly, your worship," responded Caleb. "And what's more, she can discover the thief."

"I'll see her anon," said Babstock. "Where can we meet?"

"Here, sir, at twelve to-night, if you please. She can only work her spells at midnight."

It was a lonely spot; but the squire was a bold man. Even had he not been so, his curiosity would have got the better of his fears. Besides, he would not be very far from his own house.

"I will be here at the appointed time," said he.

"Alone, I hope, sir?"

"Yes, alone."

"In course, your worship wont object to reward mother."

"Certainly not. Whatever money she requires, in a reasonable way, shall be hers."

Young Doughty now doffed his hat, drew his leg back, and bent his head, to show his manners on parting with the squire, who returned thoughtfully to the Hall, while Caleb wended his way to his mother's hovel.

When the parties had separated to a good distance, Nathaniel Yare rose up from a coppice in which he had concealed himself close to the spot where the conference took place.

"I think I have the rogue now," said he to himself. "'Twas lucky I saw master and young Doughty as I came through the wood; and lucky, too, that they didn't see me. I'll teach Caleb a trick worth two of his."

CHAPTER VI.

"The sticks are a-crosse, there can be no losse,
The sage is rotten; the sulphur is gotten
Up to the skie, that was i' the ground.
Follow it then, with our rattles round;
Under the bramble, over the briar,
A little more heat will set it on fire;
Put it in mind to do it kind,
Flow water, and blow wind.
Rouncy is over, Robble is under,
A flash of light, and a clap of thunder.
Now!" BEN JONSON.

DICK PITTOCK, perceiving that his company was not very acceptable to Maude and Amie, left the hovel on the return of the women from their stroll in the fresh air. Knowing that Caleb had gone out to meet Squire Babstock, Dick sauntered in the neighbourhood, hoping to see his friend, and hear the result of his morning's work. In a little time he fell in with young Doughty, who, of course, acquainted him with all that had passed during his interview with the squire. Dick applauded the promptitude with which Caleb had made the midnight appointment; and after demonstrating the necessity of raising up a fiendish-looking object by their rites, offered to disguise himself for that purpose, and to appear suddenly on Maude's summons. In his demon-character, it was decided that he should denounce Nathaniel Yare as the thief.

This being settled, and a place of meeting agreed on between the two confederates, Caleb went home to prepare his mother for performing the so-called supernatural ceremony. The old woman trembled, as if under a death-sentence, when told that the foolish attempt must be so soon made. But she had pledged her word, and would not forfeit it. Amie insisted on being one of the party, and thus all things were arranged for this desperate method of raising money. In the interim, Maude endeavoured to recollect all she had heard and read touching witch-charms and spells.

A miserable day was that which was passed in Mistress Doughty's hut. Caleb, for the first time, was anxious, and almost regretted that he had set on foot so daring a scheme. It was now, however, too late to repent. Old Maude looked like one who had bidden farewell to life. She had never before lost her self-respect; but now she was conscience-stricken. She felt she was going to lend herself to a mischievous, unlawful, and dishonest purpose; and even the reflection that she was striving to save her children from starvation failed to comfort her. Amie assumed an appearance of cheerfulness in order to solace her mother and brother.

At length midnight approached, and the three set out to fulfil their appointment. They were on the spot half-an-hour before the stated time. Dick was there, too, with a beast's hide and horns, which Caleb helped to fasten on him. Truly ridiculous did he look as he took up his post behind a great oak on the edge of the forest.

The night was pitch dark; but Maude's lantern threw its faint gleam a few yards around, sufficient, in fact, to indicate the spot to Babstock, who advanced towards the group precisely at twelve o'clock. The tops of forest trees hung over head in black and heavy masses, just discernible in the midnight air. Utter silence and deep gloom surrounded the company. A more solemn rendezvous could not have been selected. Its lonely grandeur offered a strong contrast to the silly purpose which drew our companions thither. The squire looked curiously at poor Maude, who needed no disguise to give her the semblance of a sorceress. In her rags, her tattered cloak, and bonnet of a long-past fashion, she presented as haggish and withered an appearance as either of the weird sisters whom Macbeth encountered on the heath. But had the squire transferred his gaze from her habiliments to her face, he might have seen, veiled by age and sorrow, which had "written strange defeatures" there, some of the kindest expressions of human sympathy that ever hallowed a woman's countenance. As the great man joined the group, Amie dropped a simple rustic curtsey, and Caleb looked sheepish and confused; but not a word of greeting was uttered on either side.

Maude drew a heavy sigh, and, wishing to get the orgies over as quickly as possible, addressed herself to her work. First of all, she made a little heap of dried sticks, on which she piled, cross-wise, some pieces of charcoal. When this was ready, she muttered the following invocation, which she had formerly read in Reginald Scot's "Discoverie of Witchcraft."

"Oh, mighty name, whether Tetragrammaton, Olioram, Noym, or Adonay, I do worship thee, I invocate thee, I implore thee, with all the strength of my mind, that, by thee, my present prayers, consecrations, and conjurations be hallowed; and wheresoever wicked spirits are called in virtue of thy names, they may come from every coast, and diligently fulfil the word of me, the exorcist! Fiat, fiat, fiat. Amen!"

Having uttered this address, she lighted the pyre, and threw into it several substances—mere rubbish, but which, nevertheless, she enumerated as hemlock, henbane, moonwort, nightshade, horned poppy, cypress-boughs, leaves of the wild fig-tree growing on tombs, together with owl's eyes, bat's wings, and viper's skin.* She then cast some sulphur on the burning charcoal, when a blue and dismal light gleamed over the assembly.

Squire Babstock looked on with a mixture of wonder and terror. He had heard much of witchcraft, but never before stood in presence of an avowed practiser of the black art, nor imagined he could be permitted to witness the conjurations. As the preposterous ceremony proceeded, his heart swelled within him in anticipation of the result.

"What!" exclaimed Maude, in a voice which seemed ashamed of itself, "is the fiend rebellious? Will he not come? Nay, then, Amie, thou must try the rhyming spell."

Amie, accordingly, chanted the following, which her mother had taught her out of an old book:—

Charm Song.

"Appear, appear,
Thou hideous offspring of hell's dark sphere!
By the rags of flesh, all blacken'd and sere,
That wave on a murderer's gibbet, come here!
By the festering things in a moulder'd bier,
Appear, appear!

"By the scritch-owl's scritch 'neath the yew-tree's shade,
By the three-form'd star† which doth never fade,
By the mandrake's groan and the nightmare's moan,
By the ghost that comes when one is alone,
By the viper's sting and the raven's wing,
By the noxious weeds that to grave-mounds cling,
By hemlock's root and aconite's shoot,
By the wing of the bat, and the lizard's foot,
By blood of wild ape, and foam of mad dog,—
From pond or bog, or mist or fog,
From wood or mountain,
Or poisonous fountain,
Appear, appear!

"Come, come to us, great Barbatos!‡
The squire is crossed, his treasure is lost.
Appear, appear!—
He's here!—he's here!"

At these words, Dick rushed forth, making Babstock tremble from head to foot. Maude addressed the apparition. "Barbatos, I do adjure thee, say who has robbed the good Squire Babstock!"

On this, Dick, with a gruff voice, pronounced the words, "Nathaniel Yare."

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* See Ben Jonson's "Masque of Queenes."

† "Hecate, who is called *Trivia* and *Triformis*, of whom Virgil, Æneid, lib. iv., *Tergeminamque Hecatem, tria virginis ora Dianæ.* She was believed to govern in witchcraft, and is remembered in all their invocations."—Ben Jonson.

‡ Barbatos is one of the master-spirits (as enumerated by Reginald Scot), one of whose offices was to detect hidden treasure.

The squire looked amazed. The suspicions of his servants had never been communicated to him. But, however astounding the present intelligence might be, he could not doubt it, seeing it was declared by supernatural power. A wise and competent magistrate, truly, must Squire Babstock have been! He was about to question Maude further, when a man suddenly sprang forward, seized Dick by the collar, and tore off his wrappings, exclaiming, "Villain! I have long suspected your knavery! But I have got you now, safe enough."

Pittock, however, was not quite so easily captured. He shook off his assailant, who was no other than Nat. Yare, and would have escaped (for the squire seemed paralysed), had not Yare made a signal, which brought a couple of constables from their ambush in the wood.

"Caleb!" shouted Dick, "stand by me, like a man, and we'll soon put these fellows to flight."

Young Doughty was not one to hang back on such an occasion, and, unquestionably, blood would have been shed, had not Maude and Amie twined their arms about him, and thus enabled the officers to handcuff their prisoner.

"Now, constables," said Yare, "secure the women: they come under the statute against witchcraft. A pretty nest of iniquity we have discovered!"

"Let me loose, mother and Amie," exclaimed Caleb—"let me loose, I say. I mean nothing but to protect you both. If any man," continued he, addressing Yare and the constables, "offers to touch my mother or sister, he dies on the spot."

The officers were, nevertheless, advancing towards the three as they clung together in one group, when the squire, who had now recovered his self-possession, interfered, saying,

"Take your prisoner to the Hall, and see that he does not escape. I'll follow you, and thoroughly sift this strange business. The old woman and her children are dupes. Let them go their way."

Maude, almost drowned in tears, incoherently thanked his worship, and returned, covered by shame and remorse, with Caleb and Amie to the hovel.

CONCLUSION.

"John.—Craftie croane!
I long to be at the sport, and to report it.
Scarlet.—We'll make this hunting of the witch as famous
As any other blast of venerie.
Scathlock.—Hang her, foule hagge!"—*Sad Shepherd.*

The dire consequences of Caleb's folly were now to ensue. His mother and sister, worn out by terror, repentance, and long watching, betook themselves, dressed as they were, to their miserable pallet, and, out of sheer exhaustion, slept soundly. Poor Maude! It was her last repose in this world. Their slumber lasted till mid-day, when they were awakened by a violent yelling outside the hut, of men and women, and the barking of dogs.

"A witch—a witch!" was shouted. "Batter down the door! Drag her out!"

Caleb heard this before Maude and Amie were fairly roused out of their deep sleep. Springing to the door, he planted himself against it at the moment it was broken open, and, with one desperate blow of his cudgel, felled to the ground the first man who entered. Alas!

this was of no avail. The merciless crowd forced their way, and dragged the women from their bed. With superhuman strength, young Doughty lifted his mother under one arm, and his sister under the other, and darted through the mob into the open air, when, setting Maude and Amie on their feet, he implored them to run for their lives, promising never to desert them. Panting and scared, the poor creatures made an effort to fly; but old Maude was too feeble to gain much speed, and soon sank, scarcely alive, to the earth. Amie knelt by her, determined to share her fate, and Caleb stood over them, resolved to perish by their side, since hope of escape could no longer be entertained.

"Let not the witches live!" was vociferated by the brutal crew.* At this moment a heavy stone was cast, with such force and unerring aim, at Caleb, as to beat in his forehead. He stood erect, for a moment or two after the mortal blow, and then dropped by Maude's side, exclaiming, "Mother, I die!" The poor old creature raised herself, gazed at the wound, wiped the blood from it, and kissed her son's quivering and distorted face. But she could not brave the terror of the scene. Her heart was broken, and, after a few convulsive spasms, she drew her last breath.

The ferocious mob now proposed to drag Amie away, and put her to the drowning ordeal. In this they were frustrated by the arrival of Squire Babstock, at the head of a posse of constables. The girl was thus rescued, though only to pass a few miserable months, as a maniac, in the county asylum.

Dick Pittock was tried for burglary at the Hall, and hanged. It was discovered, that in his frequent visits at the squire's house, he had seized an opportunity of taking a wax model of Yare's key of the closet, wherein the plate was kept. Another key by this means was procured. Thus provided, he had, on more than one occasion, entered the house by an unguarded pantry window, and escaped with a certain portion of valuables. From his familiar knowledge of the premises he had managed this without detection. But Yare, as we have seen, suspected him; and, on the night of the storm, had tracked him to Maude Doughty's hovel, about which he (the butler) had lurked, in hope of discovering something conclusive. How he happened to be near the spot during the mock-incantation, the reader is already aware.

TIME.

When Day is bounteous in its gift of light,
We know but of Time's pinions by his flight;
But when at Night we would his course pursue,
He doth but fold his wings—and look at you.
J. H. R.

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* In March of the *present year*, "a fellow was bound over, at Weymouth, to keep the peace towards his mother-in-law. It appeared that he not only struck and kicked the poor woman, but that he sprung from behind a hedge, and rubbed a sharp thorn *across her eyes and face*, until streams of blood ran over her visage! His defence was, that his mother-in-law had *bewitched him*, and that the only way of breaking her spell was by *drawing blood from her person*."—(Sherbourne Journal, March, 1845.) When will the madness and cruelty of superstition cease?

COVE BEACH IN THE BATHING SEASON.

BY RUSSELL GRAHAM.

No sooner has May arrived than the bathing season begins. Every house on the beach—Harbour-view, Roches-row, the Square, and a host of other localities, the very names of which I have forgotten—become converted into temporary hotels, and confess themselves at any one's service but the owner's. Nay, not only houses "par excellence,"—stone and mortar tenements, of three and four stories high, with a habitable air and respectable exterior—but two-roomed cabins, with clay floors and unplastered walls—absolutely profess "apartments to let," and, what is still more inexplicable, find tenants. I have known the wretched, smoke-blackened, turf-tainted, conger-eel-scented, habitations—stretching from the New Quay to White Point—pass through a course of white-wash, new flooring (clay of course), and a daub of green paint, and be occupied by the families of wealthy shop-keepers, who, possessed of every comfort in their city homes, thought them well sacrificed, during three or four months, for the desired advantage of being near the "salt wather." Importations of furniture, especially feather-bed, and piano-fortes, arrive by steamers, ferry boats, and cars. Plethoric looking old ladies, and valetudinarian gentlemen, jostle each other in their search for eligible lodgings; and in the space of a few days the population becomes trebled.

Nothing can be more widely distinct than an English and an Irish watering place. The neat arrangements, spacious inns, convenient lodging houses, the varied places of resort, the rows of canvass-covered proprietous looking machines, drawn just above high water mark, so characteristic of sea side rendezvous in this country, are all wanting in the sister isle. It is the oddest jumble of society, subjected to the most ridiculous inconveniences, and suffering them with absolute enjoyment, without any of the supernumerary preventives to ennui so abundant on this side the Channel—no lounge, no theatre, no bazaar, no music, no gardens, no archery ground; not a single donkey, camera-obscura, wheel of fortune, cutter-out of portraits in paper, nor any other of the thousand and one ways and means, to while away the time and money of the visitors to such places generally. Even the concerts, and occasional balls at the club-house, at the period I recur to, were unthought of; so that, to a haunter of Margate, Ramsgate, or Brighton, Cove would have appeared sadly deficient in attraction. Bathing, boating, and promenading made up the daily routine; but then the bathing and the promenade concentrated, in an hour, the elements of fun for a week.

Imagine it high water, and endeavour to divest yourself of English prejudice. To be sure, the beach is open, commanded by the passers-by in the rear, and the telescopes of half the ships in harbour in front; but then, the strand for a mile and a half, is grouped with women of all ages and conditions, from the most fastidious city belle to the shoeless water-carrier—age and infancy, beauty and deformity, fashion and poverty, gracefulness and decrepitude, congregated without distinction. There are no machines—the wooden boxes intended to serve as substitutes being "few and far between," and invariably private property, but each individual having selected a spot, free from rough stones and inequalities, to bathe in, with the most perfect sang-froid proceeds to the task of disrobing herself—the shelter of a rock, a wrap-cloak, or sheet, being thrown penance-ways over the head and shoulders, to answer the temporary purpose of a "cabinet de toilette." Presently the margin of the river is alive with the most grotesque masquerade imaginable: here a party of ladies in blue bathing gowns, and green oiled skin caps, mince down the strand in slippers; there a band of young girls rush to the waves, impatient as water dogs to be amongst them. At some spots stalwart, tucked-up attendants are carrying out invalids by force; at others, groups of children are dipping hand in hand, laughing as gleefully as if playing at bathing in the corn-fields; here an old lady cowers at the water's edge, while her maid, with a wooden bowl, extemporizes a shower bath; and beyond, a party are exercising themselves in evolutions, of which the methodical bathers in a Brighton machine can form no adequate idea, plunging, floating, swimming, diving, with all the fearlessness of Byron's "South Sea Maid." Then the Babel of their voices never ceases—but talking, laughing, screaming, and exclamations of timidity or delight, are kept up all the while the process of bathing continues, which, owing to the arrival of fresh parties, is generally for some hours. Those who have leisure on their hands wait to see the others take the water, or stroll about picking up shells, throwing ducks and drakes, tracing anagrams on the sands with the ends of their parasols, and otherwise despoiling themselves of time, till near the fashionable dinner hour (four o'clock), after which the promenade is kept up till evening.

The same mingling of finery and meanness, of vulgarity and grace, that every indiscriminate crowd exhibits, especially in the motley assemblage of a watering place, may be seen grouped, or thronging to and fro, on the new quay. Here a party of military danglers follows in the wake of an acknowledged beauty; there an ominously stern-looking papa, eyes askance the ogles of an amateur boatman, who, impressed with the young lady's love of the picturesque, haunts his daughter in a Fez cap, striped Guernsey, and neckerchief tied in a sailor's knot; next comes the solitary, acidulated-looking gentlewoman, with green spectacles and a poodle; not a whisper's distance behind, is one who studies characters *to take them*, and is busied in collecting from the incidents around her, materials for some censure-seasoned clack match; mingling in the thick of the throng appear the commanders and crews of certain "Peris" and "Naiads," that have just anchored at the mouth of the Market Dock, and whose white trousers, blue jackets, low crowned shiny hats, and tremendous extravagance in ribbon, might almost proclaim them the archetypes of T. P. Cooke's marine school. Clubbites, navy men, ladies' schools, army officers, citizens and their wives, priests, demireps, belles and beaux, yachtmen, clergymen, blacklegs, leaders of fashion, and habitués of Black-pool and Fishamble-lane, pass and repass, and mingle and touch in the thickly crowded promenade. Those two ancients, walking arm in arm, rather apart from the crowd—the one a thin, slight man, with his head a little on one side, in a white beaver hat and bright green coat, and the other a portly person, wearing striped trousers, a blue coat with brass buttons, and having a rubicund face, charged with effrontery, and shaded by the broad leaf of a straw sombrero—are the principal lions of Cove Beach. Many a one has heard the lively air of the old country dance, "Sir Henry kissed the Quaker," but all may not know the subject of it. The blue-coated, brass-buttoned, stout gentleman was its hero—the identical Sir Henry Hayes who, desperately in want of money, formed the energetic and very Irish design of running away with a lady of fortune. The heroine was a Miss Pike, the daughter of a rich Quaker banker of Cork; but all the intrepid Lothario gained by the transaction was several years sejour in Botany Bay. The quakeress (one of the plainest persons imaginable) was staying at a friend's house, at some distance from the city, when a forged letter, intimating the sudden and dangerous illness of her mother, induced her to set out home immediately. When at no great distance from Cork, her carriage was stopped, and she was compelled to enter another vehicle, which drove off to a house of Sir Henry's, where for some time she was kept a prisoner; but though said to be a person of weak intellect, she was resolute in refusing to become the wife of her abductor, and the "bold stroke" ended in her return to her friends, and, as I have before said, in the transportation of the baronet. Upon the expiration of his punishment, he returnèd to the county in which his estate lay, and annually visited Cove.

His Achates was worthy of him, and the story of his wry neck formed no bad pendant to the foregoing anecdote. He had been an officer of insurgents in the "time of the troubles," and having fallen into the hands of some of the king's troops, was summarily hanged on the nearest tree. In the meanwhile, a body of the rebel army was seen approaching, upon which the others, less numerous, made off, leaving the wretched gentleman, who was under weight, and very bunglingly disposed of, writhing and dangling from a bough. Seeing his extremity, more with a view to end his sufferings than with any other idea, one of the foremost of his party fired, and broke the rope,—a fortunate shot for him, as he must have lived some thirty years after it, when I first remember to have seen him.

The sleek, rosy-faced, rotund little man, in the flaxen wig and ecclesiastical hat, between those two red-haired Patagonian-proportioned women, is another well-known character. What officer, on the Cork station, during the dynasty of the admirals, but remembers the Reverend Mr. Sandiford—"Bull Sandiford," as he was called, in contradistinction to his brother Lamb. Even now, his eyes convey a tender 'vale!' to the receding forms of the turbot-boats, and a benediction hovers on his lips. Bull's daily practice was to visit the market, if possible, before breakfast, but at all events before his neighbours, in order to select the primest joints, forestall the best fish, and make first choice of poultry, fruit, and vegetables. As, however, he made a point of being always present at the church services, not only on Sundays, but on all occasions of fast and festivals, it would sometimes happen that before all his preparations for the day's cuisine could be completed, the church bell would commence ringing, and he would hurry there, with his capacious pockets filled with such portions of his gastronomical researches as his servant's basket could not contain.

Asparagus in the early season has often been seen sprouting from his side pocket, and it was not unusual for the prayer, to send us the fruits of the earth, to be disturbed by the falling out of a fine pippin, or the rebound of a magnificent orange, from the same overflowing receptacle; but the circumstance that irrecoverably divested him of the sanctity that ordination is presumed to impart, was ridiculously enough occasioned by a crab. Fussing out of the market-place one morning just as the church-bell was ringing, a monstrous fine crab caught his attention, and as the basket carried by his servant would not hold a minnow more, and the creature looked rather dull, nothing remained but to thrust it into his pocket, which he did, after taking the precaution to tie its claws, and then, looking exceedingly innocent of their edible enterprises, master and man walked into church; the latter, as was his custom, leaving his basket in the vestry-room.

Those who have attended divine service in Ireland, will recollect that it is conducted strictly according to the formula of the book of common-prayer—no compromising kneeling by sitting, as in this country—the whole ceremonies, from beginning to end, are observed. In this continued change of position, the crab got its claws loose, and roused by the unusual heat, naturally enough began to feel about, making in every direction piercing researches for a means of escape. In vain the poor gentleman writhed—the creature appeared to have divined his intentions, and to be bent on anticipating them; however, by holding the pocket at some distance from his person, the Doctor effected a temporary release, but in doing this, his tomato-like hand became an object of attraction, and for a while the Spartan boy's sufferings were a fico to those he endured. Alas, Bull Sandiford was no Spartan, and though, at first, for the honour of his cloth, he cursed softly, human flesh could not endure such torture, and continue self-possessed. His countenance expressed a spasm, beads of agony started from his brow, and, finding that all his endeavours to free himself from the forceps of his testaceous tormentor only made it the more intensely close them, he absolutely roared with pain, all the while uttering anathemas of the most unchristian sound, and with a volubility that greatly surprised the congregation.

Fortunately, it was the morning service of a saint's-day, when, except the singing-boys, and half a dozen devout old ladies, the audience was limited to the officiating minister, clerk, beadle, and himself; but amongst these his contortions and roaring produced an extraordinary sensation. The clergyman paused in the service, the devotees and officials rushed to the rector's pew in which the venerable gentleman was performing more extraordinary evolutions than a turning dervish. Nor could he be extricated from his painful situation, till his man had absolutely dismembered the animal of its claw. It is but justice to say that for some weeks after this misadventure, Mr. Sandiford had "the toothache!" It probably cured him of carrying crabs in his pocket; but it appeared a matter of impossibility to separate him, even at devotion, from his besetting love of creature comforts. While at prayer his mind was wandering market-ward; his contemplations were in the kitchen, and the silver wings of his imagination were for ever soiling themselves among the pots. Sometimes his thoughts would break forth aloud, to the confusion, or amusement of those who happened to sit in the same pew with him, and his sonorous repetition of the ritual, would be oddly enough interpolated with his appetitive speculations. "From all the deceits of the world, the flesh, and the devil"—he would exclaim with unction, and in the same breath, "Such another fillet of veal I declare to God I never set eyes on—such a fine fillet of veal! Good Lord deliver us." Aside to a friend, "Were ye in the market this morning, sir? did ye happen to see any whiting, a darlin' little fish whiting, sir, 'tis the chicken of the say—That it may please thee to give and preserve—the fishing boats hadn't come in when I was down." And so on throughout the liturgy.

But Cove Beach, in the bathing season, or rather the characteristics of many of its visitors, would furnish materials for a much longer article than I have time to write, and therefore for the present I take leave of it.

MY THEATRICAL RECOLLECTIONS.

BY DRINKWATER MEADOWS.

FIFTH LEAF.

One of our company, who fancied he could sing, selected for his benefit-night the opera of "Love in a Village," with by far the greater portion of the music "cut out." The Beneficier acted Young Meadows, and I, really then Young Meadows, acted Eustace; but as I had neither voice nor ear, time nor inclination, to study the music, it was omitted, "by particular desire." Lucinda sang quite as well as myself, and no better; therefore she, in like manner, declined singing any of the songs, &c., belonging to her part. The Beneficier said he had never had a chance of showing what his vocal abilities were since he had joined the company, and would on this occasion open the eyes of the British public, and let them know what singing really was. "I'll astonish the natives," said he. "Talk of Incledon! Why, I don't hesitate to say I can sing 'The Storm' full half as quick again as he ever did—ask any one in Nuneaton if I can't. I was constantly encored in it there; and once the audience wanted it a third time." This gentleman's wife was the Rosetta of the evening: they sang their duets without any orchestral accompaniments, and after their own fashion.

The Hawthorn, who had by no means a bad voice, unfortunately lisped pretty strongly, and, in consequence, he no sooner commenced singing—

"There was a jolly miller once,
Lived on the river Dee,"

than the audience evinced their disapprobation in sounds most discordant to an actor's ears—a sound professionally said to proceed from "the big bird," (the goose;) but Hawthorn, "good easy man," continued his song, and the audience their opposition. He bore it "with a patient shrug." *He* sang and *they* hissed, till at length his patience and forbearance being exhausted, he stepped forward, and addressed the audience thus:—

"Ladieth and thentlemen, I am very thorry to find you don't approve of my thinging, and that you hith. I athure you I am doing the very betht I can for your amuthement; and all I can thay ith, that hith ath long ath you pleath, we have no one elth in our company to play the part; and I have been very thukthethful in it in platheth of greater magnitude than thith. No dithrethpect intended to you."

"Then go on, my old fellow, and don't be afraid!" cried a gent from the gallery.

"That ith my intenthon, Thir, with your kind permithon; and I hope to be favoured with your approbathon."

Here was a chance for "Old Quotem"—"Old Martext," as some of us called him. He was the Justice Woodcock of the evening, and on leaving the stage with Hawthorn, at the end of the scene, he said—

"'I can suck melancholy out of a song, as the weazel sucks eggs—more, I pr'ythee more—I do not desire you to please me, I do desire you to sing. Come, more—another stanza.' ('As You Like It.') Why the devil did you speak to the audience? 'Let those that play your clowns, speak no more than is set down for them: a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it.'"

"I wath compelled to thay thomthing to the fellow that hithed," said the lisping Hawthorn.

"Why did you not say, 'Your good voice, sir. What say you?'" said Quotem.

"Oh, bother to your quotathon," replied the lisper; "I thaid my thay, and thang the thong through—the fault ith in my voith and not in my thinging, though I'd rather act than thing, at any time. I can manage the trifling defect in my voith capitally in plain dialogue or level discourth, ethpethally where the letter eth ith not often wanted; that letter botherth my tongue."

"Ay," said Old Quotem—

> 'How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
> Like softest music to attending ears.'"

Familiar conversation between the actors and the audience, is, at times, very amusing, though assuredly "from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at first and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature." I have witnessed many very extraordinary and laughable instances of conversations held between actors and audience, which, as I proceed with my "Recollections," I will relate.

Some years ago, during the Covent Garden vacation, I acted in Lancaster during the assize week, and there heard the following colloquy between an actor on the stage and a gentleman in the pit. The play was "She Stoops to Conquer." The gentleman who played Young Marlow was dressed in very good travelling costume, though not of "the period of the play." On his first entrance, after his saying —"What a tedious, uncomfortable day have we had of it. We were told it was but forty miles across the country, and we have come above threescore"—a person in the front of the pit stood up and said,—

"Sir, you haven't any gloves on."

"Sir," said Young Marlow, from the stage, "I know it."

"But, sir, you ought to have gloves on," said the pitite.

"You are right, sir, I ought to have gloves on," replied the stageite.

"Then, sir, why haven't you gloves on?"

"I assure you, sir, I have cogent reasons."

"What reasons can you have, sir?" said Mr. Pit.

"One extraordinary good one, sir," said Mr. Stage.

"What may that be, sir?"

"I have not got any gloves, sir."

"That is a very good reason indeed, sir," said Pit again.

"I am delighted to find you think so, sir," replied Stage again.

"You may wear these, sir, if you please," said the pitite, taking off his gloves, and handing them to Young Marlow, over the orchestra.

"I will, sir," said he, "with much pleasure, and for your sake, although personally unknown to me; and, as you may anon observe, I am unprovided with a pocket handkerchief, you may perhaps feel inclined to furnish me with that indispensable article also, which, as conjurers say, shall be returned to you as soon as I have done with it. The gloves, of course, I am to retain." Then, bowing to the giver, and turning to Hastings, he said—"Now, then, let us go on with the play."

Grimaldi — *the* Grimaldi, told me of his acting one night at Sadler's Wells, when a singer, who was not very notorious for paying his debts, or overstocked with modesty, was accosted by a man in the pit, who stood up on one of the benches whilst he was singing "Poor Jack," and loudly bellowed forth—"Sir, you owe me fifteen shillings!"

"I know it," replied the singer, stepping forward, and bending over the foot-lights; "and if you will lend me five more, I shall owe you a pound."

The audience applauded the wit (?) of the singer, and compelled the impudent (?) creditor to retreat, accompanied by a shower of hisses and orange peel, for daring to interrupt the entertainments of the evening.

On several occasions during the Covent-Garden vacations, I acted for a few nights in Lancaster, which was a very bad theatrical town, only good during the assize and race weeks. During one of my visits, the manager proposed that I should act a few nights with him in Burnley, on my way from Glasgow to Liverpool, to which I consented. Burnley is a manufacturing town, with a large population, and he assured me that, though the theatre was very small, he was satisfied it would answer my purpose very well, and that I should be satisfied with my visit.

The time of my engagement arrived. I travelled to Preston by coach, and thence to Burnley in a chaise, the coaches having left Preston before my arrival. I had been recommended to remain at a certain inn in Burnley, the name of which I forget, and accordingly drove there. It was evening when I arrived, therefore I could not judge of its exterior, and the interior was far from promising. I was shown into the travellers' room, where I found one gent at tea, another eating a welsh-rabbit, one busy making up his accounts, and three others drinking brandy and water, and smoking cigars. There did not appear to be much comfort about this inn, but as my stay was not to exceed five days it was not a matter of much moment. The best thing in the house was the waiter, who was a waitress; she was very attentive and good-humoured, had a beautiful dialect and a plain face. During my "teaing" I was amused with the conversation of my companions, which related principally to the manufacturing of muslins and cottons—the prices of the raw material, the dulness of the markets, the working of mills and coal-pits; the merits of one traveller's horse, and the demerits of another's; how many miles one had trotted in an hour, and how many kicking straps had been burst by another; what Fothergill, who travelled for this house, had said, and what Parker, who travelled for that, had done; whose brandy was good, and whose cigars were bad,

&c., &c., These things amused me. My unpleasantries in Burnley commenced with my retiring for the night, when I was shown into an uncomfortable bed-room, small and close, being the only one then vacant, but I was promised to be moved to a better the following evening.

I had not been asleep long, when I was awoke by a loud talking in a room adjoining or near mine; but I could not distinguish what was said, though it was evident, from the tone, that the parties, a male and female, were quarrelling. The altercation continued some time, and was followed by a sort of suppressed scream, and then all became silent. I arose from my bed, opened the door and listened, but all remained perfectly quiet for the remainder of the night.

I was the sole occupant of the travellers' room at breakfast, the following morning, and took advantage of it to inquire of the waitress, as to the noise I had heard during the night.

"Well, sir, it was nut anything pertikler, I shud say—it was honley my master shaking misses a bit. He's forced to do it when she gets a drop hover much, which she always dus when she can on the sly, when he's nut in the way—and then, when they goes to bed, she wont old her tung still, but aggre-viates him; so he's forced to shake her a good 'un, to make her old her noise, and then she gives in. We niver notishes it, 'cause we knows he niver 'urts her, and he's vastly fond on her. She won't do so for a long time again, I dare say—she's a hexelent missis if she was nut so hovercum'd sum times."

After breakfast I sallied forth to attend the rehearsal. The appearance of the town was not very promising, the inhabitants hurrying from one place to another, many of them covered with cotton-flue, with much appearance of business, and but little, if any, of pleasure. I stopped a man in the street, to inquire where the theatre was situated; he opened his eyes and mouth to their greatest extent, and said—

"Ise sure I caunt tell—I niver eard o' sich a place ere. What did ye caw (call) it?"

"I mean the play-house."

"Ho! I now naw—ye mean where t'lakers (actors) hacts. You mun gang (go) on upt' street till ye cum to t'—(name forgot)—public-ouse—it's there they hacts!

On my way I met the manager. I repeated to him the information I had just received, expressing my surprise as to the situation of the theatre. "What," said he, "did I not tell you we had no regular house here?"

"Never.—I suppose, then, it is in the Assembly-room?"

"Why, not exactly the Assembly-room, but the long room at the ——— Inn—very neatly fitted up, and well attended. I'll show it you."

I followed to the scene of action, and to my horror found the theatre in a "long room" indeed, the audience part no more than a succession of benches, arranged one behind the other, commencing from that portion of the "*long room*" set apart for the stage, which was not raised *at all*, but on a level with every other part of the room, being merely divided from the spectators by a row of candles, (not wax,) so that the actors were completely a part and parcel of the assembly. I put a good face on the matter, not liking to give myself "airs," as any expression of my feelings would have been termed.

During rehearsal, the manager's wife came to me with a face full of woe, and said :—"I am in such a way about you, I really don't know what to do—you are so very particular about such things. The truth is, I cannot tell where you can dress, we are so dreadfully put to our shifts for rooms even for ourselves ; we have but two for all the company, and if you *would* dress with our gentlemen, you *couldn't*, their room is so very small, and so very full. Where we can put you I can't conceive; we would have a place made up for you behind the scenes, but you may see how difficult it is even now to move about behind the wings."

After much cutting and contriving, it was arranged that a dressing-table should be placed for me in a large bed-room, at one end of which there was a window, with a truckle-bed on each side of it—my appointed place being at the opposite end, near the door, and not far from the stage. I was to play Zekiel Homespun and Peter Simpson, (poor Elton, whom I first met in this theatre, was the Stedfast and Bromley;) there was not much dressing required, and I found my room certainly clean if not very comfortable. The oddness of the stage, as far as placing the actors on a level with the audience, amused me more than I anticipated. The play was very respectably acted, and went off well. At the conclusion of it, I retired to my double-bedded room to dress for the farce, and had scarcely commenced, when, without any notice or knocking at the door, the loutish ostler of the public-house entered, candle in hand, proceeded to the bedded end of the room, and commenced doffing his clothes.

"Holla, my friend," cried I, "what are you doing?"

"Why, Ize ganging (going) to bed, to be sure."

"But not till I have done acting, I should think ?"

"Well, I shud think I shall. How can I 'bide up till you've getten dun what you've gotten to do? You need nut mind me ; Ize soon be asleep, and you can gang on with yer dressing. I'm nut pertikler at all. I've had my supper, and Ize quite ready for bed." Off went his jacket, followed by his cravat and shoes. I stayed further proceedings with—

"Stay—stay, you *can't* go to bed till I have done. Here, here's a shilling for you—go down stairs and have something to drink, and when I have finished then you can go to bed.—Away with you."

Away went the ostler, and I continued my dressing and undressing undisturbed, for that night at least ; but my horse-cleaner was as cunning as myself, for, on each succeeding evening of my performance, he contrived to pop in upon me exactly as I was about to change my dress, and, as on his first appearance, I was, in self-defence, obliged to buy him off, so that my acting in the "long room" at Burnley, was a profitable engagement for this Lancashire ostler.

In a former "leaf," I alluded to actors being sometimes imperfect and "loose in the text," occasioned by too little time being allowed for study—sometimes from carelessness and neglect—sometimes from having, as it is professionally termed, "a bad study."

The lady who played the old women in the Bath theatre, at the time of my being a member of that company, made more mistakes, and was, generally, more imperfect on the stage, than any person I ever met with. A night seldom passed in which she did not commit some egregious blunder, but whether from nervousness or carelessness we never could determine. We looked as regularly for her wanderings from the text as we did for her going on the stage. A few of her mistakes I perfectly remember.

In "Every One has his Fault" she "did enact" Miss Spinster; and on one occasion, instead of saying to Mr. Harmony, "I condemn that false humanity which induces you to say many things in conversation which deserve to stigmatize you with the character of deceit," she said, "I condemn that false humanity and blindness which induces you, cousin Harmony, to say certain queer, out-of-the-way things, when dancing with ladies, which you ought to be stigmatized for by every one, as perfectly indelicate and unbecoming in one of your years."

Such speeches rendered the author's reply sometimes exceedingly awkward, as well as ludicrous.

In the same play, in the last scene, when Harmony expresses his surprise at Miss Spinster's being married, and inquires by what strange turn of fortune it has happened, instead of our old lady replying—playing upon his favourite excuse for crimes, ("Ah, provisions are so scarce")—"It is a weakness, I acknowledge; but you can never want an excuse for me, when you call to mind the scarcity of provisions," she said—"Mr. Harmony, I have been in a weak state for a length of time, and I think you will say I had a very good reason for marrying, when you call to mind how expensive religion is."

This lady was a most perplexing person to act with, as may be imagined. The speeches of one scene she would speak in another, transposing them most ingeniously, without reference to their proper situation. There appeared to be a constant hurry and bustle in her mind, and an eternal desire in her words to rush forth, however uncalled for:—they were to be uttered, and it appeared to be of no moment to her as to the *how*, the *when*, or the *where*.

She made numerous mistakes in names on the stage, especially in new pieces. She always would say, as Mrs. Mackandlish, in "Guy Mannering," to Lucy Bertram, instead of "I see your ladyship's tutor, Mr. Dominie Sampson, coming up stairs"—"I see your ladyship's music-master, Sir Dominie Felix, in the carriage."

We were acting "She Stoops to Conquer" one evening, when she was more than commonly incorrect in the text, and spoke many of old Hardcastle's speeches instead of her own, as Mrs. Hardcastle; and on coming off the stage, on his finding fault with her, vindicated herself, by saying, "Oh, stuff and nonsense!—what can it signify? The beauty of this play is, in my mind, it's being of no consequence which of us speak several of the speeches—they do just as well for one as the other; but you gentlemen are always so fussy."

In one of her scenes with Tony Lumpkin, she ought, according to Goldsmith, to have said, on discovering the loss of the jewels—"We are robbed! My bureau has been broke open, the jewels taken out, and I'm undone!" This occurs in the third act of the play; but no—utter those words she did not—but, in their place, a speech from her first scene in the fifth act (alluding to her having been driven in her carriage into a horse-pond), "Oh, Tony, I'm killed—shook—battered to death! I shall never survive it!" And she then, apparently unconsciously, returned to the proper scene, though not to the proper words, for instead of—"Why, boy, I am ruined in earnest!—my bureau has been broke open, and all taken away," she said, "I am quite in earnest, all the plate has been stolen, and we're beggars for life." Certainly, this evening she out-did all her former doings, and as certainly was conscious she had not been, as she said, "over and above correct." "I am sure," she said, "I must have played the part a hundred times; but the truth is, I was very bilious yesterday, and I fear I took too strong a dose of calomel, which has driven everything I had to say quite out of my head."

I once saw this lady play Lady Sneerwell, ("School for Scandal,") in which character she said many very extraordinary things. One, in particular, I remember, and with which she made her exit. Lady Sneerwell's last speech, according to Sheridan, is—"You, too, provoking—insolent! May your husband live these *fifty* years!"—instead of which, our forgetful lady, as usual, deviated from the text, and said, "Marry, come up! You are very pert, I think. I hope, from the bottom of my heart, your husband may live for ever, and leave you with a young family."

MR. JAMES'S SMUGGLER.*

The faculty of producing scenes and incidents, dilemmas, artifices, contretemps, skirmishes, disguises, escapes, trials, combats, and adventures, so characteristic of a novelist, no less welcome than ingenious, finds as much scope in a home tale of smuggling as when employed upon the official retinues, and paraphernalia of customs and costumes, belonging to historical romance. Additional strength is, indeed, in this case, given to the author's tendency to pile up circumstantial particulars, (which an absurd criticism has held out as fatal to those forms of art demanding intensity of passion,) by an intimate knowledge of localities; thus imparting dramatic picturesqueness to the story.

The varied incidents contained in the tale of "The Smuggler" took place in the county of Kent; and Mr. James assures us, that they not only afford a correct picture of the state of society in that county as it existed some eighty or ninety years ago, but that further, all the more wild, stirring, and what may be called romantic parts of the tale, are not alone founded upon fact, but *are* facts; and that the narrative owes nothing more to his masterly hand "than a gown owes to a sempstress—namely, the mere sewing of it together with a very commonplace needle and thread." To all acquainted with Mr. James's happy facility of throwing his characters into relief, his incidental touches of feeling, no less intimate than delicate, probing at once the motives of the heart, and leaving action to follow as of necessity; his wise reflections springing so naturally out of the subject, and so full of deep and philosophic study of humanity; and the alternately warm and sullen landscape, but always picturesque and complete in detail, in which his characters move; all such, we say, will at once anticipate how far the weaving together, even of non-fictitious transactions, has been done with commonplace or even ordinary skill and effect.

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* The Smuggler: a Tale. By G. P. R. James, Esq. In 3 vols. Smith, Elder and Co.

Mr. James's "Smuggler" is not a gentleman in a pea-jacket, long-boots, and south-wester, standing at the mouth of a cave, with a telescope pointed out to sea, as he is generally represented in a transparent blind, or in a *chef d'œuvre* of Vauxhall art; he is a gentleman of fortune, esteemed the richest person in the neighbourhood, and a magistrate—a Mr. Radford, of Radford Hall, in fact—concerning whose mode of acquiring his wealth, and with it, as a consequence, position in society, many rumours are afloat, all of which, however, concentrate towards the same point. Mr. Radford, the rich smuggler, has also a son, a young gentleman, who, in the words of a chatterbox servant, "is no gentleman at all, going about with all the bad characters in the county, and carrying on his father's old trade, like a highwayman."

The said bad characters in the county are the Ramleys, without rivals in the career of a dissolute wickedness; every man and woman of a pretty numerous relationship being notorious for their daring and licentious life. This family dwelt in a large, old-fashioned Kentish farm-house, not many miles on the Sussex side of Ashford, and built, as many of these farm-houses still are, in the form of a cross, having externally a strong Harry-the-Eighth look about it. Here the head of the family had his cows, sheep, and pigs, and a small portion of hop-ground, and carried on the ostensible business of a farmer; while the other branch of business was conducted by his sons, occasionally assisted by two strong, handsome girls, who, dressed in man's clothes and mounted upon powerful horses, were by no means unworthy members of a smuggling fraternity.

In addition to these were a host of individuals swarming the country around, some personally engaged in the business, others mere aids in the time of need, and as their services were wanted; for at this epoch those doctrines were practically acted upon, which are now beginning to be considered as a branch of political philosophy; and no one in Kent deemed it dishonest to lend a horse or hand in breaking what was considered an unjust law, or in harbouring for a time either the proceeds of a venture, or the fugitives themselves. To use the words of Mr. James,—

> "Men who break boldly through an unjust and barbarous system, which denies to our land the good of another, and who knowing that the very knaves who devised that system, did it but to enrich themselves, stop with a strong hand a part of the plunder on the way; or, rather, insist at the peril of their lives on man's inherent right to trade with his neighbours, and frustrate the roguish devices of those who would forbid to our land the use of that produced by another."

A dangerous manner of treating the subject of free trade, when even if so liberal and enlightened a view were acted upon, this country alone would be rich enough to carry it into practice; and it would therefore only contribute to impoverish a great nation, with this difference, that the imposts upon trade would not, as now, go to the benefit of a few great men—rulers and their slaves—in this country, and thus continue in it; but they would go to their representatives in other countries, which would be a still worse state of things, and yet such a result would be unavoidable, so long as the reciprocity was all on one side.

A principal meeting-place of the smugglers was a hut half concealed by trees, and covered over with well nigh as much moss and houseleek as actual thatch, standing at the bottom of a hill, and close by a little stream, which had hewn to itself a ravine, somewhere between Saltwood Castle and the good old town of Hythe. This hut had but one floor, formed of beaten clay, and only two rooms, and two windows, but neither containing more than two complete panes of glass. In the garden, as it was called, appeared a few cabbages and onions, and a small patch of miserable potatoes. But weeds were in abundance, and chickweed and groundsel enough appeared there to have supplied a whole forest of singing birds. This miserable garden had been once fenced in, but the wood had been pulled down and burned for firing; three or four stunted gooseberry bushes now marked out the limits, with here and there a strong post, with sometimes a many-coloured rag fluttering upon a rusty nail, "*which had snatched a shred from passing poverty.*"

> "This is no book of idle twaddle," says the wise and reflecting author, "to represent all the wealthy as cold, hard, and vicious, and the poor all good, forbearing, and laborious; for evil is pretty equally distributed through all classes; though, God knows, the rich, with all their opportunities, ought to show a smaller proportion of wickedness; and the poor might, perhaps, be expected, from their temptations, to be worse than they are! Still it is hard to think that many as honest a man as ever lived—ay, and as industrious a man, too—returns after his hard day's toil, to find his wife and children well nigh in starvation, in such a place, and none to help them."

The present hut, however, was tenanted by persons of less creditable vocations; an old woman, called Galley Ray, and an imp, designated as Little Starlight; the one acting as cook and sutler, and the other as messenger, or page, to the worthies frequenting this lonely and retired place.

At this time, when smuggling had attained such a height as to almost set the civil authorities (themselves often parties concerned) at defiance, a party of dragoons were sent down to lend their aid in stopping a system which, beginning by mere violation of the fiscal laws, had run into outrages the most brutal and the most daring.

The officer in command of the detachment was Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Henry Leyton, the son of a Mr. Leyton, rector of a living in the same neighbourhood, who had been driven out of his house by the proprietor, Sir Robert Croyland, because young Harry Leyton had not only had the audacity to win the affections of his eldest daughter, Edith, but, with youthful intemperance, had also bound her to himself by vows not to be broken.

Harbourne House, the residence of Sir Robert, was built in a style which came into fashion about the reign of George the First, and was considered by those of the English, or opposite party, to be particularly well qualified for the habitation of Hanover rats. It was all of red brick, and looked square and formal enough, with the two wings projecting like the a-kimbo arms of some untamed virago, straight and resolute as a redoubt. The little hamlet of Kenchill was seen at the distance of about two miles in front, and to the eastward the house looked over the valley towards the high ground of Woodchurch, catching the blue line of Romney Marsh.

In this house dwelt the master of the mansion, Sir Robert Croyland; his maiden sister, Miss Barbara, a character drawn after Fielding; the eldest daughter, Edith, about two and twenty, with black hair, blue eyes, exquisitely beautiful, but of calm demeanour, and somewhat inclining to gravity; and, lastly, her younger sister, Zara, at once pretty and beautiful (those anxious to know the difference of the terms are referred to Mr. James), and lively and gay, yet full of heart, talent, and sincerity.

In early life, Sir Robert had had the misfortune accidentally to shoot his gamekeeper, Clare; and a not uncommon want of decision had led him to keep that a secret, which, if divulged, and inquired into at the moment, would have been easily explained away. Mr. Radford was, unfortunately, alone acquainted with the circumstance, and he turned it to his own advantage by forging a dying declaration of the gamekeeper's in which he charged Sir Robert Croyland with wilful murder, and with which document the smuggler so wrought upon the feelings of the weak baronet as to lead him, as the price of its suppression, to promise his daughter Edith in marriage to his rude and ill-conducted son.

In order to repair, as far as was in his power, this fatal accident, Sir Robert had granted a cottage on his estate to the widow Clare, who, with an only and beautiful daughter, were ever carefully tended by the family at the hall. The daughter, Kate Clare, was betrothed to Harding, a bold, handsome, seafaring man, one of the heroes of the story, also engaged in smuggling, but untainted by the vices of the landsmen who laboured in the same demoralizing vocation.

Colonel Leyton having established his head quarters at Hythe, a brother officer, Sir Edward Digby, was despatched on a visit to Harbourne House, to ascertain if, after a long absence, young Harry, now Colonel Sir Henry Leyton, was still the first person in Miss Edith's esteem. While making these interesting inquiries, Sir Edward, by the greatest accident possible, fell deeply in love with Miss Zara, and a strange misanthropic uncle, Zachary Croyland, a bilious Anglo-Indian, who resided in the same neighbourhood, ably fights the battles, and becomes at once the zealous and honest friend, of these suitable lovers.

The tranquil course of events is, however, interrupted by the smugglers. Old Mr. Radford, who had lately sustained severe losses from several unsuccessful "runs," determines to risk the whole of his fortune upon one die. To prevent any suspicion of this, a run of small amount is made, purposely informed upon, and Mr. Radford being known to be engaged in it, he hopes that the publicity of the fact will prevent surmises as to his being engaged at the same time in a weightier and more important attempt.

Circumstances, however, cause the whole to be divulged, and the gathering together by night of the small parties of dragoons, the landing of the goods, and the march across the country of some hundreds of lawless and armed people, followed by the military, till hemmed in on all sides, is one of the most stirring and well described incidents in the tale. A severe conflict takes place, in which the smugglers, who almost fancied themselves lords of Kent, first meet severe discomfiture at the hands of those sent to suppress their illicit traffic.

Irritated by the loss of his property, and goaded to revenge by the circumstance of his successful opponent being that very Leyton who is the rival of his son, old Radford insists that Sir Robert shall at once fulfil his marriage engagements; and, in order to leave the baronet no alternative, adds to his threats and menaces the abduction of the young lady herself. Young Radford, who had effected his escape from the field of conflict, and afterwards, through the instrumentality of Kate Clare, from the woods of Harbourne in disguise, having joined a few of his companions still in freedom, a barbarous outrage is committed against the gamekeeper's daughter, who is shot by Radford's own hand, in revenge for her lover Harding's supposed information against the party. A rescue is then attempted of the prisoners taken in the conflict between the smugglers and the military, who were shut up in Goudhurst Church, in charge of the peasantry; and on the occasion of this attack, said to be historically true, young Radford is shot by Harding, whom he had so irretrievably injured, while his father is immediately afterwards arrested as accessory to the whole of the proceedings; and thus his infamous projects against Edith, and his persecution of her weak parent, are alike concluded.

There are in this tale (far more interesting than any brief analysis can give a notion of), scenes of great beauty and exquisite pathos; among which we would particularly select the love passages between Sir Edward Digby and Zara, and the conduct of Harding at the death of his betrothed; but the power which has long ago established Mr. James as one of the most eminent novelists of the day, pervades the whole, and lends to every portion—reflective, narrative, or descriptive—its own peculiar charm.

ADVENTURES OF HEREWARD THE SAXON.

BY THOMAS WRIGHT.

III.—HEREWARD RETURNS TO ENGLAND.

At the time appointed, in the year 1069, Hereward returned to his native land, bringing with him his companions in arms, the two Siwards, with other Saxons who had joined him in his exile, and his wife, the beautiful Turfrida. Finding that, since the catastrophe which had attended his former visit, his paternal estates had remained unoccupied by the Normans, he proceeded direct to Brunne, where some of the bravest of his kinsmen and friends were on the look out for him; and he then made the signal which had been agreed upon, by setting fire to three villas on the highest part of the Brunneswold. He was soon at the head of a gallant band of Saxon outlaws, who crowded to him in the forest, whither he had retired to await the result of his signal. Hereward's historian has taken no small pride in recording the names of the most distinguished of these brave men who joined the last of their ancient lords in raising the standard of rebellion against the Conqueror; some of which are curiously significant of the precarious life they led in those troubled days, and of the acts of prowess which had marked their individual opposition to the invaders. There was Leofric the Mower (Moue), so called because being once attacked by twenty armed men whilst he was mowing alone in the field, with nothing but his scythe to defend himself, he had defeated them all, killing several and wounding many. Then there was another Leofric, named Prat, or the Cunning, because, though often taken by his enemies, he had always found means to escape after having slain his keepers. With them also was Wulric the Black, so named because on one occasion he had blackened his face with charcoal, and thus disguised, had penetrated unobserved among his enemies, and killed ten of them with his spear before he made his retreat; and Wulric Hragra, or the Heron, who, passing the bridge of Wroxham when four brothers unjustly condemned to be hanged were led by that road to the place of execution, had ventured to expostulate with their guards, but the latter called him in mockery *a heron*, and he rushed upon them, slew several, drove away the rest, and delivered their prisoners. With men like these were joined not a few of the sons of the old Saxon nobility, who had been, like Hereward, deprived of their patrimony, and who, like him in this also, disdained to bow the knee to the tyrant.

These, however, were not the only Saxons who were then in arms, for at this moment a show of patriotic resistance had manifested itself in various parts of England. Among others, the monks of Ely, with their abbot Thurstan, fortified themselves in their almost inaccessible island among the wild fens, and were there joined not only by many of the Saxon ecclesiastics and nobles, among whom were Archbishop Stigand, (whom the Normans had deposed from the metropolitan see of Canterbury,) Bishop Egelwin, (who had been similarly deprived of his see of Lincoln,) and the Earls Edwin, Morcar, and Tosti, but their strength was also recruited by a party of Danes who came to their assistance. The isle of Ely was soon known as the camp of refuge, and many of the injured Saxons made their way to it through the wild country round, alone or in small parties, for the Normans began to watch the approaches. Its defenders, as soon as they heard of the arrival of Hereward, sent a deputation to urge him to unite his strength with theirs, and he determined to abandon the open country, and to join in the incipient rebellion in the marshes. At this time he appears to have been in the heart of Lincolnshire, for we are told that he took ship with his followers at Bardney, whence they descended the river Witham towards the sea. The powerful Norman Earl of Warren, who had obtained extensive possessions in Lincolnshire, and who hated Hereward for the slaughter of one of his kinsmen, had been made acquainted with Hereward's proceedings by spies, and set parties of Norman soldiers in ambush along the banks of the river to intercept him when he landed. The Saxons were involved in continual skirmishes with these assailants, but it was not until they had accidentally captured one of them that Hereward was made aware of the Earl of Warren's plots, and of his intention to come the next day with a powerful body of knights and others to Herbeche, where probably he knew that the narrowness of the river, or some other cause, would enable him to stop the further progress of the outlaws. But Hereward succeeded in reaching the spot before the appointed time, passed the dangerous part of the river with his ships, and then landed his men on the shore opposite to Herbeche, and concealed the greater part of them among the brushwood, whilst himself, with three knights and four archers, well armed, stood on the bank of the river. The Earl of Warren and his men arrived soon afterwards on the opposite bank, and a Norman soldier, perceiving the Saxons, shouted to them across the river, reproaching them with their lawless lives, and threatening them with the vengeance of the Conqueror, who, he said, was bringing a mighty army to drive them out of their stronghold. One of Hereward's companions gave the Norman a scornful answer, and told him to inform his master that he might now have a chance of seeing the man he was so diligently seeking. The Earl of Warren, hearing the noise, came down to the waterside, and understanding that it was Hereward who stood before him, ordered his men to swim across the river and attack him. But the Normans expostulated, for they knew well that the Saxon chief would not be there unprepared to receive them; and the earl was venting his rage in empty threats and reproaches, when Hereward suddenly snatched a bow from the hand of one of his companions, and bending forward a little, let fly an arrow, which struck with so much force on the breast of the Norman chief, that, although the point was turned by his armour, he fell almost senseless from his horse, and was carried off by his attendants. The Saxons went on board their ships, continued their voyage, and were received with joyful acclamations in the isle of Ely.

Hereward was now the leader of most of the hostile expeditions undertaken by the Saxons of the Isle of Ely. Shortly before his return to England his friend Brand, abbot of Peterborough, died, and thus escaped the wrath of King William, whom he had offended by several acts of patriotism. A Norman ecclesiastic, named Turold, or Thorold, who had gained an unenviable notoriety by his tyranny over the Anglo-Saxon clergy, was appointed in his place. The Norman abbot was escorted to Peterborough by a military guard. But Hereward, after making a vain attempt to induce the monks of Peterborough to follow the example of resistance set them by the monks of Ely, determined that the stranger should at all events find an empty house. Turold made a halt "with his Frenchmen" at Stamford, in order to obtain intelligence of the kind of reception he was likely to meet with, and thither came the sacristan of Peterborough, named Yware, who, hearing of the approach of the outlaws, seized upon the more portable of the treasures confided to his care, which, as it happened, were not the most valuable, and fled. Hereward and his men arrived in their ships at Peterborough early in the morning of the second of June, 1170, and demanded an entrance into the monastery; but finding that the monks had shut the gates, and were unwilling to admit them, they set fire to the adjoining houses, and burnt all the monastery, except the church, and nearly all the town. Then, to use the words of the Saxon Chronicle, which gives the best account of the attack upon Peterborough, "they went into the church, climbed up to the holy rood, took there the crown from our Lord's head, which was of pure gold, and also the footstool which was under his feet, which was likewise of solid gold; they mounted up into the steeple, and brought down the mantle which was hid there, which was all of gold and silver; they took there two golden shrines and nine shrines of silver; they took also fifteen great crosses, some of gold and some of silver; and they took there so much gold and silver, and such great treasure in money and garments and books, that no man can count it. They said they did this to have security of the church." The monk, however, delivered up the church—or rather the bare walls

—to Turold, and the Saxons looked upon their treasures as forfeited, and divided their booty with their Danish auxiliaries, who, satisfied with what they had gained, left the island and sailed for their native country.

IV. THE SIEGE OF ELY.

King William was gradually approaching his army to invest the fen country which surrounded the Isle of Ely, and he began the attack at a moment when the insurgents had been weakened by many causes. Earl Morcar, trusting to the insidious promises of the Norman, had ventured to his court, and had been treacherously committed to prison ; Earl Edwin, in an attempt to raise an insurrection in the North, had been betrayed into the hands of his enemies, and mercilessly slain ; and the Danish allies had departed with their booty. The king established the main body of his army at a place called Abrehede, where the waters and fens were narrowest, and there, with immense labour, a long, narrow road, or bridge of timber, was constructed, on which the Normans were to march over the more difficult part of the intervening space. But the soldiers rushed forward hastily and incautiously, allured by the reports of the great riches which had been gathered together by the outlaws ; and suddenly the frail structure gave way under the weight of man and armour, and the Norman warriors were plunged headlong into the marshes, where they were quickly borne down by the weight of their arms. In this manner perished the greater part of the besieging army. The king was an eye-witness of the disaster ; and he sorrowfully relinquished his enterprise, leaving, however, strong garrisons on the border of the fens, to protect the country from the incursions of the outlaws. The destruction of the Norman army was long remembered in the neighbourhood ; and the writer of Hereward's life assures us that he had frequently seen the fishermen drag up the remains of the victims, still covered with their rusty armour.

One Norman knight alone reached the isle of Ely, and he was immediately seized and carried to Hereward, who received him kindly, kept him a few days, showing him the strength and resources of the place, and the modes of life of its defenders, and then gave him his liberty, on condition that he should give the king a faithful account of all he had seen. The knight strictly fulfilled his promise; and the Norman monarch was beginning to talk of offering favourable terms to the Saxon insurgents. But the Earl of Warren, and another powerful baron, Ivo Taillebois, interfered. The latter was lord of Spalding, and the chief supporter of his neighbour, the Abbot of Peterborough. He was one of those who had most distinguished themselves by their tyranny over the Saxons, and was proportionally hated by them. The opinion of these two barons was that of the courtiers in general, who feared to lose the lands of the outlaws which they occupied; and they urged the king to another attempt. Ivo Taillebois said, "I know an old woman who would be a match for all the Saxons in the island, and it would surely be disgraceful for a king to retreat without having effected his object." Being required to explain his meaning, Ivo stated that he knew a certain sorceress whose enchantments were so powerful, that he doubted not she would be able to paralyse the force of the islanders, and make them an easy prey to the besiegers. It was finally agreed that the woman should be sent for, and that they should try the effects of her incantations.

Meanwhile, the Normans watched more and more closely all the approaches to the island, and the outlaws could no longer obtain intelligence of the designs of their enemies, although it was darkly rumoured that they were to be attacked in some new and extraordinary manner. At length Hereward determined to go to the court in disguise. He took with him his favourite mare, named Swallow, which, though nearly as swift as the bird from which it was named, was a lean-looking, ill-favoured animal; and, dressed in coarse and dirty garments, with his hair and beard close shaven, he made his way through the fens unobserved. The first person he met was a potter, and a new scheme immediately suggested itself to him. Hereward bargained for the pots, provided himself with all things appertaining to the trade, and proceeded to Brandune, where the king was then holding his court, offering his ware for sale by the way. At Brandune Hereward took up his lodging at the very house in which dwelt the witch who was to be employed against the outlaws, with a companion who followed the same dark practices as herself. At night Hereward overheard the two women discoursing of the manner in which they were to proceed against the islanders. Their conversation was carried on in the Norman language, and with the less reserve, because they little thought that an English dealer in pots knew any other language but his native Saxon. At midnight they left the house, and proceeded to a fountain which flowed towards the east. There they performed mysterious ceremonies, addressing questions to the fountain, and then listening as for an answer. Hereward had stolen after them unseen; and more then once he was tempted to draw his sword, and put them to death in the midst of their unhallowed observances, but he thought that by forbearance he should obtain further information. In the morning he took his station in the vicinity of the court.

"Pots! pots!" cried Hereward, sturdily; "good pots and urns! here is your excellent pottery!" and the servants of the king's kitchen, who were in want of these articles, called him in.

At this moment the reeve of the town came on some business to the kitchen, and saw the merchant of pots. "It is strange," said the reeve, "but I never saw one man resemble another so closely in shape and stature, as this potter resembles the outlaw Hereward, barring his dress and trade."

All who heard this, crowded round the potter to see a man like Hereward; and he was led into the king's hall to be exhibited to the knights and courtiers. One of them asked if he knew the wicked outlaw whom he resembled? "Know him?" said he, "alas! I know him too well. Would that he were now here that I might be avenged upon him! It was but the other day that he robbed me of a cow and four sheep, which were all I had in the world, except my mare and these pots, to support myself and two children."

It was now the hour of repast, and the servants of the king's kitchen began to attend to their different functions. After dinner, however, the king being gone to follow the chase in the surrounding woods, the servants made merry, and brought forth wine and ale, and conspired to make the potter drunk; but in this they reckoned without their host, for a Saxon hero was the last man in the world to be outdone in drinking. The consequence was that, while Hereward remained perfectly master of himself, the cooks and kitchen-men became more and more uproarious, until they seized upon their guest, were proceeding to shave his crown like that of a monk, and proposed to make him dance blindfold in the middle of his pottery. Hereward showed resistance, and one of the cooks struck him with his hand. The spirit of the Saxon fired up, he struck the assailant to the ground with his fist, and seizing a weapon which was laying near, a scuffle ensued, in which several of the servants of the kitchen were killed, or severely wounded, before the potter was secured and shut up in an adjoining room. One of the guards then came with fetters to bind the prisoner; but Hereward rushed upon him, snatched the sword from his hand, slew all who opposed his progress, and after leaping over one or two hedges and ditches of defence, reached the outer court, mounted his mare, which he had left there, and darted off towards the woods, closely pursued by as many of the guards and others as had been able to get horses. But away went Hereward through wood and over plain, distancing all his pursuers but one, who followed him to the isle of Someresham, where he found himself at the mercy of the man he was following, and was deprived of his arms, and only allowed to escape with his life that he might bear to the Norman king a message from Hereward the Saxon.

Innumerable were the tricks employed by Hereward to deceive the enemies of his country, who in the hot season, when the fens were driest, made their approaches again towards the island. The king led his army to a place which the old writer calls Alrcheche, and there began to erect immense works of timber and earth, from which to conduct his hostile operations. For this purpose he ordered all the fishermen of the fens to assemble with their boats at Colingelade, there to receive his orders. When these works were far advanced towards completion, Hereward one day, disguised as a fisherman, came in his boat with the rest. At night the workmen departed, and the army retired from its labours. But when darkness had set in, the alarm was suddenly given that the fortifications were on fire, and in a few hours the labour of many days was utterly destroyed. The historian observes, drily, that where Hereward was busy in the day it would have been strange if some mischief had not happened before night.

The witch was at last brought forward to terrify the outlaws by her incantations. An elevated frame of timber had been placed in an advanced position among the fens, the top of which commanded a distant view of the island and monastery; and the Norman soldiers were placed among the reeds and brushwood ready to rush forward when the sorceress had done her part. She was placed on the frame, and began by uttering curses against the island and all its inhabitants; these were followed by a multitude of strange ceremonies and exorcisms, accompanied by fearful contortions and postures. All these were to be repeated thrice; and she was beginning the third time, when the outlaws, who had been gradually advancing under shelter of the surrounding thickets, set fire to the dry reeds in front and rear.

The flames rushed forth on every side with a fearful crackling. The witch sprang in terror from the scaffold, and was killed by the fall; and hundreds of devoted Normans perished in the fire or in the water. Hereward and his men pursued singly or in parties those who escaped; and the result of this second attack upon the island was more disastrous to the Normans even than the first. The king himself was among the fugitives; and when he reached his tent, a Saxon arrow was found fixed in his armour. In his despair and rage he cursed the advisers who had led him to put his trust in sorcery.

THE OPERA.

There have been no novelties in the operatic way since the opening night of Her Majesty's Theatre. Mr. Lumley contents himself with producing well-known and favourite works, and the crowded state of his audience shows that he understands the public taste. It is a remarkable fact, that, with all the outcry for novelty, a new piece rarely succeeds at the opera-house. Novelties come and go, but we find the town constantly falling back upon *Lucia*, or *Sonnambula*, or *Barbiere*, or *Puritani*. The fact is, the audience care more about the singers than about the music, and love to test them in familiar characters.

Mozart's great opera *Don Giovanni*, stands in a very curious predicament. The subscribers are weary of it, and consequently it is rarely played on a subscription-night. On the Thursdays however, (the "long Thursdays" as *The Times* calls them,) it is sure to draw an immense crowd if played once or twice during the season. There are evidently a number of persons who consider it a solemn duty to attend the theatre on this occasion. It is a veneration for the traditions of art, rather than a love for art itself that brings them. This is shown by the fact that the coldness of the audience is fully equal to their density; animal and mental heat being in inverse ratio to each other. In these frivolous days, the modern ear-tickling Italian music is, after all, the thing for the frequenters of the Opera, and Donizetti, scowled at by critics, is heard with pleasure by the multitude.

To use a paradoxical expression, the *Danseuses Viennoises* are a standing novelty. They may (and probably will) remain for weeks, but still they will be always new, such a power have they of evolving novelty out of themselves. Their combinations are inexhaustible; every week they favour us with some new *pas*, totally unlike to anything they have done before. One of the most striking is the *pas des moissoneurs*, in which the cleverest sports are carried on among a number of wheat-sheaves. The gentlemen-*danseuses* (this is bad grammar, but when little girls dress like little boys, what *can* we say?) chase the lady-*danseuses* round and round the sheaves, or dance joyously through them, or heap them into couches, and luxuriate upon them. Did we say, wheat-sheaves? Don't be too sure they are wheat-sheaves. Like magic a door flies open in every one of them, and the little swains peep out their heads, as if they were in watch-boxes. But lo, and behold! the doors clap to, and again they are wheat-sheaves, and little chubby faces thrust themselves up from amid the straw. Let us pass from this pretty pastoral — this idyll of small Damons and Chloes—this felicitous medium between hearty nature and Dresden China, to the eccentric *pas de rococo.* There came our little friends bewigged and bepowdered, as in the times of *Louis le bien-aimé.* The gentlemen present their snuff-boxes, the ladies coyly shrink,—the gentlemen offer again,—the ladies take the proffered pinch, and the famous chord in Haydn's Surprise, accompanies the—sneeze! What inconsistent mortals we are! Turning to our last, we find that we said: "To describe the *danseuses Viennoises* is impossible," and here we are, working at a description with all our might. But we are not so inconsistent after all. We still admit that description is impossible, but the attempt is laudable. Leonidas is immortalized for his attempt at Thermopylæ, though he perfectly well knew he would come off a loser, and—did.

As we predicted, the public have learned to appreciate Lucile Grahn. We knew those highly-finished steps—those broad elastic movements —those interpretations of emotion could not always be in vain. How firm are those *poses*, which convert Lucile into a living statue—how light are those boundings through the air! She is resolutely bent on emulating Fanny Ellsler, and, *en cavalier*, dances the *minuet de la cour* with Cerito, and bounds, stamps, and nods through the saucy *Cracovienne.* The arrival of Cerito has not in the least eclipsed her—nay, she has chiefly gained her laurels since the appearance of the little Neapolitan. Carlotta Grisi is added to the list of Terpsichoreans, and such a galaxy of talent, as Carlotta, Lucile Grahn, and Fanny Cerito was never seen before at the Opera-house.

THE THEATRES.

At Drury Lane, we have had mighty work—a new opera, four hours long, combining so many features, that people are puzzled where to look first. Mr. Balfe, the composer; M. de St. Georges, the dramatist; Madame Thillon, the vocalist; Mr. Bunn, the translator; the scenery, the dresses—all force themselves upon us as something to talk about. The following is the plot:—Once upon a time there was a king of Sicily, who—no! our heart fails us—we cannot do it. It is pleasant enough to try to describe Viennese dancers, but most unpleasant to narrate four-hour plots. Moreover, if we went to work methodically, we should go on for a twelvemonth, so many are the disguisings, intrigues, and counterplots, and our readers would be terrified very much by finding an article headed—*The Enchantress,* continued from our last." Do our readers know the *Syren*—do they know the *Diamans de la Couronne?* Do they, in short, know the sort of stories in which French opera-writers delight, and in which an adventurous young gentleman (tenor, of course) finds, in very questionable company, a young lady, who may be the d—, or perhaps Medea resuscitated, or simply a feminine pickpocket, for all he knows to the contrary, and whom he marries, after viewing her in every possible costume, and receiving all sorts of curious benefits? Certainly they do. Well, then, it will require no very violent effort of the imagination to represent Madame Thillon, at the head of a band of pirates, mysteriously helping the wronged heir of the Sicilian crown to his throne, and securing for herself a seat by his side. As for the various adventures that are achieved to accomplish an end so desirable to hero and heroine, we narrate them not. The plot is not destitute of cleverness, but there is too much in it, and that perplexes the audience; for really the story itself is not so very obscure, and it might have been told with a very fair degree of perspicuity. Balfe's music need not detain us long. Several of the airs are very pretty, and have a good chance of popularity. The concerted pieces are, for the most part, slight, and the work almost approaches the ballad opera, while it ostensibly belongs to the French "comique." Madame Thillon is the most charming actress for parts that require a certain *je ne sais quoi*, compounded of good humour, mischief, coquetry, and as many *et-ceteras* as you please, and is a most accomplished vocalist of the French school of brilliancy. The smile is, alas, not so universally visible at Drury Lane as it was at the Princess's, where she could captivate a whole pit at a glance. Having seen her in the smaller house, we know, from reminiscence, how she is looking when she bends so gracefully over the lamps; but the smile, the irresistible, indescribable glance, fades in the distance before it reaches our box. For the style in which the opera is put upon the stage, the manager is entitled to great credit.

To seek the legitimate drama, we naturally turn our eyes to the Haymarket, where Mr. Webster reigns as the tutelary genius of legitimacy. Mr. Douglas Jerrold has reappeared to the dramatic world, with a comedy called, *Time Works Wonders*, into which he has thrown all his power of brilliant writing, while it is marked by a truthfulness in the delineation of character, which distinguishes it from his earlier productions. A reduced governess, living on the benevolence of a former pupil, and expressing her gratitude in the most thankless manner, so as to be a perpetual offence, is as refined a dramatic portrait as one could meet. The plot is very simple, and, as is usual with Mr. Jerrold, is the weakest part of his production. An aristocratic baronet prevents his nephew from committing a *mésalliance*, and is cured of his austere pride by falling in love with the very fair one, against whom he has been on his guard. The girl—a tradesman's daughter, highly educated—is a very interesting character, and serves to bring out the talents of a rising actress, Miss Fortescue, who plays with a propriety and an unaffected pathos, which go to the hearts of her audience. The applause awarded to this young lady, on the first night, almost equalled that bestowed on the author himself. This comedy will be the "talk of the town" for some time to come, and will support the good fortune of the "Little Haymarket" and its spirited manager.

Sadler's Wells, the more humble temple of the "legitimate," has rejoiced in the production of a new blank-verse drama, called the *King's Friend*. The heroes are the never-to-be-forgotten Henry IV. and Sully. It is an agreeable, lively piece, of the adventurous class, but has scarcely stuff enough for five acts.

At the head of the "illegitimate" productions stands the new burlesque of *Cinderella*, which is superbly put on the Lyceum stage, and which, with the aid of some English imitators of the *Danseuses Viennoises*, attracts nightly crowds.

THE CATACOMBS OF ROME.

On Maunday-Thursday, in the year 1760, Hubert Robert, a pupil of the Academy of France at Rome, was shut up in his study with a beautiful young Jewess, who had served as a model for Susannah at the bath. The modesty of her dress and the decency of her manners, at once attested that she did not belong to that class of persons who sit professionally for artists. She was weeping, and leaning on the shoulder of the painter, who was kissing and pressing her hands in vain attempts to comfort her.

"Dear Seïla," exclaimed Robert, "do not weep!"

"I tremble," she replied, "to go back to my father. It is already late, and I have lost the box of jewels, which was given to me to leave at Rocconi's this morning."

"Those beautifully-wrought Malachites which I admired so much as we were seated on the banks of the Tiber!" remarked Robert, pensively, for he loved the beautiful Jewess not only ardently but honourably; "what might have been their value?"

"Two hundred piastres," answered Seïla, in agony. "I placed the box on that heap of bricks on which your pencils lay: the first who went by must have taken it. What will my father say?"

"I have not two hundred piastres," said Robert, sorrowfully; "but the place you mention is not much frequented—it might not have been observed: I will run and look for it."

"It is useless; besides, it is far off and I cannot wait; it is already late."

"Do wait for me, dear Seïla! I shall run all the way; and I will bring you back the Malachites or the two hundred piastres."

"Be quick, then!—upon the bricks to the right—a box of blue pasteboard."

"Oh, trust to me," said Robert, as he sprang out of the house. It was a small isolated building on the Monte Pincio, by the side of those in which Poussin, Salvator Rosa, and Claude Lorrain, had dwelt, and which Hubert Robert now occupied with his friend, Jean Claude Richard, Abbot of Saint Non, whom birth and fortune called to an eminent place in the church, but who preferred devoting himself to literature and the arts.

Seïla waited with mingled impatience and apprehension. Time passed, and she listened to every approaching sound, till even the distant murmur of the great city had something fearful in it. At length, the sun descended behind the dome of St. Peter's, and vespers chimed from the three hundred churches of the pontifical city.

"Oh, how dearly shall I pay for a few moments of happiness!" she exclaimed. "How shall I dare to appear before my father, after being out at such an hour!"

At this moment she heard a noise in the garden. The fall as if of a body among the trees, was followed by a laugh and the sound of steps. A moment afterwards she saw a man coming towards the house. It was not Robert, and she withdrew hastily into a neighbouring apartment.

"Robert, Robert!" cried the new-comer, as he bounded into the room. "Oh, what an adventure! But where the devil is Robert?"

The young man who, by his noisy and unexpected arrival, had so terrified Seïla, was a brother artist, Fragonard by name, but of a very different character to the studious, hardworking, and discreet Robert; he was rather a lover of pleasure than a lover of his art, and he spent much of his time in hunting and shooting, singing and playing, making love, and living as gaily as possible, now and then making up for it by painting with an extraordinary ardour and activity, which was only equalled by the genius of what he used to call his touches of fire.

He stopped for a moment before the picture which Robert had been engaged in.

"Who painted this?" he exclaimed. "That rascal Robert has more talent than any of us. It is perfect—admirable! What a delicious Susannah? what an angelic head—where has Robert found that? What a pity so divine a creature should only have a head!"

So saying, he took up the brushes, and proceeded, with great rapidity and skill, to fill up the details of the form, but in a manner which did not at all suit the touching expression of shame and indignation which Robert had given to the face of the disturbed bather.

Seïla hearing no more noise, thought that the stranger had withdrawn, and she advanced slowly from her hiding-place; Fragonard, to his infinite surprise, caught a glimpse of the beautiful Susannah herself, endeavouring to pass by. Throwing the brushes aside, he hastened after her, but she had presence of mind to retrace her steps and close the door after her. Fragonard could not follow.

"Do open the door!" exclaimed the young man; "I must see you—must admire you! You are the most beautiful woman I ever saw, and I love you already to distraction!"

But no answer was vouchsafed; and as the artist was pushing and trying the door in every way, the bell rang. Fragonard was annoyed at the interruption; but it rang again, and he opened it. It was the Abbot of Saint Non, accompanied by a monk.

"What!" said the abbot; "Fragonard at Rome!"

"I arrived here this very night," replied Fragonard; "and, had I been free, would have joined you at the Villa Adriana."

"You would not have found me there; I have been these four days past engaged in explorations at the gate of San Lorenzo. We have carried our researches so far that we are just upon the catacombs. But how did you return to Rome?"

"Oh, that is a little history!" replied the artist; "I was painting at Frosinoni."

"Horace slept there in his journey to Brindisi," remarked the abbot.

"Where the women are remarkable for their beauty," rejoined the artist; "but while I was taking a sketch of one of these rustic charmers, her relatives interfered, and a fight resulted, in which one of them was wounded, and I was brought a prisoner here between two papal carabiniers, and put in arrest at the palace of the Academy."

"Ah, you will never change!" said the abbot; "when will you imitate the discreet conduct of Robert? But where is he?—have you not seen him?"

"No," replied the artist. "As I stole away from my arrest, I came prudently by a by-way, and, as I approached the door, seeing it apparently watched by some sombre-looking personage, I got over the garden wall. Is this picture, father," continued Fragonard, addressing himself to the monk, "intended for your convent, for I see it is you that Robert has represented in this good old man who blushes and hides his face with his hands."

"I sat for the head," replied the monk, approaching the picture; but, on observing the figure of Susannah, he crossed himself devoutly and withdrew. "I do not think that Robert intended the picture for us; if he did so, I should beg of him to modify that which would prevent our receiving it."

"What is it that requires altering?" asked Fragonard.

"The costume of Susannah, in the first place," answered the monk; and, in the second, the head of the other old man, which resembles too much Monsignore Badolfo, the grand inquisitor."

"Ah, true!" exclaimed Fragonard, "a striking likeness, and the portrait of wickedness in its vilest forms. I cannot tell what has caused Robert to take such an antipathy to the grand inquisitor."

"Monsignore Badolfo has no other fault," remarked the monk, "than an excessive zeal for his holy duties, or rather his cruelty towards the Jews."

"Robert is not a Jew!" said Fragonard.

"No; but his frequent visits to the Ghetto have attracted attention."

"What does he go to that repulsive quarter for?" interrupted the abbot of Saint Non; "there are no antiquities there."

"No," said Fragonard, "but there are many beautiful women."

"This terrible Fragonard is always thinking of beautiful women," said the abbot. "Well," turning round to the monk, "Robert does not appear to be coming in; we had better go—it is growing late."

Fragonard could not dissemble his joy, and he hastened to get rid civilly of his friends, when a half-smothered sobbing made itself very distinctly heard from the adjoining room.

"Robert!" exclaimed at the same moment the abbot and the monk. "It is certainly not he who is crying there!"

"Do not be scandalized, gentlemen," said Fragonard, lowering his voice—"it is a woman!"

The abbot led the way by another door, of which he had the key, and they recognised in a moment the model of the Susannah of the picture.

"Well, Father Alexander," exclaimed Fragonard, with a triumphant look, "Robert is not so discreet as you supposed him."

"My daughter, why are you weeping?" inquired the benevolent monk, as he approached the sobbing damsel.

"Oh! gentlemen, do let me go out!" she exclaimed, in a supplicating tone.

"No one wishes to detain you," replied the monk. "What do you fear?"

"Oh, I shall never have the courage to meet my father," sobbed the young girl, and she related, between her tears, the history of her misfortunes.

"It is late for you to be out," remarked the monk, at the end of the recital; "a storm is coming on, and I will take you home. Fragonard, you can tell Robert, when he returns, that I have done what he would have done himself, and that he need have no anxiety concerning the welfare of the person whom he left at his house."

Fragonard, however, did not at all like this arrangement. He endeavoured to subvert it, by urging the danger which the father would run in being seen walking the streets with a Jewess; but without avail. Immediately afterwards, the two priests and Seïla departed.

Fragonard waited till night came on before he would venture forth. Looking accidentally out of the window, he observed, that notwithstanding the darkness and the approaching storm, some suspicious persons, whom he knew belonged to the police, were hanging about the neighbourhood, and this gave him much anxiety. Was it himself, or Robert who was thus sought after? he was inquiring of himself, when he heard a key turn, and Robert came in, out of breath, and pale and trembling.

"What! you, Fragonard?" he exclaimed, on entering, and then looking round the apartment, "and alone?"

"Yes, alone; the worthy monk, Father Alexander, has charged himself with taking home your Susannah."

"Father Alexander! by what accident?—a Capuchin friar accompanying a Jewess to the Ghetto!"

"It is scarcely to be credited, is it? But the good man does not care. He is loved by everybody, Jews and Christians, because he himself loves everybody, and she could not have a safer guardian. But do you, then, love this Jewess?"

"I do. I love her to distraction."

"Well, it is a great pleasure to paint the features of one we love; but what will you do with your model when you have reproduced it twenty times on canvas?"

"Have I not told you that I love Seïla? I shall marry her."

"Marry her! a Jewess, and a model!" exclaimed Fragonard, with a contemptuous expression.

"Jewess she will no longer be for my sake, and model she is not. She is the daughter of a rich jeweller of the Ghetto; and if she sat for me, it was out of affection and kindness."

"Well, I was ready to fall in love with her myself, and to attempt anything to obtain her; but since this is the case, I must give it up, and yield the palm to you. But what have you been doing? you look as if you had escaped some danger."

"I have escaped great danger. I arrived at the spot where the box had been left, just as a man was in the act of picking it up. I threw myself upon him, but he was more powerful than me; and as I struggled for the jewels, he struck me so hard that I believe I lost all consciousness."

"Oh, my poor friend!" exclaimed Fragonard, "would I had been there to help you!"

"I secured only two of the stones; and what will become of poor Seïla when she gets home? Her father is so avaricious, so rude, he may kill her! If I only possessed the value of these jewels, the Jew Mondaio might be appeased."

"What amount is required?" asked Fragonard.

"Two hundred piastres," replied Robert, sighing deeply.

"Why, only to-day the Abbot Saint Non lent me fifty Louis, and I did not foresee I should find so happy a use for them."

"'Tis a present from Heaven!" murmured Robert, his eyes filling with tears of joy. "I will go at once."

"At least, take me with you."

"That cannot be; you cannot judge sufficiently well of the respective position of parties."

Fragonard insisted, but Robert was equally resolved, and he quitted the house alone. Hurrying along, regardless of everything but the purpose that filled his mind, he had reached the great step leading from the church of Trinité del Monte to the town, when three men, wrapped in mantles, obstructed the passage, and these were immediately joined by six others, enveloped in large capes of a sombre and uniform colour.

"What do you want with me?" exclaimed Robert, in a voice agitated by anxiety and despair, and holding fast by his gold, for he at first thought he had to do with thieves. "Leave me, or I will call for assistance!" But in a moment he was gagged, his feet were lifted from the ground, his arms were bound, and his eyes bandaged. He felt himself carried away without power of speech or motion.

Seïla and the good Capuchin wended their way, in the meantime, to the quarter of the Ghetto. On the road, they were overtaken by the storm, and, guided by the vacillating light of a votive lamp, they sought shelter in one of those oratories which are still frequent in the streets of Rome.

"Daughter," said the monk, as he humbly approached the Madona, "there is one who will save us."

At the same moment a young and beautiful Roman girl, in the picturesque costume of Tivoli and of Frascati, rose from her devotions.

"Father Alexander, are you here?" she said.

"It is you, Nisida, is it? It is a long time since I have seen you."

"I have not dared go to confession," she answered; "I have sinned too deeply."

"Repent truly, and confess your sins. God will pardon you, through the merits of our Saviour."

"I am," she said, hesitating, and bowing her head—"I am loved by a Jew."

"A Jew!" exclaimed Father Alexander.

"Yes, father, and I love him, although he is capable of any crime."

"You must make use of the attachment he bears you to win his salvation. Lead him in the right path, I will baptise him, and then you can be wedded."

"Wedded!" ejaculated Nisida, whose dark eyes sparkled like diamonds; "if that is the reward, I promise you he shall soon be a Christian."

"For that promise I give you my absolution, daughter; farewell."

Seïla had kept herself at a humble distance; her persuasion did not allow her to stand before the image of the Mother of Christ; but when the monk rejoined her—

"Father," she said, "I am an Israelite, because my father brought me up according to the law of Moses; but when I was a child, my mother, whom I lost when I was very young, taught me to respect Christianity, and I desire to become a Christian. Father, you can help me in my aim."

"You wish to become a Christian, and to be baptized?" exclaimed the monk, transported with joy at the idea of winning over a soul to salvation.

"Yes, I wish it. It is a vow I have made to the memory of my mother, and to the religion of Robert."

"It is the divine grace that has operated in your favour, my dear daughter," said the monk, weeping with joy as he pressed her hands and regarded her with paternal tenderness.

They had now arrived at the gate of the Ghetto, which was shut at seven in the evening, only to open at the same hour in the morning. Seïla urged the monk to leave her; she was fearful of appearing in the Jewish quarter so accompanied, but he insisted upon seeing her safe with her father.

"The porter, Capricola, or his son Marco, will open the gate for me," he remarked.

"That Marco," observed the young girl, "fills me with dread. He is a very wicked man."

"He may yet be saved," replied the monk. "I have promised him a situation as guardian in the Vatican if he will be baptized on holy Saturday, and he has promised to be so if his father's opposition can be overcome."

As they knocked at the gate they heard the noise of quarrelling. Seïla listened, and hearing some Jewish words—

"There, that monster," she said, "is ill-treating his father again."

"I hope not," said the monk, and he knocked louder. A voice asked in surly tones, "Who knocks at this hour?"

"It is I, Marco—I, Father Alexander. Open, and make haste! I have business within."

The door opened, but no one made his appearance. It was raining hard, and they hastened onwards. Seïla felt herself sinking to the ground as she approached her father's house. When they knocked, a heavy step was heard, and an old man, his face disfigured by spots of blood, opened a wicket in the door.

"Mardocheus, open the door?" said Seïla.

"Ah, my dear girl, whence do you come?" he exclaimed; "what has happened to you?—Your father is out seeking for you. But, Moses and Aaron help me, here is a monk in the Ghetto, and that on Easter-eve!"

"Father," said Seïla, turning round to her reverend companion, "you cannot return while it is raining so hard. Excuse my having brought you here during the preparations for Easter. The Paschal lamb has just been killed."

Shortly afterwards, Mondaio returned. He was wet, tired, and cross.

"What have you done?—whence do you come?" He apostrophized his daughter, without regarding the presence of the monk.

Seïla did not dare to answer. She hid her face in her hands, and wept.

"Do you hear me?" said Mondaio, still more authoritatively. "What have you been doing this long day?"

"Permit me, my son," interposed the monk, "to speak for her."

"You have nothing to do in my domestic affairs," remarked the Jew. Then, turning to Seïla, "I have been to Rocconis, he has not received the box of Malachites."

"Alas, father, I have lost them!" said the young girl, sorrowfully.

"Lost them! Jewels worth more than three hundred piastres!"

"I sought for them all day," murmured Seïla.

"Retire to your own room, imprudent and careless girl!" cried Mondaio, furiously. Then calling up Mardocheus, he ordered him, as it was nine o'clock, to stain the doors and locks with the blood of the Paschal lamb, and then to prepare the midnight feast. This done, he turned to the monk, and asked him why he had come thither, and what he had to say?

"Offer up prayers," said the father, solemnly, "that the grace from on High may reach you through your child!"

"What do you mean?" replied Mondaio, with a terrible expression.

"Listen, Mondaio; do not close your eyes and ears to the will of God. Incline yourself before Providence. A young artist, a painter of the academy of France, loves your daughter."

"Is he an Israelite like unto ourselves?"

"He is a Christian like unto myself—like unto what your daughter will be!"

"Get from my house," exclaimed the Jew. "Miserable man, do you think to take my daughter from me?"

"Mondaio, give ear to me, and do not oppose yourself to the happiness of your daughter in this world and in the other."

"Get hence!" exclaimed the Jew, unable to control himself—"infamous monk, whose labours are to bring scandal into families, and lead a daughter to revolt against her father!"

"The name and the authority of father vanish before the authority of God! Your daughter will receive baptism from my hand."

"And from mine you shall receive the punishment due to your villainous plots."

"To-morrow, I shall place your daughter under the protection of the pope!"

"To-morrow, thy monks shall sing psalms at thy funeral!" Saying which, he ran to his forge, and, seizing a large hammer, would have stricken the monk with it, if Seïla had not suddenly run in and interposed.

"Spare him, father—spare him!" she ejaculated, trembling and in tears; "he is a priest, and an old man!"

"Sully no longer my house, then, with thy presence!" cried the Jew, and, seizing the poor old monk in his arms he carried him to the door, and threw him into the street in the midst of the dogs, which the noise of a quarrel had gathered together to bark before the house.

During the time that the monk had held this interview with Mondaio, Nisida had repaired to Marco to tell him of the results of the meeting she had also held with her confessor.

"You will be baptized, and be a Christian before Easter," she said, joyously, on seeing him, "and we shall be married in two or three days afterwards—I have Father Alexander's word; and now you may get the nuptial presents."

"I have thought of it," said Marco, presenting to Nisida a magnificent collar of Malachites.

"Oh, the beautiful stones!" exclaimed Nisida; "but they are somewhat out of order. One or two are wanting."

"A jeweller will set that all right!"

"But you must also get the ring?"

"That will not be very expensive," said Marco, pensively.

"Oh, I doat upon jewels," added Nisida, gaily—"bracelets, pins, and necklaces. I should like a necklace of pearls."

"I will try and get one for you," he said, in a melancholy, almost despairing, tone. "No matter what I do, so long as you are my wife."

"That shall never be," said the voice of the old Jew, Capricola, who, rising from a bed of sickness, seized the young girl round the throat with the vigour of a dying man; but Marco, at the same moment, struck his father, and he fell across the bed, his head hanging over the side. Nisida who, for the moment, had felt her doom sealed, threw herself into the young man's arms.

"Fear, nothing, dear Nisida," he exclaimed; "I am here to protect you."

"Oh, help me!" murmured Capricola, with a dying voice, his head still hanging over the bed. "Marco, my son, I shall die; have pity on me!" But he could not raise his head, and already all things appeared to him as if covered with blood.

"Do you hear him?" said Nisida, struck with horror; "the old man is reviving!"

"Let him die!" exclaimed the young man; "you shall have rings, necklaces, jewels, then, in plenty." But, before Marco could prevent her, Nisida slipped away, and did not return.

Just at this juncture, Marco heard the sound of a man thrown into the street, followed by the loud and angry barking of dogs, amidst which, he was still, however, sensible of the fall upon the stones of a heavy bag of money. It was the collection which Father Alexander had made for the festival of Easter, and the jingle of the money served more than the cries of distress to draw the guardian's attention to the sufferer.

A few minutes more, and Marco would have been too late; the dogs were tearing the clothes of the old monk, and animated by a first bite or two, were proceeding to extremities, when he arrived, and he had much difficulty in rescuing the old man from their ferocity. As he lifted him up; he felt and examined the contents of the leathern sack, the sound of which had won his kind attentions.

"Heaven recompense you, Marco!" said the old man; "you have delivered me from a death, such as many a Christian martyr has died before."

Marco did not answer, and appeared anxious only for the welfare and comfort of the old man. After reposing a short time at the gate, the father felt himself strong enough to continue his journey. Marco endeavoured to dissuade him; but, finding that he was resolute, he lighted a lanthorn, and offered to accompany him.

"Are you in earnest, my son?" said the monk, somewhat surprised at Marco's civility.

"Yes, father; you are about to make a Christian of me, and it is my duty to watch over your safety. The gate of San Lorenzo is at a distance. Lean upon me; I will give you my arm, and help you thither."

On the way, Fragonard, disguised as a brigand of Abruzzo, saw them both pass by, and would have spoken to the father, but the noise of horses and of carabiniers approaching, obliged him to conceal himself.

The Abbot of Saint Non had that night been examining, by torch-light, his excavations at the gate of San Lorenzo, where he awaited the coming of Father Alexander; but the rain had caused him and his servant to take refuge under those ancient aqueducts that cross the Campagna di Roma, like the arches of a bridge of giants. Here the abbot amused himself with sketching objects of antiquity, with which his mind was well stored, by the light of a fire, fed by the rubbish gathered around. Still the time appeared long; and the servant began to murmur, and assert that the father would not come that night, when a noise was heard as of a person running, and a man came under the archway.

"Is it you, Father Alexander?" inquired the abbot.

"No, it is not the father," answered Marco, in a surly tone.

"You know him, then; have you seen him?"

"I have seen him," said Marco, hesitatingly; "he will not come back."

"Not come back! Did he send you here?"

"He did," replied Marco.

While the Abbot of Saint Non was making these inquiries, he was so much struck with the aspect of the man, his face lighted up by the flare of a reddish flame, and his hands held behind him, that he mechanically set to work to take a sketch of him; and almost by the time that the conversation ceased, he had in his possession an admirable likeness of the Jew. Two carabiniers coming up a few moments afterwards, Marco darted off, and they remarked as he started, that he carried a large leather bag full of coin on his back.

The next morning all Rome was agitated by rumours of strange events, and many were the versions given to the accidents of the previous night. Baretti, the barber, always the first informed of what took place in the city, had scarcely informed his excellency, the Director of the Academy, during his morning toilette, of Robert having been carried off, and of a murder, according to his statement, having been committed in the Ghetto, when Fragonard, still in his costume of an Abruzzo, rushed in, to claim the intervention of the director in favour of his missing friend, and shortly afterwards the ambassador of France joined the party, no less full of wonder and consternation.

Tumultuous gatherings of the people had already taken place. The old prejudices of the middle ages against the Jews still found favour with the fanatic population of Rome; and they believed in a custom, for which the Jews of Damascus only very lately suffered, of the sacrifice by the Israelites of a Christian on the evening which precedes the anniversary of the crucifixion. An immense crowd soon directed itself towards the gates of the Ghetto, crying for revenge, fire and blood. A pile of straw and wood was lighted up before the gate, and the frenzied population danced as they anticipated a victim for the flames. Marco, as a convert to Christianity, was permitted to quit the lodge without suspicions being attached to him; but the house of Mondaio, from whence, the rumour went, a female had been carried off the same night, was soon invaded, and fagots were piled and fired before the door. The windows and doors of the house were found marked with blood, and the breviary of Father Alexander was discovered lying on the ground also stained with blood; the unfortunate Mardocheus, in attempting to make his escape, was seized by the crowd, and hung upon a fragment of the burning gate, converted into a temporary gibbet. Happily, the arrival of the authorities saved the life of Mondaio, who was conducted, upon the circumstantial evidence, which was already in every body's mouth, to the dungeons of San Angelo.

After a long and tortuous journey, Hubert Robert had found himself—his eyes unbandaged—in a vaulted cell, which only received light by a small circular opening, closed by strong bars of iron. The walls were painted with red flames on a dark ground; and in a kind of niche, our Saviour was represented praying in the garden of olives for the sins of men. He had scarcely time to see thus much, when the door of his prison opened, and four black penitents seized him against his will, and drew him along with them. He traversed several long vaulted corridors, and a few naked, sorrowful-looking apartments, with crucifixes stuck against the walls, till he was pushed into a kind of library, furnished with heavy folios, brass-bound and with strong clasps, and immense parchment registers covered with dust. The penitents left him at the door, when his attention was roused by a sardonic laugh. The person who laughed was he whom Robert had taken for the type of the old man in the painting of Susannah at the bath, as opposed to the good and candid expression of the Father Alexander.

"It appears, then, that I am your prisoner?" said Robert, who for the first time obtained a glimpse into the cause of his arrest and imprisonment.

"It appears that you are," replied the Grand Inquisitor. "Your impiety has led you hither."

"What impiety?" exclaimed Robert.

"Your memory is bad," coldly observed Badolfo. "Here is the proof." And he pointed towards an object covered with black crape.

Robert approached, and drawing the veil aside, saw his picture; but what was his horror and confusion on finding his Susannah desecrated in the manner described by Fragonard. Unable to control himself at what he considered to be a trap, he struck the picture with his fist.

"Ah—ha, Mr. Artist, you shall pay me for my portrait!" exclaimed the Grand Inquisitor. "You are not only criminated for painting pictures inflaming to sin, but also for favouring Judaism in this city, and holding sacrilegious relations with a Jewess."

"Hold your tongue, monster! Do not insult virtue and innocence. Outrage not her who is going to be my wife."

"Do you remember, miserable man, what you did for that Jewess—that woman of corrupt manners?"

"Yes, I struck an infamous man who wished by threats and violence to seduce the girl whom I love and respect."

"Well, that girl is now here," said Badolfo, with a triumphant smile.

"Most infamous of men!" exclaimed Robert, as he advanced to strike the Inquisitor; but Badolfo rang a little silver bell, whose tinkle immediately brought four brethren of the inquisition from one side, and four from another. Robert was seized, pinioned, with his hands crossed upon his breast, and then tied down with strong ropes to a table, while Badolfo, with a smile of profound satisfaction, ordered a preliminary hundred lashes by way of discipline. It was in vain that Robert attempted to liberate himself; he was so bound as to be incapable of the slightest movement; and the apparatus for castigation was already prepared, when a door burst open, and Fragonard made his appearance. He apostrophized the executioners and their chief in terrible accents, and then hastened, with tears of pity and anger, to liberate his friend.

"Fragonard, have you arms?" asked Robert, while still struggling to rid himself of his bonds.

"No," he answered; "but there are plenty of books!" and he began to throw the heavy volumes at the heads of the inquisitors. Badolfo rang his little bell, but the friends retreated to a corner, where they sustained a kind of siege, hurling the weighty missiles with considerable effect at the heads of their black-looking antagonists.

"What is going on here?" interrupted a grave voice at the door, which Fragonard had left open.

"Ah! is your excellency come to our assistance?" exclaimed Fragonard, who ceased casting his projectiles on recognising the voice of the Ambassador, scarcely visible through the dust.

"Can you tell me what this extraordinary scene means?" said the Ambassador to Badolfo, in a severe tone.

"Who are you, who would thus question me?" replied the Grand Inquisitor.

"I am the ambassador of France, and I wish for explanation as to the conduct pursued towards a Frenchman."

"And I am the chief of the congregation of the holy office, and in that quality I only answer for my acts before God, and his vicegerent, the Pope."

"I shall have reparation for this violence—a striking reparation!" said the Ambassador. with energy.

"Thanks, oh, thanks, your excellency!" exclaimed Robert. "You have liberated me from the most infamous violence; but I implore your assistance in behalf of Seïla, who is imprisoned here, under some abominable pretence, and who will fall a victim to that man."

"What can I do, my friend?" answered the Ambassador, mildly; "she is not French; she is a Jewess."

"She is a Christian, or, at least, she will become one, since I have promised to marry her."

"Jewess or Christian, it does not matter much," interrupted Badolfo, "since she is accessory with her father to the murder of the Father Alexander."

"Great God! Seïla accessory to a murder! I will myself be condemned as an abettor if she is guilty."

Robert, conducted by Fragonard to his home, at first gave way to uncontrollable sorrow and vexation. His grief assumed at times the aspect of insanity, and it was all his friend could do to prevent him from laying violent hands upon himself; but gradually he grew more calm, and began to blame himself for many of the occurrences which had taken place. To distract his mind from dwelling upon the position of his beloved Seïla, Fragonard proposed a walk, and he assented almost mechanically. It was Easter eve, and the approaching festival had been celebrated by the public conversion of the Jew, Marco. Robert and his friend, while on their walk accidentally met the convert, accompanied by a great crowd of people, making his first pilgrimage to the seven churches.

"Why!" exclaimed Fragonard, looking at the converted Jew, "that is the man I saw on Thursday night with Father Alexander, when I was seeking for you in the neighbourhood of the Ghetto."

"The same," ejaculated Robert, "who stole the Malachites from me, and struck me on the banks of the Tiber!"

"You are a thief, if not an assassin!" exclaimed Fragonard, as he rushed towards the Jew; and, seizing him by the collar, he said, "I arrest you as concerned in the death of the Father Alexander!"

The crowd at first uttered distrustful maledictions against the two friends, who were designated as impious Frenchmen; but Nisida, who was accompanying her lover, encouraging him in his barefooted pilgrimage, hearing the exclamation, cried out—

"Jesus Maria! the assassin of the Father Alexander!" and she ran away with cries of agony and despair, only to return in a few moments with the leather sack full of money and the necklace of Malachites, which she cast at the feet of Marco.

"Take," she said, "the spoils of those you have robbed—there is the purse of good Father Alexander, whom you killed. I will never marry the murderer of my confessor! Go, wicked man, although you have been baptized, you will never be more than a Jew either in this world or in the next."

That same morning the Abbot of Saint Non had been seated in the gallery of the church, in which took place an allegory of the general conversion of the Jews. His object in being there was to transfer to paper, and to give permanence to so striking a religious ceremony. But when the procession made its appearance, the sinister figure of the catechumen filled him with painful impressions. He turned to his portfolio, and at once recognised the man whom he had sketched under such peculiar circumstances on the Thursday night, in the Campagna di Roma. His suspicions were confirmed by his servant, who at the same moment recognised the man, and he at once repaired to the Monte Pincio to inform Robert of the circumstance.

The next day, when all Rome was assisting at the benediction given by the Pope at St. Peter's, Robert was exploring the Campagna from San Lorenzo to the aqueducts, in company with the abbot, and considering what road Father Alexander would have taken to have joined the former. On the plain were numerous holes, some of which were like wells, others funnel-shaped, and all terminating in dark cavities beneath. These were spots in which the roof of the catacombs had given way, and caused the soil to fall into their depths. The thought struck both the friends that Father Alexander, whose body had not been found, had been thrown into one of these apertures, and Robert repaired to his study, where, with the works of Antonio Bosio, and of the learned Severano, Boldetti, and Bottari, before him, he spent the night in studying the arrangement and the distribution of the catacombs. That "subterranean Rome" in whose vast extent and numerous intricacies so many persons had become involved never to find their way out again, and into which he had determined upon venturing, in search of the body of Father Alexander.

Providing himself with a ball of string, matches, and tapers, he started early in the morning, and issued out of the city by the Latin gate, corresponding to the ancient Via Appiana, and formerly bordered by splendid mausolea. Gaining a monticule covered with olive trees, remains of the sacred grove where Numa Pompilius used to consult the nymph Egeria, he calculated the distance of the gate of San Lorenzo from the catacombs, and the point which he wished to reach. He then directed himself to a cave among the trees, which Bosio described as the principal entrance of the graves of Saint Damaso and Saint Nicomedia, and making the end of the string fast to a tree, he groped on all fours through a narrow entrance, which soon expanded into a vault of pozzolána, and ascertained by the niches in the walls that he was entering the dreaded catacombs.

He was not long ere he came to a point where numerous passages branched off in various directions, and he began already to feel the little practical use of the studies of the previous night. Trusting more in Providence than his newly gained acquaintance with the plan of subterranean Rome, and stirred by the thought that Seïla was a prisoner, accused, and, perhaps, convicted, he advanced boldly into the labyrinth of corridors and vaulted passages. He had lighted a candle, and carefully avoided touching the walls, for a slight shake might have caused the loose soil to give way behind him, and for ever prevent his return. Here and there a beam of the sun came through some crevice or slip in the vault to gladden him, and frequently the fallen earth, by blocking up the passage, obliged him to retrace his steps and try another. At length, he gained a portion of the catacombs where a vast number of openings, and increased difficulties in finding a free passage, told him that he was beneath the Campagna di Roma. His ball of string was nearly exhausted; he had stumbled over the skeletons of one or two wolves that had fallen through the aperture above, when he uttered a cry. The dim light of his taper fell upon an object resembling a human being. He threw himself towards it, and at once recognised Father Alexander, still kneeling, but cold and stiff. He had perished in the act of prayer. The unfortunate man had been struck in the side by a weapon, and a knife, covered with blood, lay on the ground. Robert took up the knife, on the handle of which were Hebrew characters, and then loading himself with the dead body on his left shoulder, and carrying the candle in his right hand, he hurried, with his testimonies of murder, to get out of the catacombs, and to set Seïla at liberty. In his haste he forgot the precautions he had hitherto taken; his heavy step shook the vault, and the body rubbed against the sides. A loud noise impelled him to a sudden flight, and he was nearly overthrown by the rush of air which followed a tremendous fall of soil. When he regained his composure, he sought for his string, but in vain; he had let it fall whilst flying from the impending danger, and an impenetrable wall of earth and stones now separated him from it. He resolved to continue his exertions, but it was no longer with the same success; after toiling for a long time he often found himself once more at the spot whence he had started, or at spots so exceedingly like, that he could not tell one from another.

An inexpressible terror took possession of him; he felt that he was lost in the catacombs; his candles could not last much longer; a cold perspiration made his forehead clammy, and his hair stood upon his head. Still he clung to his precious burthen till he found himself in a part of the catacombs which had evidently been dug in a more solid soil. No obstacles presented themselves to his progress, and the sepultures of the dead by his side were all intact and perfect.

In the meantime, in the Eternal City the solemnities of the festival of Easter were at their height. As a part of these, the grand inquisitor had proceeded with great state and ceremony to the church of San Lorenzo, beneath which the religious community employed to explore the catacombs, and called the brethren Della Fossa, had discovered, by the marble slab with the engraved cross, the phial of blood, and the fresco decoration of laurel leaves, the body of a martyr and a saint, proclaimed by the Holy Father, to be that of San Valerio, and the elevation of which was to add lustre to the festival.

The distance at which the body lay from the entrance of the catacombs was nearly an English mile; and although throughout the excavations had been carried through solid túfo, and not through friable pozzolána, still there were so many turnings and crossings that it would have been impossible to proceed to that distance without an intimate acquaintance with the labyrinthine turnings of the subterranean cemeteries.

The brethren Della Fossa preceded the clergy, dressed in white, and lighting the way with torches. Behind them followed the head of the congregation of relics; and after him came penitents in various colours, and twenty different congregations. Monsignore Badolfo, representing the Pope, followed last, his train borne by two clerks. Arrived at the sepulture, the religious chants ceased for a time, and the Grand Inquisitor approached the tomb, accompanied by his attendants, one of whom handing him a silver hammer, he struck the stone with it, saying, "*Aperite portas Domini,*" but the walls of the sepulture, rendered friable by moisture, shook even at this gentle blow, the marble front fell down with a loud noise, and Badolfo was tumbled over amid a cloud of dust and fragments. What, however, was the surprise and consternation of all present, when, the dust settling a little, the sepulchre was perceived to be empty. The superstitious congregations at once conceived a miracle, and were filled with horror. At the same moment, distant cries took the place of the hitherto lugubrious chants. They came from the depths of the catacombs, and were approaching every moment, while, multiplied by the echoes, they appeared like the voices of many persons in distress. The two extraordinary and inexplicable phenomena put together were more than enough. The brethren Della Fossa were satisfied of the presence of the devil; and intimate with the way back, at once took to their heels, in which proceeding they were quickly followed by the others, who did not relish being left behind in the dark catacombs.

But no one, in the panic, had thought of lifting up the gouty old Inquisitor, who lay there moaning and weeping like a woman, with his head hidden in his hands. Still the cries approached; and a voice, which fear represented to him as that of the ghost of Robert, was heard pitifully exclaiming, " Pardon for Seïla, pardon! she is innocent; and here is the body of father Alexander, assassinated by Marco!"

Badolfo, terrified to the extreme, did not dare either to look or move ; his limbs felt as if converted into stone, and his senses were nearly leaving him ; when Robert, advancing with a light, recognised the Grand Inquisitor.

"Is it you that I find here!" he exclaimed. "Do I dream, Monsignor Badolfo?"

"Oh!" tremblingly answered the Grand Inquisitor, "if you are dead, I promise you prayers and post-obits in all the churches of Rome. If you live, pardon me, do not kill me! Do not let me die in this horrible place; take me back to the light!"

"And Seïla!—what have you done with Seïla?" exclaimed Robert. "You have condemned her, and you know her to be innocent!"

"Pardon me—pardon me!" murmured the chief of the congregation of the holy office—"I am a miserable sinner."

"You must save Seïla and her father. You must suspend—repeal the judgment."

"I consent. I agree to everything, if you will save me from being buried alive. Let us hasten back to Rome, to save the innocent and prevent the execution."

"The execution!—what, already?" exclaimed Robert, all his energies aroused—"the execution of Seïla!"

"No, Seïla will live. But her father is to be hanged at twelve o'clock."

"We must bestir ourselves, then. Providence alone can prevent us being too late. Come, lift the body by the feet."

"I!" said Badolfo, with indignant surprise—"I carry a corpse! You forget who I am."

"I know it well; and beware that, by reminding me, you do not oblige me to revenge Seïla and her father."

Robert led the way, bathed in perspiration and almost breathless with anxiety. Badolfo followed, with a kind of mechanical horror. Suddenly, they heard a noise over their heads—it appeared to move—and Robert followed its direction. He distinguished the sounds of wheels rolling above, and became convinced that at this point no great thickness separated them from the surface. He was hurrying onwards to enable him to follow the sound, when he felt a sudden shock behind, and it was with difficulty that he kept his hold of the dead body.

A terrible shriek filled the dark gallery, and this was succeeded by the sound of a body falling, which struck several times before it was heard to splash into waters at a great depth below. The grand inquisitor had fallen into a well, and Robert, seized with horror, could scarcely move either forwards or backwards. The diminishing intensity of the sounds above recalled him, however, to a sense of his position. He again set out on his journey, but he had now to drag the body alone, and his progress was slow; when suddenly the dull murmur above became stationary, and for a moment ceased. It was then followed by the sound as of knocking at a frame-work above, and large fragments, detaching themselves from the roof, fell at his feet. Robert piled these together, and mounting upon them, he detached others with his hands and knife. He shouted during his labour, for the vaulted roof was weak, and he distinctly heard the sound of feet and voices above. He, too, was also soon heard, and the crowd, to whom impulse was given by the Abbot of Saint Non and Fragonard, were soon busy digging for his relief. Robert was obliged to withdraw from his labour to avoid the large fragments which fell near him; but he continued to shout, and exhort those who were working at his liberation.

At length a hole was made, and, passing the body of Father Alexander first, he heard the rumours of astonishment uttered by a vast crowd of people. He followed, and found himself at the foot of a scaffold.

"Here," he exclaimed, "is the body of Father Alexander, assassinated by Marco in the Campagna di Roma. Mondaio and his daughter are innocent!"

He then fainted away, without having been able to raise his eyes towards Seïla, who, wrapping herself more closely in the folds of her veil, knelt in prayer at the foot of the scaffold. Suddenly new cries arose from the multitude. Every one pointed to the scaffold where a body swang from the gibbet. It was not the Jew, Mondaio, whose innocence had just been proclaimed: it was Marco, who had been appointed his executioner, and who had thus executed justice upon himself.

Three days afterwards the lovers were united. A chapel was erected at the spot where Robert was so miraculously delivered from the catacombs, and this little fane is, on the authority of the learned antiquarian, the Bibliophile, Jacob, who has preserved the memory of these events, still to be seen to the left of the steps leading to the church of Trinità del Mónte.

SELECTIONS FROM JEAN PAUL FRIEDRICH RICHTER.

BY JOHN OXENFORD.

[There is evidently a new interest awakening for the words of Richter, and the efforts made by Mr. T. Carlyle, some time ago, to bring this eccentric genius into English celebrity, will not have been in vain. A reprint, in London, of the American biography of Jean Paul, and the recent translation of the "Blumen-Frucht und Dorn-Stücke" are evidences of this fact. There is nothing novel in the notion of making selections from this author; but they have generally been more on the principle of giving aphorisms and isolated thoughts and similes, than on that of taking tolerably long episodes, descriptions, and reflections, which will here be adopted. Thus, a middle course will be pursued, between the translation of entire works—many of which, as wholes, would prove tiresome and unsatisfactory to the English reader—and the mere collection of short brilliant passages, which, while they show the wit and profundity of the man, tell nothing of his capabilities as a humorist, on which, however, much of his reputation depends. Short poetical, or witty passages, will not be excluded here, but will be given in addition to the other selections.

The following extracts are from an early (1792) work of Jean Paul's, *Die Unsichtbare Loge* (the invisible lodge). They chiefly satirize the pompous littleness of the small German states, as they stood before the dissolution of the old empire. The scene is an imaginary state, which he calls Scheerau.—J. O.]

UPPER AND LOWER SCHEERAU.

Never did geographer, or upper consistorial councillor, meet the mishap that befel Herr Büsching, who, in his topographical atlas,* left out a whole good principality, which sits on the Wetterau court-bench,† and is called Scheerau—which, according to the matricular rate of the empire, gives $\frac{8}{9}$ horse, and $9\frac{2}{3}$ foot, and 21 florins, $\frac{1}{19}$ kreuzers,‡ to the imperial exchequer—which was made a principality under the Emperor Charles IV.—which has its five petty estates—viz., the *Commenthur* of the German order, the university, the knighthood, the cities, and the villages, which have all sorts of things to say, but nothing to do—and which, among other inhabitants, has—me. I would not be in the shoes of such a writer, who, in other cases, creeps into every blind alley with his mirror, that he may reflect it; but, just here, has skipped over a whole principality, together with its five paralytic estates. I know how sore he feels about it; but now I have spoken to the world about the matter, there is no help for him.

The metropolis, Scheerau, properly consists of two cities, New, or Upper Scheerau, where the prince holds his court, and Old, or Lower Scheerau, where the captain lodges. For my own part, I have been convinced long ago, that the Saxon houses do not differ half so much from those of Frankfort, as the inhabitants of Old Scheerau from those of New Scheerau, in tone, in face, in diet, in everything. He of New Scheerau has enough of the court to have high demeanour, debts, and a rage for out-door amusements; but, at the same time, too much of the Chancery tone (because all the highest state-colleges are there), not to acknowledge, or demand everywhere, a stiff subordination, and not to drop every moment from the chamberlain to the chancery-man and the accountant. This is perceived by him of Old Scheerau; but, on the other hand, he of New Scheerau can observe that the other has the following peculiarities:—If in China the jaws of a dinner-party must wag at the same time, like a double harpsichord—if in Menomotapa it is the custom for the whole country to sneeze after the emperor, we shall find things still better in Old Scheerau, for there all the streets must weep, cough, pray, and hate at the same minute.§ (In music, alone, they are swayed by some spirit of freedom, and no one slavishly binds his el—or fiddle—bow, or his keys, to those of his neighbour). They hate the *belles lettres* as much as they hate one another. Incapable of doing without social pleasures—alike incapable of procuring or enjoying them—incapable of venturing to hate, love, and to endure one another, openly, they bury themselves in their hills of money, and, externally, revere the rich, but, internally, their own relations, or no one. Without taste, without patriotism, without reading——

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* Büsching is a well-known geographer, who, moreover, held the office of Ober-consistorial rath, translated, for want of a better word, "upper consistorial councillor."—J. O.

† That is to say, at the imperial diet the Prince of Scheerau sat on the same bench as the Count of Wetterau.—J. O.

‡ This was the contribution of men and money, which it was bound to pay to the empire, as one of the German states. The insignificance of this imaginary country is shown by the smallness of its contribution—rather more than two guineas.—J. O.

§ The reader of the original will perceive a gap here, and also the reasons for it.—J. O.

But I am getting too extravagant. No reader will like to follow the captain, by setting a foot in Lower Scheerau. Their great fault is, that they are good for nothing; but otherwise they are industrious, thorough tradespeople, temperate, and keep both their streets and their faces clean. Court-cities have, like courts, a family resemblance; but provincial towns—accordingly as the juices that flow in them are more or less mercantile, military, mining, sea-faring—present a different full-face and profile.

THE VISIT-QUINSY AT SCHEERAU.*

The sight of a strange lady does but little injury to men; all the barbers and hair-dressers come somewhat later, and that is all. At the billiard-table the cues and the tobacco pipes describe her form in the air, and the teachers of the praiseworthy gymnasium hear nothing about it. But it is otherwise with the women.

It is a peculiarity of the Island St. Hilda, that directly a foreigner lands there from a ship (no philosopher can explain the misfortune), the whole country coughs on his account. All villages, all corporations, all ages cough. If the passenger buys anything, the operative class coughs around him; the military class coughs under the gate, and the teaching class coughs into its lessons. It is useless to go to a physician, for he barks worse than his patients, and is, in fact, his own patient.

The same misfortune, but to a greater extent, occurs at Lower Scheerau. Let a strange lady only set her pretty foot, in the post-house, in the ball or concert-room, or in any visiting apartment, and the female inhabitants of Scheerau are immediately forced to cough; and, what always proceeds from a bad state of the throat, to talk in a lower tone of voice. All are attacked by the Quinsy,—the *angina vera.* These poor ladies display all the symptoms of the most virulent sore throat—viz., heat (hence the use of the fan), cold, difficulty of breathing, fantasies, distended nostrils, rising bosoms. The best manner to treat the patients, is to employ water and cooling means, and to relieve the windpipe. But if—which Heaven avert—the stranger who makes her appearance is the handsomest, the most modest, the richest, the most respected, the most exalted, the most tasteful, not one single patient in the whole ward can be cured. Such an angel is a veritable angel of death, and no stranger of merit should be admitted at the city gate.

GOVERNMENT MADE EASY.

It is not the crown but the inkstand that weighs so heavily upon princes, grand-masters, and commenthuren:† it is not the sceptre, but the pen that they wield with so much trouble; for with the former they merely have to command, but with the latter they must subscribe what they command. A cabinet councillor would not be surprised if a tormented crowned scribe were to cut off his thumb, like a Roman recruit, to avoid the eternal painting of his name, as the recruit tried to avoid war. Nevertheless, the ruling and writing heads keep their thumbs; they see that their country's good requires them to dip their pens. The little unintelligible character, which is called their name, opens and shuts money-boxes, hearts, gates, shops, as though it were a talisman: the black drop from their pen manures, makes fruitful, or consumes whole fields. Professor Hoppedizel, when he was first teacher of morals to the *Infant* of Scheerau, had a happy thought, though it did not occur to him till the last month. "Could not," thought he, "the upper tutor order the under tutor to make the crowned A B C-darian, who must have to write some time or other, daub his name, instead of useless feoffment deeds, upon any blank sheet of paper. The child, without any disgust, would write his signature upon as many sheets as would be required for the whole of his reign; these sheets might be put away till the child's coronation, and then," continued the Professor, "if it were accurately calculated how often *per annum* a college would require his name, and if every new year's day the proper number of signed reams of paper were distributed among the colleges, for an entire year's use, what future trouble would the child have during his government?"

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* This is a satire on the envy of small towns.

† A *commenthur* is the commander of an order.

THE HERMITAGE.

The prince and his favourite chamberlain had not been alone for half a day in the course of their whole lives, except when they lost themselves in hunting, or on any other occasion. Hence they had a great fancy to be alone, and therefore placed (what cared they that they were committing a plagiarism and a piracy on the former Baireuth hermitage?) nine small houses, first upon paper, then upon the table, and finally upon the earth—I should rather say, nine mossy cords* of wood. In these same excavated puzzle-cords stood Chinese furniture, gold, and a live courtier, just like a living toad, which one is astonished to find in a living tree, because one does not see where the hole is. The cords of wood surrounded a cell, the care of which, as there was not a soul in the whole court who relished the notion of being a live hermit, they entrusted to a wooden one, who sat there quite still, and with a very wise look, and meditated and reflected quite as much as was possible for a man of the kind. This anchorite had been furnished from the Scheerau-school-library with some ascetic works which suited him exactly, and exhorted to a mortification of the flesh, which he possessed already. The great or greatest are either represented, or else they represent some one else ; they seldom *are* anything ; others must eat for them, write for them, enjoy for them, love for them, conquer for them, and they in their turn do as much for others. Hence it is a happy thing that they, when they have no souls of their own, to enjoy a hermitage, and cannot find any other souls, beat up among the turners for wooden agents, who are to enjoy the hermitage for them. I only wish that the great folks who never feel greater weariness than during their recreations, would also order such steady, inanimate agents, and heaven-bearers, or *curatores absentis* of enjoyment, and fine-weather-conductors, to be made and placed before their parks, and their orchestras, their libraries, and their nurseries. The substitutes might either be carved in stone or embossed in wax.

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* "Cord" here means the measure of wood so called, and is given as the English for *klafter.*

On the ceiling of the cell (as on the ceiling of the grotto at the convent Santa Felicita) were to have been painted a sufficient amount of decay, six chinks, and a few lizards dropping out of them. The painter was out on his travels, and stopped so long that the thing painted itself; and like an honest man, was nothing but what it appeared to be. Only when the artificial hermitage had ennobled itself into a natural one, it had been long forgotten by everybody. I therefore consider, more as *persiflage* than as genuine truth, the report of many of the people of Upper Scheerau, that the chamberlain ordered woodworms to be caught and grafted on the hermit's chair; that the creatures, instead of fine saws and carving-tools, might work at the seat, and make it antique all the sooner. True it is that the worms now bite the seat, and the monk into the bargain. It is still more absurd when they try to make a rational man believe that the architectural chamberlain first covered and "papilloted" a piece of running clockwork with a mouseskin, that the artificial lizards above might have a corresponding mouse below, and that so symmetry might be obtained on all sides, and that afterwards the gentleman approached nature, and put upon a live running mouse a second artificial mouseskin as a frock and great coat, that nature and art might be combined. Ridiculous! Mice are, indeed always running about the hermit, but certainly they have but one skin, and that is close to their bodies.

COURT-PROMISES.

Refraction always makes the land appear to mariners some hundred miles nearer than it really is, and thus by an innocent imposture strengthens them with hope and enjoyment. In the moral world also is the beneficial arrangement, that princes and their ministers keep us petitioners cheerful and lively, inasmuch as, by an optical illusion, they always let us see the places at court, the offices, and the favours that we desire, some hundred miles or months nearer than they actually are—in fact, so near that we think we can reach them with our hands. This illusive approximation is even useful and common, when the spiritual or temporal bench, which appears nearer to the sitters upon the long bench of expectants, turns out, at last, to be a mere bench of mist.*

FEAR OF SPIRITS.

The fear of spirits is an extraordinary meteor in our nature; first, on account of its dominion over all people; secondly, because it does not proceed from education, for in childhood we are equally frightened at the great bear at the door, and at a spirit, but the first fear passes away—why does the other remain? thirdly, because of its object: he who is afraid of spirits is not paralysed by the fear of pain or death, but merely by the presence of a totally heterogeneous being. He would be able to look upon an inhabitant of the moon, or of a fixed star, as easily as upon a new animal; but there dwells in man a sort of horror at evils which the earth does not know, at a world quite different from one which hangs round any sun, at things which border nearly upon our own internal selves.

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* A pun is intended here. "Nebelbank" not only means "bench of mist," but that mist which appears on the waterside looking like a bank.—J. O.

MR. DISRAELI'S "SYBIL."*

Sybil, the daughter of the lowly, yet proud of her birth; knowing nothing of the world except its sufferings; replete with fascinating simplicity and unbounded sympathy; profoundly imbued with a pure and solemn piety, and sweetly serious in things of vast import; bewailing, in mournful majesty, the degradation of her race—is a creation of the highest order, which can only spring from an invention which is itself the expression of the spirit of the times. Like the all-accomplished Sidonia, whether drawn from any resemblance in real life, or purely from a series of brilliant images, suggested by a luxurious imagination, it stands apart not the less as a superb sketch full of force and discrimination.

As Sidonia, deeply interested in intellect alone of all human qualities, forms a figure, around which the author is enabled to gather his characters and frame his subject, and to scatter with profusion the riches of his fancy and the maxims of his sagacity, so Sybil, as the impersonation of sympathy for the poor and the degraded, stands out in bold relief, as a lovely, yet passionate Egeria, from whom the Lords and Commons may hear, not unmoved, whispers of sorrows and sufferings, uttered with the fervid eloquence of truth, and yet adorned with all the graces of a poet's fancy.

The artist to whose genius and enthusiasm the world is indebted for these two beautiful conceptions, has continued, in the second, the subject matter and the public characters of the first, only that they are here brought into relation with the "people." The literary and political history—even to the dress and diet—of the foremost, or not less distinguished than the foremost, of the "new generation," has been depicted at length in these pages, as have also those characters to which we were first introduced, in the most brilliant of Mr. Disraeli's novels; and which, constituting as they do, the framework of modern society, he continues to delineate in Sybil with unsparing fidelity and just sarcasm; never stopping at the threshold, but, with a quick step and bold hand, unveiling the hypocrisy of the age, and exposing the unsoundness and deformities of fashionable society.

It has been argued that such a proceeding is radically wrong in tone and spirit, and is calculated, by its inroads upon intercourse, to affect the whole system of social relations; as if the faithfulness of characters—perfect as the paintings of Dutch artists—has not, from the times of Juvenal to those of Swift, been the power by which alone the absurdities of the day and the frivolities of the age can be lashed with irony, or withered with invective.

The cruelest inflictions are probably the histories given of aristocratic origins. The rise of the Fitz-aquitaines and the Mowbrays, however historically true, are not the less painful to contemplate. Such delicate investigations could only have greater poignancy lent to them by the assertion, that "there is no longer, in fact, an aristocracy in England, for the superiority of the animal man is an essential quality of aristocracy. But that it once existed, any collection of portraits from the sixteenth century will show."

The previous notice of Coningsby, and of its eloquent author, enables us, on the present occasion, to swerve from mere analysis and tedious description, and to dwell more upon those original and sparkling topics eliminated by Young England, out of an age of political materialism, of confused purposes, and perplexed intelligence. The chief of these topics is the condition of the poor; and, from his own observation, assisted by evidence received by royal commissions and parliamentary committees, Mr. Disraeli has given a picture of the condition of the labouring classes which will at once be recognised as accurate. The whole circle of labour is embraced by his wide extending sympathies, and the manufacturing and mining population is pictured forth with unequalled truth and power. One critic has discovered that Mr. Disraeli is not so forcible in these scenes as other popular writers, while another asserts that the character and condition of the poor is presented in a more artistical manner than by Jerrold or Dickens. This concerns us little. We feel more interested in the scope given to the subject, the magnitude of the principles involved, the evils and the sufferings denounced, and the themes proposed for their mitigation. In all these points, Young England carries with it an overwhelming superiority.

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* Sybil; or, the Two Nations. By B. Disraeli, M.P. 3 vols. Colburn, London.

It is not alone that, during the last hundred years of political mystification, " a people, without power or education, has been induced to believe themselves the freest and most enlightened nation in the world, and has submitted to lavish their blood and treasure to see their industry crippled and their labour mortgaged, in order to maintain an oligarchy that has neither ancient memories to soften, nor present services to justify their unprecedented usurpation;" it is, that not only is labour mortgaged, but property also; and hence measures adopted for the welfare of the people are constantly defeated by the opposition of those embarrassed and veteran spoliators, who still hold by that tenure, the name of which alone belongs to them.

This may be truly considered to be a remarkable era in the domestic history of the British people. A great fact has made itself felt and admitted by all parties. The price of the necessaries of life is out of all proportion with the amount of a labourer's wages, while the price of manufactured goods and the produce of labour is often below a remunerative average. There are two extremes—Two Nations, as Mr. Disraeli has it—one party with more than necessary riches, another with less than essential necessities. There is a vast capital without a field for investment; and, at the same time, an excessive population with a difficult, uncertain, and unproductive soil.

If anything is more remarkable than this condition of things, it is the variety of specifics proposed to remedy it, the thousand panacea proposed for its alleviation. Retired tradesmen, and the literary tenants of lunatic asylums, advocate the payment of the national debt; the labourer himself demands universal suffrage, and the abolitions of the property qualification; the oligarchy expound themes of wholesale emigration; and the great hierophants of petty miseries supplant education by teaching, and food by hot water and soap-suds.

The subject is spoken at, and written of, in every quarter. Bazaars and balls, Exeter Hall and the drama, give a varied form to the same thought. A gay and lively literature becomes lachrymose and ghastly before the afflictions of the multitude. Newspaper editors wander ever and ever, like the babes in the wood, in the same inextricable labyrinth of poor-law fallacies. The novelist finds a new field of occupation, in calumniating the rich and flattering the poor. The great lugubrious, in the dark despair of a decrepit intelligence and a moribund imagination, proclaims death as the poor man's only friend; while parliamentary commissions innumerable sit over fragments of the impending ruin, like archæologists at the grave of a Saxon.

> "The written history of our country," says Mr. Disraeli, "for the last ten reigns has been a mere fantasma; giving to the origin and consequence of public transactions a character and colour in every respect dissimilar with their natural form and hue. In this mighty mystery all thoughts and things have assumed an aspect and title contrary to their real quality and style; oligarchy has been called liberty; an exclusive priesthood has been christened a national church; sovereignty has been the title of something that has had no dominion; while absolute power has been wielded by those who profess themselves the servants of the people. In the selfish style of factions, two great existences have been blotted out of the history of England—the monarch and the multitude, as the power of the crown has diminished, the privileges of the people have disappeared, till at length the sceptre has become a pageant, and its subject has degenerated again into a serf."

There is, in this forcibly expressed creed, somewhat of that paradox which proverbial wisdom declares will not bear close investigation, and yet there is also undoubted truth. Mr. Disraeli also says elsewhere—

> "If a society that has been created by labour suddenly becomes independent of it, that society is bound to maintain the race whose only property is labour, from the proceeds of that other property, which has not ceased to be productive."

The fallacy of this, as a principle of political economy, would be manifested by the impossibility of its perpetuation. Were such a principle, although true in principle, carried out to its extreme, one portion of the population would always be supporting another, and, what is still more inconsistent, its descendants. A property tax ought always to anticipate an income tax; but if the property tax did not suffice, the income tax should be for all alike. A landed capitalist does not stand in the same position as a labouring capitalist. The same fallacy manifests itself when Gerard is made to say, "that the people never can have their rights until they produce competent champions from their own order." The principle here announced is contradicted by the author himself, in his account elsewhere of Mr. Trafford, the junior member of a territorial house, with gentle blood in his veins and old English feelings, and who, yet as a manufacturer, ever entertained a correct conception of the relations which should subsist between the employer and the employed.

Poverty has its secrets, as well as capital and riches; secrets which Mr. Disraeli lays open with a searching pen. "Young Mowbray," in the shape of Dandy Mick, and Devil's Dust, are well drawn characters, and with them we are introduced to house-keeping factory children, frequenting "temples of the muses," while their parents are starving, and the babes are out at nurse, to be dieted upon laudanum and treacle. Woodgate and its workers in iron, and the miners and colliers of the north, the tyranny of the doggy or manager, and the evils of the bully or middleman, keeping a tommy or truck-shop, in which the labourers have their wages paid in goods, are painted in equally vivid colours. Nor is the poor labourer, with his family and eight shillings a week, passed by unnoticed. The result of this state of things is thus contemplated by Gerard, the conspirator:—

> "I have been persuaded of late that there is something going on in this country of more efficacy; a remedial power, I believe, and irresistible; but whether remedial or not, at any rate a power that will mar all or cure all. You apprehend me? I speak of the annual arrival of more than three hundred thousand strangers in this island. How will you feed them? How will you clothe them? They have given up butcher's meat; must they give up bread? And as for raiment and shelter, the rags of the kingdom are exhausted, and your sinks and cellars swarm, like rabbit warrens!"
>
> "'Tis an awful consideration," said Egremont, musing.
>
> "Awful!" said Gerard; "'tis the most solemn thing since the deluge. What kingdom can stand against it? Why, go to your history, you're a scholar, and see the fall of the great Roman empire; what was that? Every now and then there came two or three hundred thousand strangers out of the forests, and crossed the mountains and rivers. They come to us every year, and in greater numbers. What are your invasions of the Basbanns, your Goths and Visigoths, your Lombards and Huns, to our population returns!"

But our children are not our enemies. It is more just to say, with Sybil—"those only can help themselves whom God helps"—than with Gerard, "God will help those who help themselves." And, to use the language of Egremont—

> "There is a day-spring in the history of this nation, which those who are on the mountain-tops can as yet perhaps only recognise. You deem you are in darkness, and I see a dawn. The new generation of the aristocracy of England are not tyrants, not oppressors, Sybil, as you persist in believing. Their intelligence—better than that, their hearts—are open to the responsibility of their position."

Religion, if we are to believe Mr. Disraeli, is destined to play an important part in this regeneration:

> "A mortgaged aristocracy," he says, "a gambling foreign commerce, a home trade founded on a morbid competition, and a degraded people; these are great evils; but ought perhaps cheerfully to be encountered for the greater blessings of civil and religious liberty." * * * * * * *
>
> "If this movement in the church had only revived a taste for Aristian architecture," said Lady Maud, "it would not have been barren, and it has done much more!"
>
> * * * "I have been thinking of late about these things—monasteries, and so on; the influence of the old church system on the happiness and comfort of the people," replied Egremont.
>
> "And on the tone of the nobles—do not you think so?" said Lady Maud.

Mr. Disraeli believes that we live in an age when, to be young and to be indifferent, can be no longer synonymous; and it is his persuasion that great results can only be brought about by the energy and devotion of youth, prompted by that noble spirit and gentle nature which is embodied in a Sybil, and which caused a work, full of lofty purposes, to be dedicated, with as much grace and propriety, to "a perfect wife."

We cannot leave these pages without one or two of these portraitures, the exceeding truth of which palliates their bitterness:

> "Compared with theirs (the people's), the tattle of our saloons has in it something humiliating. It is not merely that it is deficient in warmth, and depth, and breadth; that it is always discussing persons instead of principles, and cloaking its want of thought in mimetic dogmas, and its want of feeling in superficial raillery; it is not merely that it has neither imagination, nor fancy, nor sentiment, nor feeling, nor knowledge to recommend it; but it appears to me, even as regards manner and expression, inferior in refinement and phraseology,—in short, trivial, uninteresting, stupid—really vulgar."

Lord Marney, who takes so much delight in making the Vicar of Marney and Captain Grouse drink claret that is on the wane, and praise a bottle of Burgundy that he knows is pricked, is another well drawn mediocrity of the day.

"Ah! me," thought Morley, "and could not they spare one missionary from Tahiti for their fellow-countrymen at Woodgate!" is a reflection, with which most will agree. Again—

> "It is civilization that makes us awkward, for it gives us an uncertain position. Perplexed, we take refuge in pretence; and embarrassed, we seek a resource in affectation. The Bedouin and the Red Indian never lose their presence of mind; and the wife of a peasant, when you enter her cottage, often greets you with a propriety of mien which favourably contrasts with your reception by some grand dame in some grand assembly, meeting the guests alternately with a caricature of courtesy or an exaggeration of supercilious self-control."

But connected with this, may also be given the rather too scornful portrait of dowager politicians:—

> "Fine ladies, who think you can govern the world by what you call your social influences: asking people once or twice a-year to an inconvenient crowd in your house; now haughtily smirking, and now impertinently staring at them, and flattering yourselves, all this time, that to have the occasional privilege of entering your saloons and the periodical experience of your insolent recognition, is to be a reward for great exertions, or, if necessary, an inducement to infamous tergiversation."

But contemporaries of the fiercer, are no more spared than the fairer sex. Take the picture of—

> "Those middle-aged, nameless gentlemen of easy circumstances, who haunt clubs, and dine a great deal at each other's houses and chambers; men who travel regularly a little, and gossip regularly a great deal; who lead a sort of facile, slipshod existence, doing nothing, yet mightily interested in what others do; great critics of little things; profuse in minor luxuries, and inclined to the respectable practice of a decorous profligacy; peering through the window of a club-house, as if they were discovering a comet; and usually much excited about things with which they have no concern, and personages who never heard of them."

Still more severe is the dextrous description as "a little shy at first, but only wants bringing out," of what he proclaims to be—

> "One of the most unlicked and unlickable cubs that ever entered society with forty thousand a year; courted by all, and with just that degree of cunning that made him suspicious of every attention."

It would have been a pleasurable task to have extracted an admirably reflective commentary upon Westminster Abbey, but we must content ourselves with one important remark upon the subject:—

> "There is not, perhaps, another metropolitan population in the world that would tolerate such conduct as is pursued to 'that great lubber, the public,' by the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, and submit in silence to be shut out from the only building in the two cities, which is worthy of the name of a cathedral. But the British public will bear anything; they are so busy in speculating in railroad shares."

We have said nothing of the charmingly-told love tale, which connects "the Two Nations" together; or how the child of innocence and divine thoughts, born in a cottage and bred in a cloister, becomes the wife of an aristocrat. A fiction of this kind is very pleasing, but has no reference to the events of ordinary life. It is a beautiful vehicle for great thoughts; and as the author of Coningsby tells us that such have very little to do with the business of the world, we are not astonished at the Egeria-like form which he has given to them. We have only to express our sincere hope that it may not be with him, as he says it is generally, that human affairs, even in an age of revolution, are the subject of compromise, for "the essence of compromise is littleness."

ORIGINAL LETTERS

FROM MRS. CLIVE, HORACE WALPOLE, ETC., TO GEORGE COLMAN.

(CONCLUDING SERIES.)

WITH SOME COMMENTS BY GEORGE RAYMOND.

Mrs. Clive was one of the most justly celebrated comic actresses of her day. Her maiden name was Raftor, and she was born in the north of Ireland in 1711. This lady married Mr. R. Clive, a barrister; but a separation soon after taking place, Mrs. Clive adopted the profession of the stage. The editor of the "Garrick Correspondence," in quoting one of her letters, addressed to the manager of Drury-lane Theatre, says, "As this delightful actress lived on the best terms with Mr. Garrick, I would not perpetuate *her* bad spelling at a time when hardly anybody could spell decently. She was by no means ignorant." But Colman the younger, in transcribing another of her letters, addressed to his father, observes, "There is so much kindness of heart, and soundness of understanding in this *ill-spelt* letter of *Kate Clive*, that I cannot forbear giving it as I find it." We prefer, in our present instance, that reality which Colman thought proper to preserve; the identity of such documents being, in our humble opinion, the chief interest involved:

> "First, giggling, plotting chambermaids arrive,
> Hoyden and romps, led on by General *Clive*;
> In spite of outward blemishes she shone,
> For humour famed, and humour all her own."
>
> Churchill.

"Nov. ye 11, 1767

Sir,—I was obliged to you for your favour last night, and was much entertaind and exetreamly glad of your Triumph; I hope the theatres will never be in the power of such wretches, who would wish to interrupt every New piece for the honour of having themselves thought Judges.

What I say to you *must* be under the rose; advise Mrs. Mattocks not to Speake so much at the top of her voice nor so fast, for I do assure you I coud not understand those Words she said in her lively Sceen. Mr. Bensley playd finely and affected me very much. Mrs Yates's figrure in the last Sceen was admirable but indeed she totered about to much, and flumpd down to offten. If I had given leave to my reall feeling I certinly choud have laught. A little Hint from your Self will make it quite right; I think the Intention of your little Comedy is excelent, and I hope will have a good Effect. The Speech of the Woman of the town when she went off made me cry, I wish it may do as much by them. I am Sorry we have lost so agreable a Writer. But am not so selfish as not to weigh your Success tho' you have left us in the lurch.

I am, Sir, your hum^{e} Ser^{t}
C. Clive.

Powell, of whom Macklin speaks in the following letter, was a highly celebrated actor during the short period he lived to exercise his art. He made his first appearance at Drury-lane in 1763; became subsequently joint proprietor of Covent-garden Theatre, and died greatly lamented in 1769.

Dear Sir,—It is agreed upon by all mankind that, in every State of Life from a Cobler to a Legislator, there must be a system of policy observed, which in the proper Sense of the word, is no more than proper means to a Successful End ; the only thing that men disagree, about are the measures to that End, the Cause of which disagreement, must be the difference between Knowledge and Ignorance.

I have told you that my judgment of the means to the general good of your Theatre, is to raise Mr. Powel up the Eminence that his Talents and Faculties are capable of, by every laudable means that Art & Industry can suggest or exercise. The Elements of a great Actor are in him, but they Exist, as those of nature did before Creation, in Conflict and Confusion.

But though I speak thus freely to you, I would on no account have Mr. Powel or any other person whatever, know that these are my sentiments of him,—though, next to Substituting Propriety for Error, it were the kindest thing I could do to him in his Profession—but as my Lord Shaftsbury, or Somebody or other, observes, of all the things that one man offers to another, advice is the most difficult to give, and the most unwelcomly received. To the Point ; I still have some Reasons to believe that Mr. Barry will play at Drury Lane this winter, therefore I think to disarm him & establish Mr. Powel in one of that gentleman's capital Characters would be of immediate Profit to the State. Let the Play of *Othello* be instantly Cast to the full Strength of the Company, let Mr. Powel privately, unknown to any but the chosen, re-study *Othello*, and be supported by the second, or some wight of your *Oxonion;* I will be ready to tack the *True-born Irishman* in it's turn to it, or whatever else *Othello* may demand, in your opinion. I will engage the Play may be acted once or twice a week for a month to crowded Houses. Should Barry play, it will anticipate him; it will divide the Town with him, in Fame at least, for to ravish the Play from him entirely may perhaps be too sanguin, and should he not act this year it will anticipate him for the next, and at all Events it will be a Play without opposition from the other House.

Were you less discerning in these matters I should give you many more reasons for this measure, but more would be impertinent—yes, I will add one or two more : I think I would give 12 or Thirteen Hundred Pounds for six nights of it. I do not know whether that is a good theatrical Reason, but I am sure it would be a good one upon Change—or in Change Alley.

I am with great sincerity yours,
Charles Macklin.

P.S. This comes to your hand by my son. Pray introduce yourself to him, and if you will restore him to the Privilege of lounging behind the Scenes, which he enjoy'd in the late Manager's Reign, you will oblige him and me.

Tavistock Row, Oct. 7th, 1767.

Isaac Bickerstaff was a very successful dramatic writer, his chief pieces being, "Love in a Village," "The Maid of the Mill," "Lionel and Clarissa," "The Hypocrite," &c. The following are two angry letters; but from the great dramatic war of 1694, feuds have ever existed between patentees, actors, and authors:

Sir,—You represent the affair of my coming to you at the playhouse exactly as it happened, if my behaviour there seemed inconclusive, it was because I was in some little hurry of Spirits: I did not expect you would have sent for me into your Box to talk upon Business before Ladies, whom I had not the honour of knowing, but I am not surprised at your seeming to think me reprehensible in this instance, since I am told you represent my behaviour at your own house, as that of a ruffian or a madman, though, (one expression excepted, which was spoke with the utmost calmness,) there was not on my part, the least incivility, or Warmth.

I always have had for you, sir, as a man of genius, the greatest respect, and have lately more than once, joined with others in the praises of your apparent candour, and other good qualities: but I did not do this because you were become a manager; and I now tell you, that as such I have no respect for you; for in your new capacity you have treated me as one man of letters should not treat another; I had almost said as one gentleman should not treat another, without any consideration of circumstances, with Haughtiness and Oppression, when by a small, a reasonable relaxation of a power, which nothing but my own folly has given you, and law and Equity would deny you, you might have made me a grateful and acknowledging friend.

You desire to know what you are to expect from me this winter. The Opera, I had the honour to talk to you about, called *Lionel & Clarissa.* You shall have it complete in the latter End of November to be played immediately after Xmass, or sooner, if it can be got up; but give me leave to say, my poverty and not my will consents.

I am, Sir,
Your humble serv^{t},
Is: Bickerstaff.

Temple, Sunday morning.

Sir,—You intimated to me this morning upon your Stage, that I wanted to pick the heart of your Season for myself; and to that end protracted my Opera: In the first place I have an Absolute right to the heart of your Season; and Notwithstanding your Ungenerous Suspicions, which I had heard of before, I can prove I did not protract my Opera an Instant.

When I talked with you last Summer, I told you that it would be Impossible to have my Opera ready till after Christmas; and named about the 20th January. You receiv'd this with great goodness, said you were glad of it, because it would be the best time of the year for me; and then told me, that Mr. Goldsmith's* play should come out before Christmas.

"Next Saturday, it will be five weeks since the last Act of my Opera was delivered into you; at the same time I wrote you word, that the

* "The Good-natured Man."

Music was ready to be put into the hands of all your performers, which I prepar'd at a considerable Expence, that a moment might not be lost.

Now Sir, on whose side has the protraction been? the fact is, you broke your word with me in ordering the representation of Mr. Goldsmith's play in such a manner, as that it must unavoidably interfere with my Opera: however, I was so flatter'd by your Approbation and behaviour at the reading of it, that I am sure there was no proposition you cou'd have made me about it, that I wou'd not readily have complied with. It was then said that the *Good Natur'd Man* should appear the Wednesday after; but at the same time, it was Whispered to me, that it was privately determin'd not to bring it out till the Saturday fortnight; and that there was even a promise given to Mr. Kelly, that it Should not appear till after his Nights were over, upon this, I went to you in the most cordial manner, and offer'd to come to terms with you for delaying my Opera till next Season; to which you made a Vague reply, and your odd Expression to me last Night, behind the Scenes, when in a seeming Angry and dissatisfied tone, you complain'd that the Author had not brought his Prologue and Epilogue, tho' he knew his piece was to be acted on Wednesday, convinced me, that you considered my Opera merely as a Stop Gap, to be performed when, and how, and in what manner your Convenience or Caprice directed.

But you told me to day that you consider'd me as an Enemy of yours: well Sir, even so I am a conquer'd Enemy; and as such have a right to Mercy, instead of Sacrificing me to Another. You are sensible too, that I could have been received at the other Theatre upon very handsome terms had it not been for my Article with you; yet you think it hard that I should Expect to reap any particular Advantage from it.

I now desire, and insist upon a peremptory Answer from you: for till I can better Judge of your meaning by your words, your barely saying you don't intend to Injure me Stands for Nothing.

I am
Sir, your h^{ble} Serv^{t},
Isaac Bickerstaff.

Somerset Yard, 26 Jan. 1762.

The next letter from "Kitty Clive" is very characteristic and amusing:—

Twickenham, Decem. y^{e} 16, 1771.

Dear Sir,—How you will Stair at receving a letter from me at the Bath; but I was so much pleas'd with hearing you were gon there, that I was resolv'd I woud tell you so; Miss Mills sent me 'a very Sensible Letter, where she gave me an account of your Dissorder; I was very sorry, but not surprised; the Philosopher's Stone, they say (when they can ketch it) will turn every thing into gould; but I am sure the theatres may truly be said to turn every body's happyness (who has anything to do there) into anxiety; whether It is owing to their vanity and averice not being easily satisfied I can't tell; than from the villany of managers to actors; and the villany of actors to managers, their anxiety is turn'd into vexation, and that most excellent Docter Schomberg will tell you that vexation and fretting are the great foundation of all Billous Complaints: I speak by expeariance; I have been fretted by managers, till my gaul has overflowed like the river Nile; but now thank God, it is as *gentile* as the river Theames which glides by my Door as quietly as my own sweet temper.

Some time ago I sat down to congratulate you on your Accomodation with your partners; but when I found there were so menny Cloven feet stept into the agreement I shook my head; and laid down my pen; when I heard Messrs. Macklin and Woodward were playing these fool's Tricks *on the Stage;* instead of there Devil's tricks *off* it; I know you must have have swallowed a bitter pill, but by this time I hope it is all wash'd off your Stomach; when I come to town that is, if I do come to town, for I am not yet Determind, the Disagreableness of a ready *furnish'd* lodging without furniture is a Calamaty I cannot get over eassayly, I am so Comfortable at home but I hope to perswaid my self notwithstanding, when I shall certinly call on you when I find myself Disspos'd to laugh.

I hear my friend Mrs Griffith's play is Coming out, I hope you have given it a little Dassh of the Colman. And then there will be no doubt of its Success; She is a good Creature, and I most sincerely wish it; She Says the finest things in the world of you: if you are quite *well* you may perhaps Smile at my letter, but if you shou'd happen to be Squemish and Low Spirited you will wonder what I mean; but I must tell you, I always mean to be your Sincer friend

And obliged humble Ser^{t}

C. Clive.

P: S: When you are quite well; you will find your self quite happy; to continue it I will tell you what you must do; your at present in posesion of two things one of which you must part with either the *playhouse or* your feeling."

The next is addressed to Colman by Constantine Phipps, Lord Mulgrave, who died in the following year, 1775, and was succeeded by Constantine John, a captain in the royal navy. Captain Phipps sailed with Captain Cook, and performed with him the first voyage round the world, in the "Endeavour."

He alludes at the bottom of the letter to his second son, Henry, who was afterwards the first Earl of Mulgrave, and father to the present Marquis of Normanby.

Miss Ford alluded to, was the daughter of the mother of George Colman the younger, previous to her connexion with Colman. Miss Ford (the mother) had been the mistress of Mossop, and became subsequently the mistress of Colman, and gave birth to George the younger in 1762.

My dear Colman, — Tho' by the Chearfulness of your Letter & the Account of George's being up, I flatter myself all Danger was over, yet I shall not be satisfied till I hear of his Perfect Recovery. Without having the same Natural Reason to love Him that you have, there is to me something particularly interesting & engaging in his Disposition and Manners, & I believe except yourself, there is nobody that takes so warm an Interest in everything that can happen to Him. The Parrot I suppose is an Inimical Nickname which you have given to Miss Ford. I shall expect to have it explained the first Time I see you both. You are an ass yourself for your Pons Asininus. It is Pons Asinorum, for I am sure they must be asses to face Howe without Lee at their Head, who is the only Fluellin they have, & understands the Disciplines & Practices of War. I cannot yet ascend the Upgang,* as I am improving my Lands and Raising my Rents to pay for my Claret. When that is done if you have no objection to one that loves a cup of Hot Wine without one Drop of allaying Thames in't—one that converses more with the Buttock of the Night than the Forehead of the Morning—we'll find Laughable (ay & natural) Incidents for you. I don't know what you have, but green Peas, Strawberries, & Apricots are first come in with me, & I am looking out for the Swallows instead of the Woodcocks.

Believe me my Dear George ever most sincerely yours,

MULGRAVE.

Mulgrave Hall, Oct. 29th.

The next epistle is addressed to Colman by Mrs. Elizabeth Montague, a lady highly celebrated in her day. Mrs. Montague, whose maiden name was Robinson, married Mr. Montague, a descendant of the first Earl of Sandwich. Her Essay on the Genius of Shakspeare, published in 1769, acquired to her great fame, and the "Blue Stocking Club" (so called from the costume of Mr. Benjamin Stillingfleet) held at her house in Portman-square, established her great popularity.

Lord Bath (according to Miss Reynolds) speaking of this lady to Sir Joshua, observed, he did not believe that there was ever a more perfect human being than Mrs. Montague. Mr. Burke, on hearing this eulogy, rejoined, "Neither did Lord Bath say too much."

The Essay on Shakspeare, however, was never accounted a profound piece of criticism, or a high literary production. When Sir Joshua Reynolds mentioned to Dr. Johnson that he thought the essay did the lady honour, the Doctor, not in a very gallant manner, replied, "Yes, Sir, it does *her* honour; but it would do no one else honour. When I take up the end of a web, and find it packthread, I do not expect, by looking further, to meet with embroidery."

Dec. y^{e} 25th, 1776.

SIR,—I should sooner have returned thanks for your very agreeable & valuable present, if I could have brought my mind to a decision on a delicate point, which was no less than the propriety of sending you my Essay on Shakespear, with my thanks for your works. Had the difference been merely the number of pages & volumes, it would have offended no one but your bookseller, and I should not have had the least difficulty on the subject, but I fear your Poets, who are *makers* must have great contempt for us Criticks, who rarely, alas ! can pretend even to be *menders*. However, as I have sometimes seen a fine Lady graciously accept from her mantua maker scraps of rich tissue, cribbed perhaps from her own suits, I have ventured to send what I have cribbaged from you & other good Dramatic writers ; even in the remnants it is plain to perceive how much they excell the flimzy French Manufacture.

Shall I not appear unreasonable after you have sent me so rich a feast, if I tell you I most earnestly wish for more; & that you be more constant to the Comick Muse, than Lovers are thought usually to be, to mistresses so very kind. She has liberally bestow'd her best favours on you, & in return it must be acknowledged, you have respected her virtue & reputation; she is exhibited with great delicacy, frowns awfully on vice, & laughs most agreeably at folly.

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* An almost perpendicular hill, near Whitby, in Yorkshire.

The errors to which we are led by passion may be reformed by the Comedies of former times, but the follies of fashion must be corrected by coeval Comedy. You are the Physicians who administer to the epidemical disorder of the Season, and prescribe to the present Influenza. The angry Satirist does not do half the service in such cases as the mirthfull comick Writer; so wishing to you & your muse many a merry Christmass, I am to you both a most Obliged

And Gratefull Humble Servant,
ELIZ. MONTAGU.

The two letters which immediately follow are from Horace Walpole. They have reference to a little dramatic piece which he produced in the same year at the Haymarket Theatre, which was now under the management of Colman. This drama the writer had originally entitled, "*The Contrast;*" but the name was afterwards changed to "*Nature will Prevail.*"

By these two short letters we add but little to the epistolary fame of one "who was the first Englishman who elevated letter-writing to a place in literature." But as they have never before been printed, and supply a stone, at least, in the fabric of his public reputation, we take leave to offer them:

Arlington Street, March 2nd, 1778.

I am much ashamed, Sir, that you shoud think it necessary to make so much apology for doing me an honour, as your Approbation certainly is. I do not guess how you discovered the Author, but own I shall be glad to know. The Thing was a hasty careless performance, & as you rightly judged, too short for the Stage—perhaps only fit to be acted in a private Society in the country, like the Proverbs now so common in France. On reflection I am very far from thinking it worthy of being exhibited to the public—& of all men living I have the least courage to expose myself in that manner, especially at my age. Conscious of having trespassed too much on the patience of the world, & sensible of my own deficiencies, I have long quitted the profession of Author ; & hope that that consciousness of my want of talents will be some excuse for the follies of my younger years ; & prove at least that I am not an impenitent offender. You, S^{r}, cannot want such feeble assistance as mine. The Volumes you was so very kind as to bestow on me last winter, & for which I waited on you at Richmond in the Summer to thank you (tho' I believe you did not hear it) confirm my opinion ; & the Success of the Theatre in the Haymarket under your Direction, proves the variety of your Abilities.

As I am little able to walk and seldom go out in a morning, I should take it as an honour if in your rambles you would bestow a quarter of an hour on me at Eleven or Twelve, when I have rarely any company. I can expect this favour only when you are most at leisure, but I shall always be with great regard and gratitude, Sir,

Your obliged
HOR. WALPOLE.

May 27, 1778.

According to my promise, S^r^, I send you the little piece, but beg you will have no scruple of returning it, if you have any doubts of its success as I have. I send it in print, having sometime ago begun an Edition of my own things together which was never compleated. I think the Title of *The Contrast* will be better either alone, or with the former title, as the latter makes it a meer Proverb, which is a kind fitter for a private Society than for the Stage. I must repeat that you are at full liberty to alter what ever you please, and that I make no condition but secrecy.

Your most obed^{t} Serv^{t},
HOR. WALPOLE.

The two concluding letters are addressed by Garrick, two years before his death, to Colman. The first is on the subject of an epilogue to the "*Spanish Barber*," which he subsequently forwarded to his friend, to be spoken by Miss Farren (1777), at the Haymarket Theatre. The second was written after Garrick had witnessed her acting.

"A leading journal of the day," says Mr. Peake, "thus speaks of Miss Farren, the Spanish Barber, and Garrick's epilogue. 'Mr. Colman, who may surely be deemed a tolerable judge of rising merit, gave Miss Farren the principal character in his comedy of the Spanish Barber, and persuaded his friend Garrick to trust her with the epilogue. Miss Farren gained applause from the most rigid critics by her admirable manner of delivering it.'"

Miss Farren made her debut in London in 1777, at the Haymarket Theatre, in the part of Miss Hardcastle, in "*She Stoops to Conquer.*"

Of Miss Farren, Anthony Pasquin says:

"Despairing, our poets relinquish the bays,
And Eloquence pants with recording her praise."

DEAR COLMAN,—I would give you an Epilogue with as much readiness as I would a pinch of Snuff, being both of Equal value—but indeed my dear Friend, I have such a listlesness about me that I have not Spirit to scribble a distich. I sh^{d} be most Sorry to refuse you anything, but I am really Sick of Prologue & Epilogue writing, however if I knew for when the Stuff must be prepared, I would Endeavour to rouse from my present Poetical Nap, & Squeeze my brains for you, tho' upon my Soul, I expect Nothing but foul Water from the Operation: the weather is so hot, & my no-head (as Abel says) does so Ach, that I am not alert enough for Action; however if you want it, I must do it & will—So send a Line to y^{e} Adelphi—tell me y^{e} Speaker, & what I must write and I will certainly do it,

Ever yours, &c.,
D. GARRICK.

My man got so fuddled at Richmond that he slip'd from behind y^{e} coach with the Blunderbuss, & has lost his place for his impertinence & Ebriety.

Becket, to whom Garrick refers in the concluding letter, was a publisher. He had undertaken to buy Colman's works, and Garrick here alludes to a dispute which had taken place between the parties on that business.

Hampton Sep^{r}. 2nd.

My dear Colman,—In the first place let me sincerely wish you joy of your Barber. I went from this Place yesterday on purpose to see your Nonsense, upon the information of our friend Whitefoord, who wrote me a Line of Intelligence on Saturday night, though somebody else would not. I like your Piece, & that other most promising Piece, Miss Farren—'tis a shame that she is not fix'd in London. I will venture my life that I could teach her a capital part in Comedy, ay & Tragedy too, that should drive half our Actresses mad. She is much too fine Stuff to be worn and soil'd at Manchester & Liverpool.

I thank you for the transposition of y^{e} two lines in the Epilogue, they are now much clearer to y^{e} Audience, & better for y^{e} Speaker. What can I possibly say to you about Becket? Ever since I heard of the transaction, I have been greatly hurt. I would have given double y^{e} sum for w^{h} he was arrested that it had never happened. Gaston should not have done it without your participation. I am told too that he got a note of Becket's from a Printer to increase the debt. You ask me why I would not speak to you about it. I had not seen B: when you came to me, and I was willing to have what had pass'd from *himself* before I spoke to *you*. He came to my door whilst you was there, & very prudently went away—besides what could I say or do in y^{e} business? it is a very disagreeable one at best, & why should I mix it with the Epilogue business, which we were to consult about, & not untune our Minds with distresses. I had set my heart upon reconciling you to him, I failed in y^{e} attempt, & to speak of what happened afterwards could be no Entertainment to us. All I will say in behalf of Becket is this, that upon my word and honour, I never heard him in y^{e} least speak disrespectfully of you, & I fear, that you are hurt with what his Impertinent acquaintance is pleas'd to say, as if it came from him. I had a long conversation with him this morning, & he disclaims every offensive word that was uttered about you at the Globe. More, as you say, when we meet. You are really much oblig'd to me. I left Hampton with y^{e} Gout in my Stomach; was in continual pain all the play, & yet was Entertain'd. I really was too bad to see you or write you to Night.

Yours Ever most faithfully, D. Garrick.

I shall be all y^{e} week till Sunday at Hampton. On that day I dine with Lady Westmorland at Hammersmith, and shall be at y^{e} Adelphi on Sunday Night. I am preparing for my Welsh Journey.

HORACE FOR THE MILLION!

PART II.

BOOK I. ODE XXXVIII.

Turkeys aux truffes and Strasburgh pies
Find little favour in my eyes;
Let frog-eaters these dainties prize,
I hate such varmint.

Give me rumpsteaks and oyster sauce,
In British viands I rejoice;
Their laud shall always claim my voice,
They are so charmint.*

---

* Manx participle.

BOOK I. ODE I.

TO WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

AINSWORTH, of editors the pope!
At once thy poet's pride and hope;
In this great Babel you'll find scribblers,
Who in the daily press are dibblers,
And think their wishy-washy rhymes
Cut quite a figure in the TIMES;
Or, what's still worse, make mighty pother
When lauded by our sage GRANDMOTHER.*

One sumph, if printed, mounts the stilt on,
And thinks himself a second Milton;
Another, if he's stolen from Byron,
Cannot conceive that praise is iron;
But in his native wit rejoices,
Thinking he's won the people's voices;
And, trust me, men of such pretence
Will never stoop to common sense.

When issues forth your Magazine,
The trembling poetaster's seen,
With bated breath, to poise his knife,†
As if he fear'd his very life;
But when unscathed his trash is past,
Straightway he scribbles twice as fast.

One joys his sparkling wine to quaff,
And both at Time and critics laugh;
Or from the noisy town afar
Finds pleasure in a mild cigar.

By politics another led,
Of hostile speakers feels no dread.

Whilst e'en the bride's endearing smile
From scribbling this one can't beguile,
Whether of epics an inditer,
Or a mere trashy sonnet writer.

Green *bays*, not such as tables cover,
May claim me a devoted lover—
A laurel crown, which, well I ween,
Is won in AINSWORTH'S MAGAZINE.
Give me but this, I'll ask no more,
But high as Hampstead mountains soar,
And vote myself, above all gabies,
The happiest of Apollo's babies!

BOOK I. ODE XI.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Don't bother the wizards or seers, like the ancient Gad,
'Bout the day of your birth, or the hour of your death,
For whatever they prophesy, early or late, my lad,
There's no doubt you'll die when you cease to have breath.

Far wiser to let the world wag, as it surely will,
Whether this be the last London fog you'll inhale,
Or whether the ice, that now bothers the water-mill,
Will not melt till stern death puts an end to the tale.

Come, a bumper! let no distant hopes be encroaching,
Whilst we're talking and joking, time's gliding away;
Though the night is but young, still to-morrow's approaching,
And vainly, my worthy, you cry, "Prithee, stay!"

BOOK I. ODE VII.

Some think PATERNOSTER'S the poet's own kingdom,
Where the Muses their loveliest garlands entwine,
Never dreaming Saint Paul's o'er their verses will ring doom,
And hurl their fond idol from off its proud shrine.

Others vapour that MURRAY, of Albemarle, sovereign,
Can lift them at once to the apex of fame,
Whilst some round the temple of HOOKHAM are hovering,
Each hoping to gather a ne'er-dying name.

Again, you may find great admirers of BLACKWOOD,
Whilst the worshippers of CHARLEY KNIGHT are not few;
And some off to Paddy-land, prose and verse, pack would,
And many less midwives some hands wont eschew.

---

* The "Morning Herald."
† Videlicet, his paper knife, preparatory to parting the pages.

Each house, in a word, has its thick and thin votary,
Who swears 'tis the first in the publishing line,
And expect that their scribblings, however much wrote awry,
Will there be pronounced both unmatch'd and divine.

But for me these illustrious names have no charm at all,
To Corinthian Mortimer bear I my freight,
Where Ainsworth, great Emperor! thinking no harm at all,
Maintains, in appropriate greatness, his state.

BOOK III. ODE XXV.

Whither go I, with my meerschaum,
Better far than wine, or mere rum?
To my cottage on the plain,
Or my chateau en Espagne,
Where I can *the* Duke extol, oh!
In verses worthy of Apollo;
Proving that in a modern mill he's
Better by far than great Achilles.
But, no, the world wants something new, sir;
With novelty I'll then amuse her,
And sing how much the modern railroad
Exceeds in speed the ancient mail road,
Which would old Parr himself surprise
If his life pills could ope his eyes—
Of Captain Warner's long range prattle,
Which changes quite the face of battle;
With *pede barbaro* traverse Suez,
And prove how honest modern Jew is!
Such are the *rupes* Horace lauded,
And well, I guess, he's been applauded.
Nil parvum modo humili
Is, worthy reader, you or I;
For steam of science opes the portal,
And almost proves us more than mortal.
Dulce periclum is the power
That wafts us fifty miles an hour!
Io triumphe! who'll attack us
When fire and water thus do back us.

BOOK III. ODE XXI.

INVITATORY.

TO R—— R——, ESQ., OXON,

AT PRESENT SOJOURNING AT CHELTENHAM, DOING THE AGREEABLE TO DOWAGERS BY DAY, AND WORSHIPPING THE SYBIL BY NIGHT.

Oh! blest was my birth year, so don't make a mock of it,
Such a vintage's unknown to the oldest of men;
And blest was my sire, who laid in such a stock of it,
That I hope 'twill hold out till I'm three score and ten.

With such mighty drink hypochondriacs will die no more,
But be merry as grigs if they take *quantum suff.*;
And as for your lovers, why, bless you! they'll sigh no more;
And brawlers shake hands o'er the wonderful stuff.

But if 'twere Nepenthe, celestial tipple!
When I see straight before me my friend, R—— R——,
I'd not let the *decanter trot* round like a cripple,
But with Socrates quaff, or old Plato of Greece.

What though he wastes lamp oil on "Isiack tables,"
And dreams in Greek metre of Sybilline spells,
And thinks Æsop wrote most delectable fables,
Still he far prefers Port to Artesian wells.

Then, "*lene tormentum*"—viz., Cheltenham waters,
Leave, R——, for a month, and come hither to me;
Cut Polkas, Mazourkas, and dowagers' daughters,
And twaddle, and tweedle-dum, tweedle-de-dee.

There's my wife, fair as Venus, will cordially greet you,
With lashings of jellies, and puddings, and paste,
And I at the station in chariot will meet you,
So without more ado to the Rectory haste.

BOOK III. ODE XIII.

TO MINE HOST OF "THE RAINBOW," KING-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN.

Dear Jones, your hotel beats the Clarendon hollow—
Your turtle and salmon, and woodcocks to follow,
Would make an Apicius swear by the Bow,
And to your honest health bid the amphora flow.

To-morrow, then, mind, have a smoking young porker,
Just enough for myself, young Smith, and old Walker,
Who, a sacrifice offer to Ceres and Bacchus,
Well knowing, with you, that good cheer will not lack us.

Your coffee-room 's neither too hot nor too cold—
Your wine of pure vintage and passingly old;
Then pile up the fire, put on a fresh log, and I
Will at six find my legs underneath your ma-hog-an-y.

Thus lauded by me you'll become the grand rendezvous,
Whoe'er visits London a home will demand of you:
French, English, Dutch, Russians, all, all will imbibe your wine,
And your larder and cellar be equally sworn divine.

Isacides.

LIGHT LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.*

The publication of Mrs. Bray's novels and romances, in a cheap and accessible form, will be welcomed by a very numerous class of readers. While contemporaneous criticism has awarded to them a high standard of excellence, their popularity has been further ensured by the strict exclusion of every thing not likely to promote a healthy tone of moral feeling. If great originality, or striking invention, cannot be said to characterize Mrs. Bray's literary efforts, they have yet unquestionably established for themselves a distinct position among a class of works, which efficiently support the dignity and importance of the novel, without having any pretensions to extend its dominion.

The circumstances under which Mrs. Bray became first imbued with the love of chivalry and romance, are highly illustrative of the influence of art on the imagination. It was on a first visit on the continent, in the year 1818, with her first husband, Mr. Charles Stothard, that her attention was more particularly drawn to the remains of the genius and arts of the middle ages, in the cathedrals, churches, and domestic buildings, with which the towns in Normandy and Britanny abound. Exploring fields of ancient story, and visiting feudal fortresses immortalized in the pages of Froissart, Mrs. Bray was so excited, that her interest concentrated itself in a first attempt at the historical novel, in the lively and chivalrous narrative of events relating to Gaston Phœbus, Count de Foix.

A second journey was directed to Ghent, Bruges, and other cities of the Netherlands, distinguished for their numerous monuments of the middle ages, each of which is connected in history, with some stirring scene, or daring adventure. The portions of the chronicles here seized upon, as best affording a basis of remarkable historical truths, on which to raise a superstructure of fiction, were the struggles between the Count of Flanders and the citizens of Ghent, the latter being designated as the "White Hoods."

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* The Novels and Romances of Anna Eliza Bray, in ten volumes. Vol. 1. The White Hoods. Longman and Co.
The Breach of Promise. A novel, in three volumes. By the author of "The Jilt," "Cousin Geoffery," &c., &c. T. C. Newby.
The Falls, Lakes, and Mountains, of North Wales. By Louisa Stuart Costello, with illustrations by T. and E. Gilks, from Original Sketches by D. H. M'Kewan. Longman and Co.

With this striking romance the series commences, and it will be followed in monthly succession by Mrs. Bray's other popular productions. We shall recur to them in the course of their progress.

Mrs. Yorick Smythies, the author of "The Breach of Promise," is a younger novelist, labouring also in a different field, but with an earnest of success. It required some boldness, and no mediocre attainments, to venture upon such characters as the amiable and good Miss Trueblue, the daughter of a wealthy clothier; and Mr. Frederick Smirk, the empty-headed, overdressed, dandy foreman of a shop in Oxford-street. Such characters afforded an amusing scope for description, hitherto almost untouched; and they are successfully introduced into a novel, the chief materials of which are a poor clergyman, whose irritability of unsuccessful authorship is admirably portrayed; and a beautiful daughter, wooed at the same time by a rich uncle, a specimen of Mrs. Gore's "Modern Chivalry," and a rich nephew, but won by the latter, in the disguise of an Italian artist, while the knight of aristocratic selfishness is, by an error in his arrangements, pounced upon by the unscrupulous sister of his still less scrupulous, and yet confidential, attorney, for large damages, as the result of an action for breach of promise. All this is pleasantly and interestingly told; and the plot not being too transparent, it would have been scarcely fair in us to anticipate it, except to express our approbation of the skill exhibited in the construction, and the facility manifested in the execution of a very promising and amusing novel.

Miss Louisa Costello has this month presented a charming contribution to home tourists. It is gratifying to find that she has brought her exquisite sense of the picturesque and vivid appreciation of local historical associations, always simple and unpretending in their enunciation, to bear upon a portion of Great Britain.

We fully agree with Miss Costello, that within the principality more that is graceful, beautiful, and romantic, may be found collected in a small space, than in any other spot in the world. Created by nature, in one of its most fantastic moods, it appears to have been adorned by art, expressly for the recreation and delight of tourists.

Miss Costello's object has been to do for the region of the harp and the bard what has been done for its brother land of Brittany;—to present to the traveller a graphic and correct portraiture of this beautiful and historically important region; and to give to every site its legend and poetical associations. In doing this, she has not confined herself to veteran chronicles and traditions alone, but has introduced many more recent and novel incidents of domestic life.

The work is profusely illustrated by sketches, taken on the spot by Mr. D. H. McKewan; and by woodcuts beautifully executed by Gilks (one of the best of our wood-engravers); and not only is it the most inviting guide book hitherto presented to tourists, but the existence of so attractive a volume is likely to allure many to become acquainted with the beauties of our own land, without going to seek for them abroad.

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